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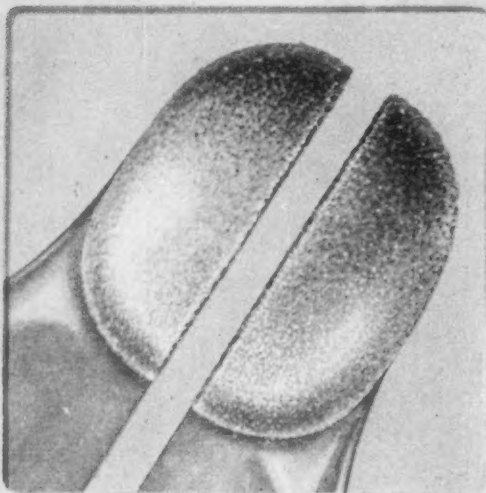
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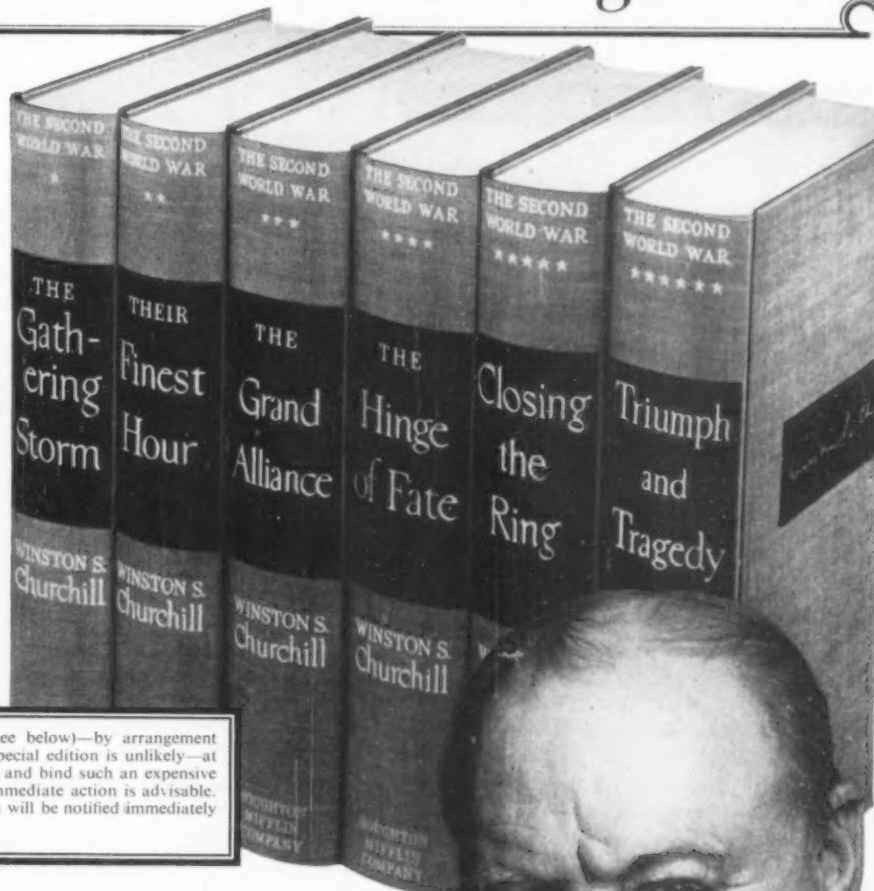
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EDITORIAL

Kurt Meyer Is Free; Is Ottawa's Conscience?

W E CONGRATULATE the Government of Canada, but not very warmly, upon the fact that General Kurt Meyer, late of the German Army, late of Dorchester Penitentiary, is now a free man.

It's a matter for congratulation because, in our opinion, Meyer was never properly convicted of any offense whatsoever. Nine years is a long time for an innocent man to spend in prison. It's better than being shot, though, as the Canadian military court originally sentenced him to be. It's also better than the life sentence to which the death penalty was originally commuted. It's even better than fourteen years, which was what the Government thought he deserved the last time it took any action in the Meyer case.

But if Meyer is guilty, as the official mind still officially presumes him to be, then shooting was too good for him in the first place. Meyer was sentenced to death because, in the opinion of the tribunal, he was responsible for the cold-blooded murder of Canadian prisoners of war. No one in any official position has ever admitted that the evidence against him was scanty and suspect; that rank hearsay was admitted on the prosecution's side while the defense had trouble getting even minimum standards of fair play; that the conviction rested in the end, in spite of all these unorthodox efforts, on the dubious doctrine that an officer is responsible for all the actions of his men whether he knows about them or not.

Thus, since the Government does not wish to admit a mistake, it is left in the position of condoning an outrage. It has released, not an innocent man unjustly penalized, not even a guilty man improperly tried and convicted, but the unrepentant sponsor of a massacre.

We don't believe for a moment that any member of the Government really thinks this is true. We have no doubt that the Government believes, as we do, that Meyer was improperly convicted and deserves to be free.

It's a great pity, though, that no cabinet minister has said so. There's more involved here than the moral courage of the Canadian Government, which in this matter has not been conspicuous. To some small extent the treatment of Kurt Meyer has weakened the case of the whole free world.

Our enemies' charge against us is that we are forgetting the war of yesterday in order to prepare a war of tomorrow, that Nazis and Fascists are now welcome comrades-in-arms against the Communists.

This charge is not true. The release of Kurt Meyer doesn't make it true, either; Meyer was released for other and more honorable reasons. But the Canadian Government's lack of courage and candor, its determination to prove itself infallible at all times, have given the Communists and their dupes another talking point.

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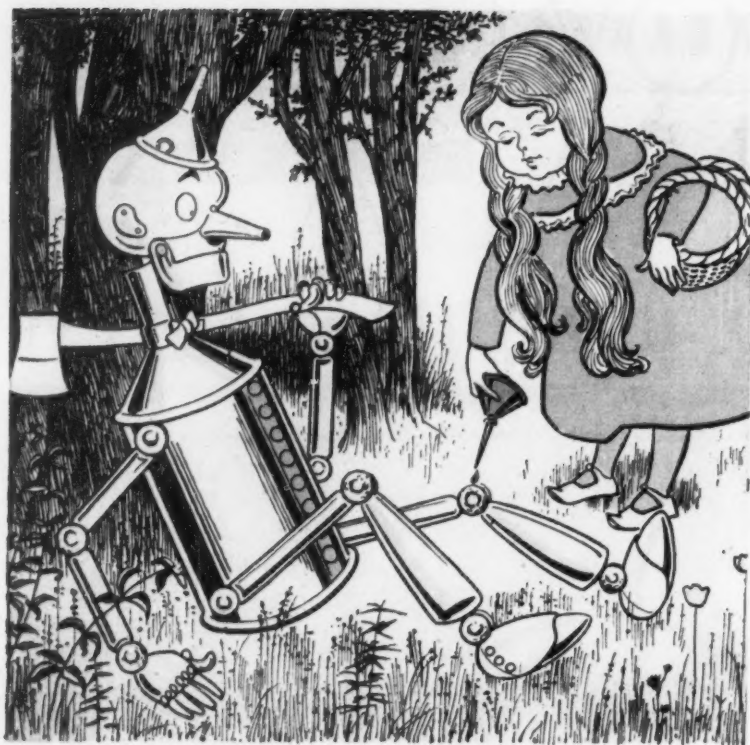


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Here's a good "lesson" about ARTHRITIS...

NEARLY everyone knows the story of "The Wizard of Oz" . . . and how Dorothy, the little girl in this tale, met a man made of tin.

As the story goes, the Tin Woodman, after a year of exposure in the forest, could not move because his joints were badly rusted. So, Dorothy oiled his joints. Thereafter, the Tin Woodman was able to journey with Dorothy to see the wonderful Wizard of Oz.

In a way, this fable points up some important facts about the joints of the human body and the disease that often affects them—arthritis. Like the joints of the tin man, the body's joints can also "rust" or become stiff over the years. However, with proper medical care, they can usually be kept flexible and workable in most cases despite arthritis.

The most common type of arthritis . . . called *osteoarthritis* . . . occurs in middle age and later life, probably because of wear and tear on the joints. While it usually does not lead to severe crippling, it may cause varying degrees of disability. Consequently, recurring aches and pains in and about any joint . . . as well as tenderness and stiffness of the joints . . . should never be dismissed as "a touch of rheumatism."

The second most common form of arthritis occurs most often in younger people.

Known as *rheumatoid arthritis*, it is a serious disorder that may involve all the joints. It can also be controlled in many cases when proper treatment is started early.

There is as yet no cure for either osteo or rheumatoid arthritis. Doctors, however, have many effective treatments for relieving pain and restoring joint function. Greater gains against arthritis will undoubtedly be made as new methods of therapy are perfected.

Meantime, there are some safeguards that all of us can take to lessen the chances of developing arthritis or to control arthritis if it does occur. Among such precautionary measures are—keeping your weight down; maintaining good posture; getting enough rest and sleep and having periodic health and dental examinations.

To control arthritis, see your doctor promptly whenever persistent symptoms occur in any joint, or when you feel "run down." Give him your complete cooperation and always rely on the individualized treatment he prescribes. So-called "sure cures" generally provide only temporary relief.

Today, when proper treatment is continued persistently, at least 70 percent of all arthritis patients are spared serious disability and returned to reasonably good health.

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LONDON LETTER

BY *Beverley Baxter*



Russia: The Ballet or the Bomb?

IF YOU had been in Millionaires' Row in Kensington on a recent Monday and if you had entered the magnificent house numbered 13 you would have seen a strange sight.

Sitting in rows of chairs was a very odd assortment of Londoners. For example there was Canadian-born E. J. Robertson, chairman of the Beaverbrook newspaper group, accompanied by his English wife; near them was Hector McNeil, former Secretary of State for Scotland in Attlee's Labour Government; and not far away was the Oriental-looking Mr. Philip Piratin who sat in the House of Commons as a Communist until he was thrown out in 1950.

To give a special flavor there was Lord Silkin who graduated from socialist MP to socialist peer. Beside him was the Hon. Ivor Montagu (son of Lord Swaythling) who has been a gentle, avowed Communist for twenty years. There was also the tall handsome New Zealander John Platts-Mills who entered the British House of Commons as a socialist but became so stridently left-wing that his own association withdrew its support and his constituents threw him out.

The rest were mostly authors, looking very much like authors, and there were various officials. But, you may ask, officials of what? I forgot to mention that No. 13 is the Russian Embassy and that our host was the ambassador. As a special guest there was the Persian Ambassador.

But, just a minute. There is a familiar smiling face across the room. Good gracious! It is the U. S. Ambassador and he has brought his wife with him. As Shakespeare observes in *Midsummer Night's Dream*, "This is indeed hot ice."

What was the occasion that drew such an odd conglomeration to the Soviet Embassy? That question was obviously worrying the inmates of the Japanese Embassy opposite who were gazing through their windows. Actually we had come at the invitation of the ambassador to witness a private performance of the Moscow State Central Puppet Theatre. Like good Britons we assumed that there would be an element of propaganda in it and those of us on the right in politics, prepared, like the old guard, to put up a stout resistance.

A portion of the room had been curtained off, showing a small high stage and there was a good German Steinway piano in the corner. A pleasant-looking Russian fellow came before the curtain and in his own language explained what it was all about. An even pleasanter little Englishwoman translated it for us. After which a not-so-pleasant Russian woman, with her hair drawn tight at the sides, sat down at the piano.

Within ten minutes the storm began to brew and then it broke in full volume—but it was a storm of laughter. We were laughing until we nearly rolled off our chairs. If you *Continued on page 69*



A new switch on the party line finds Ulanova dancing to charm Western eyes:

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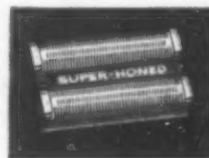
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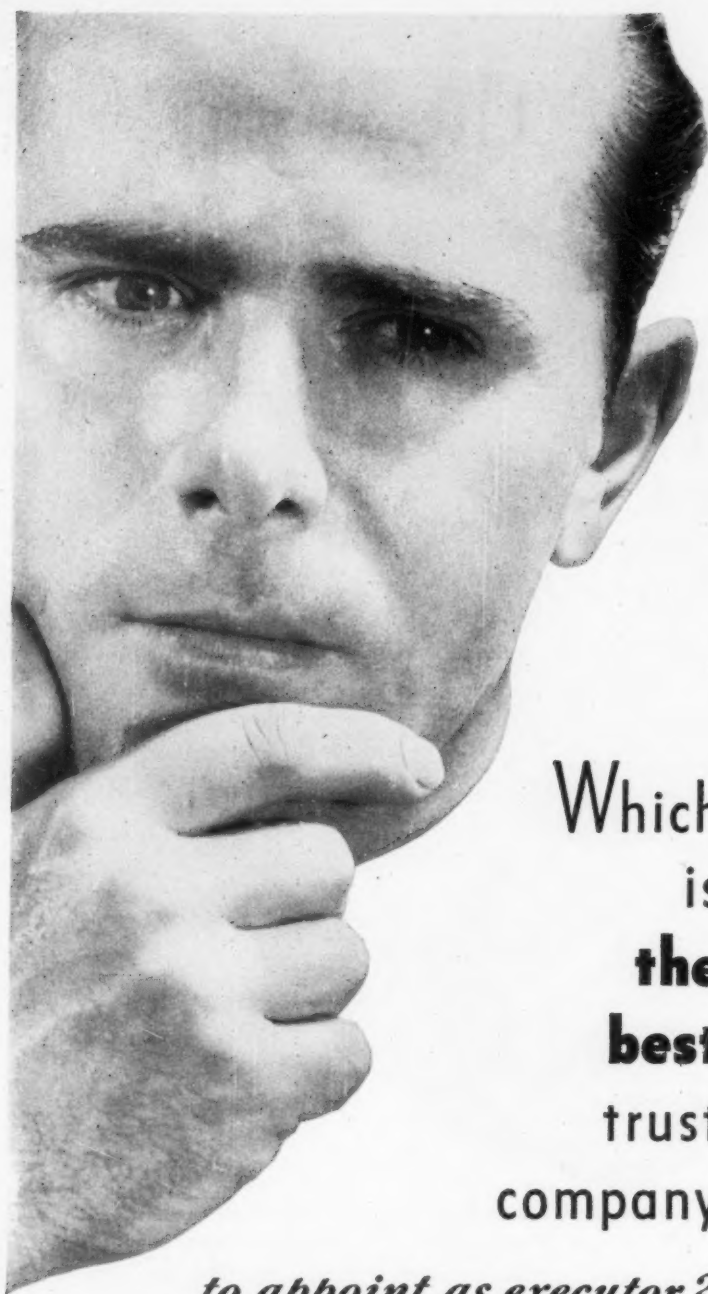
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BLAIR FRASER

BACKSTAGE at Ottawa



Cartoon by Grassick

Drew Goes for the Fall Jack Pot

PREMIER DUPLESSIS of Quebec says his fifteen percent provincial income tax is required by Quebec's autonomy and sacred rights. This inspired a Mont-realer to remark:

"We're selling our pottage for a mess of birthright."

★ ★ ★

PROGRESSIVE CONSERVATIVE victories in two or more of the six federal by-elections this fall would settle the question of George Drew's leadership of his party. A substantial gain—and even one Liberal seat out of five would be substantial—would undoubtedly confirm his position and silence the murmurings which haven't quite died down after the anti-Drew outcry in British Columbia and elsewhere last summer.

On the other hand some Conservatives think that defeat in all six ridings, or even perhaps in all five that have lately been Liberal, might revive the recent clamor for a Conservative convention before the next general election. And, for reasons which have nothing to do with Drew's leadership, Conservatives are expecting hard fights in the four ridings where they have any chance of victory.

The other two are not battle-grounds for the older parties. Stormont, the eastern Ontario seat which Lionel Chevrier held for nineteen years before taking over his St. Lawrence Seaway job, is safe for any Liberal. Selkirk, Manitoba, went Liberal in the last two elections by only about two hundred votes, but the runner-up was William (Scotty) Bryce of the CCF, who had won it twice before and has an excellent chance of winning it again. The Conservative was nowhere.

York West, just outside Toronto, is the only one of the six which was held by a Conservative—Rodney Adamson, killed in an airplane crash a few months ago.

Loss of this old Conservative seat would be a catastrophe for the party. York West has gone Liberal only once in its history, and then by only sixty votes. Sir Henry Drayton used to carry it by majorities as high as sixteen thousand. But since 1940, when Adamson won it back from the Liberals by a narrow margin, it has been regarded rather as a safe seat for Rodney Adamson than a safe seat for the Conservatives. For Adamson it was safe indeed—his majority last year was three times as big as in 1949—but his successor may have a tussle ahead. Like all the suburban areas around Toronto, York West has a vastly swollen, shifting population where traditional party lines don't always hold firm from year to year. The Conservatives certainly count on holding the seat, but they aren't taking it for granted.

Trinity, in midtown Toronto, has gone Liberal in all but one election since it was created in 1933, but usually by small majorities. The late Lionel Conacher, in spite of his national fame, won each of his two victories there by only about two thousand and received considerably less than half the votes cast. Larry Skey captured it for the Conservatives in 1945 by only ninety-one, and that was in a postwar election in which he campaigned still in his RCAF uniform.

This time the Conservatives are represented in Trinity by a nationally known candidate—Willson Woodside, associate editor of Saturday Night. However, Woodside had the ill luck to

Continued on page 118

Worth Defending



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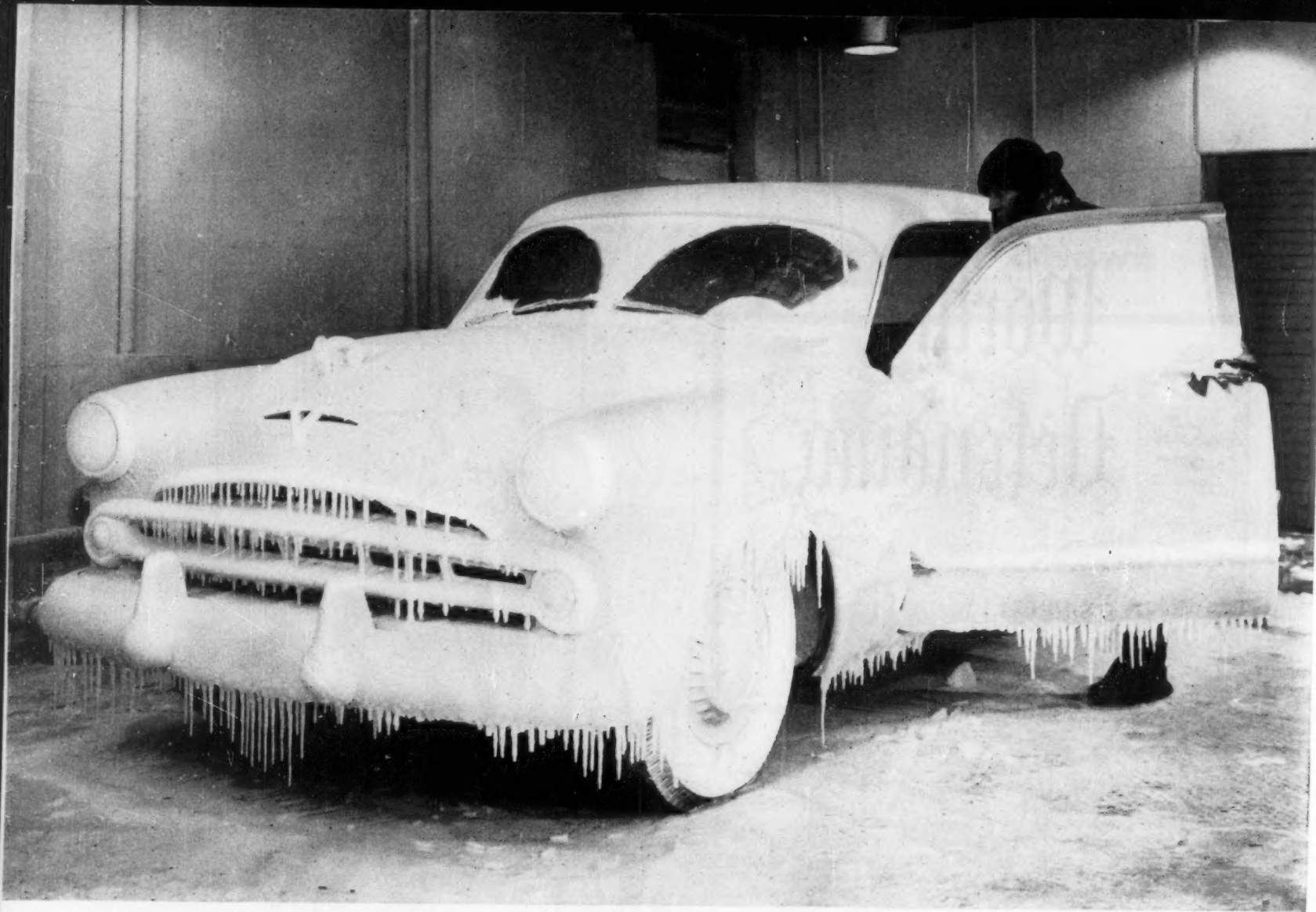
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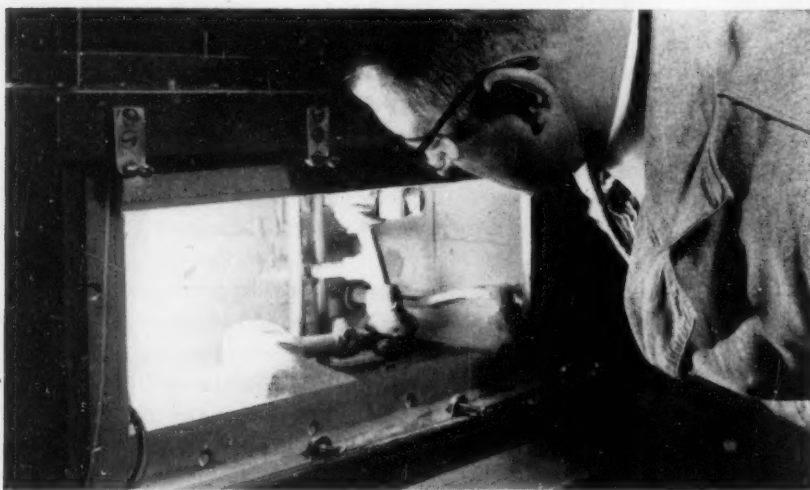


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D E S O T O • C H R Y S L E R

MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, OCTOBER 15, 1954



Well Satisfied!

Francois Gouin has only a primary school education. But he was ambitious and eager to learn more about steam engines. He wanted to move ahead in his work, earn and save more, be happier. He found it would take him years to learn the *hard* way that he could get *easily* from I.C.S. He became an I.C.S. student. Now he writes: "I'm very well satisfied with the courses I've taken in Mechanical Engineering. Without this I could not have reached the position I hold." (In a large institution near Montreal.) "I proved to myself that a man must really know his trade to get ahead. I strongly recommend that those who have the opportunity to take an I.C.S. course, do so. They will never regret it."

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IN THE EDITORS' CONFIDENCE

Writers without beards

HOLLYWOOD has long convinced most people that all women writers are glamorous and talented as well. Sometimes the beauty hides behind heavy horn rims but the hero always lifts them away tenderly in the last reel. Well, for once we find ourselves going right along with the script writers.

In this issue we present the work of three women writers who can all claim abundant glamour and talent. To staff editors somewhat surteited

monton, Calgary, Washington and Wawa, Ont. Handed the rugged assignment of doing a story on Montreal's Ritz-Carlton she asked for a room at the Ritz which promptly sent her over to the rival Mount Royal. Even after she did win a room at the Ritz it was three days before the management found out what the brunette in 603 was up to. From then on she had to move like lightning to light her own cigarettes. On her last day there she worked so hard that by evening she had missed two meals. She dashed for the Toronto train clutching a large packet of sandwiches instantly produced by the manager, plus some cookies pressed on her by a viscount who happened to be around. The viscount also dashed to the cigar stand to get her something to read and came back with the current Maclean's.

If there is one name that says glamour, that name is Schiaparelli. On page 16 Elsa Schiaparelli herself



SCHIAPARELLI

Her very name means glamour.

by the beards and baggy pants, the sports jackets and bow ties that tend to characterize male contributors, the glow of this sudden glamour considerably brightened the fading summer.

June Callwood, who has previously taken Maclean's readers inside a girls' reformatory and a convent, this issue spends 17 Hours In An Emergency Ward (page 20). She was already familiar with the hospital (Toronto St. Mike's) because her first two children were born there—she has three now. Apart from gathering material for a first-class reporting job, she learned by watching chief surgeon Paul McGoeys how to make an incision, how to put in a suture, how to tell a nerve from a tendon.

Barbara Moon, who tells you that They Like Being Old-Fashioned At The Ritz (page 26), wrote her first article for Maclean's when she was twenty-three. Since then she's written for us from Vancouver, Ed-



MOON

She got cookies from a peer.

tells you how that came about. So many fantastic things have happened to this Italian-born queen of the *haute couture*—like the time she and her young husband watched Isadora Duncan dance in the nude; like the time an English prince was nearly born in her *salon*—that it would take a book to tell her whole story. And that's what she has done, written a book which will be published later by J. M. Dent in Canada and by E. P. Dutton in the States. Our article is an excerpt from the book. ★



CALLWOOD After a reformatory and a convent she ended up in emergency.

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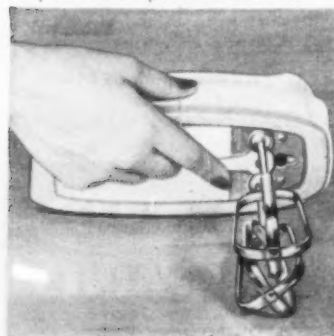
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After the Kingston riot had burned itself out, guards sorted out the responsible prisoners. The author sat calmly in the garden and watched it all.

What it's like to be in a Prison Riot



The turning point came when troops marched in with fixed bayonets. Then the fire brigades got their hoses over the wall to quell the raging fires.

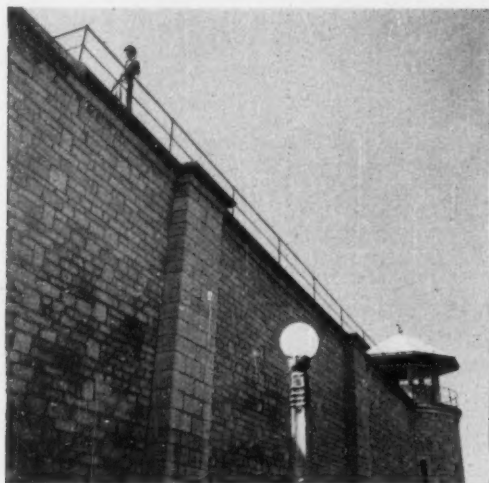
Why did a fury of senseless violence erupt in the Kingston pen that hot afternoon last August? An ex-con, released while the wreckage still smoldered, now gives his answer and tells why he thinks prison riots will continue just as long as men are kept in cages

By **Ex-Convict No. 1604**
as told to
FRANK CROFT

Story and more
pictures on next 2 pages



"The feeling of being trapped, pressed, confined . . . then the pressure gauge reads 'danger'"



Armed guards ceaselessly patrol the Kingston wall.



Once through this gate a man becomes a number.



Tier after tier, the "drums" contain restless men.



With tear-gas gun poised a guard watches the riot that made national headlines. No one was injured.

LAST AUGUST 15 a vicious, senseless, unexpected and unplanned riot exploded in the yard of Kingston Penitentiary. About sixty or seventy of the nine hundred and thirty inmates set fire to three of the pen buildings and smashed what would not burn. Less than two hours from the moment the riot started a huge cloud of smoke hung above the penitentiary walls like a question mark—a two-million-dollar bill for the taxpayer outside; more punishment for many of the cons inside. Those were the net results of the costliest prison riot in Canadian history.

Why had it happened?

No one had escaped. No one had tried. No one had been seriously injured.

As one of the onlookers I agree that it was wanton, stupid and mad. But as a convict (an ex-con now) I can understand why it happened, why such riots have happened before, why they will happen again. I took no part in that Sunday afternoon's two hours of havoc, mainly because I was due to get out the following day, but my sympathies were wholly with those who did. My sympathies were with them because I have spent twenty of my fifty years in prisons for trying to make a living without working—by burglary, safecracking and counterfeiting—and I can understand all too well why caged men suddenly go berserk.

I know that while riots don't happen every day in the pen, what happens every day has a lot to do with them for behind each prison riot are the terrible restraints of prison life—the monotony, the longings and frustrations, the drab colors, the rattle of metal plates, the shuffle of heavy boots on con-

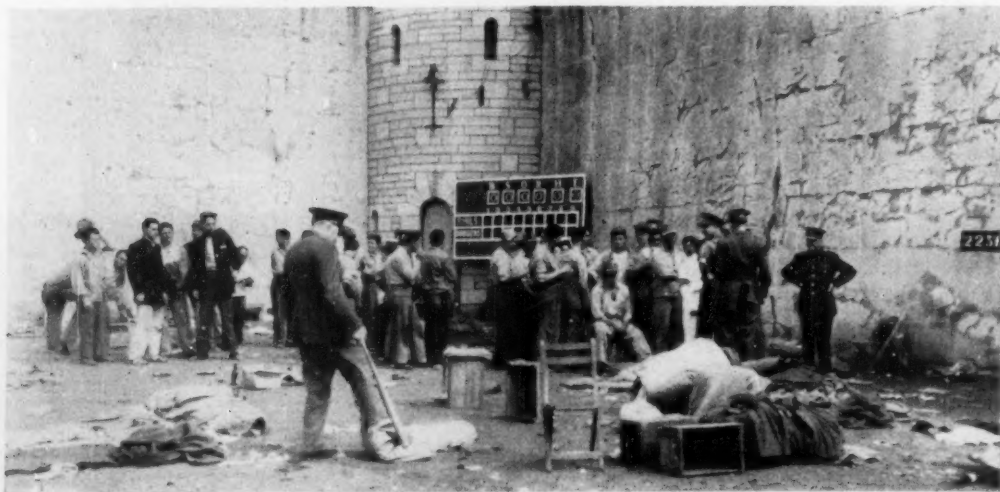
crete, the click of locks, the feeling of being trapped, pressed, confined. Because of the monotony and the clockwork routine, there is always an underlying tension. Then comes an incident a little out of the ordinary—and something snaps. That was the story at the Kingston pen.

I don't know the exact area enclosed by Kingston's four thirty-foot walls although I have done two three-year bits there. The main gate is in the north wall. It is a little fortress in itself. Two heavy oak doors face the street outside. Behind them is a steel grille covering the complete opening, with a smaller door in it at the left. Giving on the yard is a third grilled barrier with its door. Guards armed with rifles patrol the walls from their stations in small towers at each corner of the walls. Floodlights bathe towers and walls at night.

The main cell block is directly south of the gate. It is a four-wing structure of stone, steel and concrete like all the other buildings. The wings are at right angles to one another, sticking out from a central rotunda like four spokes from a hub. Each wing is four stories high and each story contains about a hundred and sixty cells. South of the main cell block is the four-wing two-story main workshop building containing the carpenter shop where I worked, the "mail-bag" wing where all the mail bags in the country are made and repaired, the tinsmithing and paint shops, the machine shop, garage, engineering shop and the boiler room.

There is also an east cell block with drums (cells) for about a hundred and fifty men and, over near the west wall, another hundred and twenty-five men are locked up in a three-story building which

"Half a dozen aimless gangs of rioters . . . firing and destroying everything they could reach"



It was on the baseball diamond that the top blew off the pressure gauge. A rumor went around that the "hacks" had locked up some team members. Soon a howling mob wrecked buildings and set fires.



The inside of the west block was gutted. Prisoners rescued the horses when the stable was set alight.



The shuffle of heavy boots, the clangor of cell doors beat a monotonous dirge deep into a convict's head.

also contains two tailor shops and the printing plant. Tucked away in the northwest corner of the yard is another small cell block for twenty-five or thirty men. The "onion patch," a small vegetable garden, is in the northeast corner. The softball diamond and bleachers are in the southwest end; near them are tennis and handball courts, a horseshoe pitch, and an area where card tables are set up in fine weather. There is even a dartboard. A stable for eight horses is between the east cell block and the ball diamond; the horses are used to haul things around the yard or on the pen farm.

The main cell block, the shops, all the buildings stand within solid limestone walls as though each had been hewn on the spot from one massive block of stone. Grey stone, khaki-clad guards, prisoners in varying shades of brown (depending on how many launderings each man's garb has had), brown earth—except for some strips of lawn and a splash or two of flowers in the north and west sections of the yard—are the colors that influence a prisoner's thinking for months, years, a lifetime. All areas of the yard, except the southeast sports section, are out of bounds, even during recreation periods.

When not working or on recreation time prisoners are confined, one man to a cell, in ten-by-four-foot cells with a steel-barred door at one end. A wash basin is fitted into one corner, a toilet bowl in the opposite corner. A bed hinged to the wall, and folded against the wall when not in use, and a small table opposite the bed complete the furnishings. There is a three-foot shelf above the table for books, and tools and materials for those who pass the time at hobbycrafts. A sixty-watt bulb

hangs from the ceiling above the table.

There is a large bell in the centre of the rotunda. A guard whams it with a hammer at 7.30 and you're out of bed. It is the first of a hundred bells you hear throughout the day as you shuffle through the dreary prison timetable of eating, working and playing. After dressing in brown denim pants, shirt, jacket and cap, and pulling on the army-style prison boots, you give your face a dab at the basin. You don't have to shave every morning; you may go a week if you wish. You fold your bed against the wall, pick up your tray and mug, still dirty from last night's supper, and stand at the cell door. Another bell sounds and the back (guard) in charge of your range unlocks the master lock for the whole range of cells. This moves a steel I-beam out of position at the top of the cell range, so that the vertical locking bolt on each cell door may be raised, and the cell door opened. The bolts are tripped up by a lever on the outside of the door. This is done by a tripper, a con who moves quickly down the row of drums flipping up the bolt levers. You lean on your door, ready to shove it open as soon as the lever is tripped. If you are slow, the bolt falls back into place and the tripper is three or four cells away. But it doesn't much matter. One of the cons now in the corridor, seeing your predicament, will reach over and trip it for you. In the corridor you stand in line while the guard counts heads. Another bell goes and you march through the corridor, down the spiral stairway into the kitchen.

The ranges move off at one-minute intervals. There is a bell to send each on its way, and there

are thirty-two ranges in the main cell block. You hear that bell clang through the block and through your brain thirty-two times before breakfast and thirty-two times after. The tread of heavy boots along the corridors and up and down the steel stairways sets up a metallic clangor that stays in the ears like the noise of far-off battle long after you have entered the comparative quiet of the shops. It is the noise that returns in sleep and can suddenly rise above the din of traffic when you're standing on a street corner months after your release.

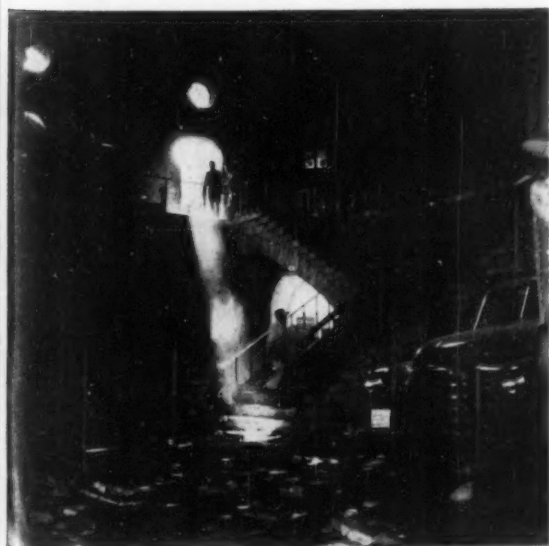
In the kitchen you hand in last night's dirty tray and mug, take clean ones, and passing slowly past the steam tables, load up cafeteria style. The file wheels around and climbs the stairs back to the cell range to be locked in the drums to eat. By the time you have reached your drum again the food is cold. You take a few sips from the coffee mug while you're still in the kitchen, for it will be dish-water temperature when you're ready to eat; and the metal does something to the flavor. It's good coffee when served, but poor stuff ten minutes later. The food at Kingston is plentiful; the variety is good. You can get fat on it if you're a pig. But the march from kitchen to drum dissipates most of the flavor.

After breakfast another bell brings you to your cell door. The unlocking ceremony is repeated. Again heads are counted. A bell sends you on your way again to the kitchen; the dirty tray and mug are tossed in and this time you keep on going, out of the cell block and down the yard to the shops. As soon as you are safely locked inside, the guard counts all present once more, frisks the lot of you, and the day's work is started.

Except in the mail bag, all shop work at Kingston is for the furnishing and maintenance of the penitentiary. We make our own tables, beds, shelves, uniforms, boots, and even the bars for our windows and doors.

A con is graded like any civil servant in Grades One, Two and Three. It depends partly on the length of time he has been in the place and partly on his efficiency. A Grade One con gets ten cents a day. Three cents of that is held back and given him when he is discharged. Grades Two and Three are paid fifteen and twenty cents respectively, with five and six cents held back for discharge money. The remaining seven, ten and fourteen cents, depending on the grade, are set aside as a credit to be used to buy food and sundries at the penitentiary canteen.

Every two weeks you are given a list of the articles in stock—candy bars, gum, tobacco and cigarettes—and you tick off the items you want to the extent of your credits, and pick them up. There is a second canteen run by cons elected by the prisoners. Called the welfare canteen, it is stocked like a combination confectionery, tobacco, fruit and stationery store. It adjoins the east wing of the main shop building. Prison *Continued on page 114*



With the cigarette lighters they're permitted to carry, the small group of rioters created havoc.



Carpentry shop where author worked was completely wrecked. The taxpayers' bill: \$2 millions.



On his way to freedom, No. 1604 waves a glad good-bye to the pen. But his sympathies remain inside.

Schiaparelli

My slightly *shocking* life in high fashion

At a nudist colony she learned the importance of clothes and soon became the undisputed queen of Paris. Now she tells about the beginnings of falsies and the sweater girl and why her hats sometimes look like lamb cutlets.

BY ELSA SCHIAPARELLI

Schiaparelli's Twelve Commandments



1. Since most women do not know themselves they should try to do so.
2. A woman who buys an expensive dress and changes it, often with disastrous result, is extravagant and foolish.
3. Most women (and men) are color-blind. They should ask for suggestions.
4. Remember — twenty percent of women have inferiority complexes. Seventy percent have illusions.
5. Ninety percent are afraid of being conspicuous, and of what people will say. So they buy a grey suit. They should dare to be different.
6. Women should listen and ask for competent criticism and advice.
7. They should choose their clothes alone or in the company of a man.
8. They should never shop with another woman, who sometimes consciously, and often unconsciously, is apt to be jealous.
9. She should buy little and only of the best or the cheapest.
10. Never fit a dress to the body, but train the body to fit the dress.
11. A woman should buy mostly in one place where she is known and respected, and not rush around trying every new fad.
12. And she should pay her bills.

DRESS designing is to me not a profession but an art—a most difficult and unsatisfying art.

As soon as a dress is born it has already become a thing of the past. As often as not too many elements are required to allow one to realize the actual vision one had in mind. The interpretation of a dress, the means of making it, and the surprising way in which some materials react—all these factors, no matter how good an interpreter you have, invariably reserve a slight if not bitter disappointment for you. In a way it is even worse if you are satisfied, because once you have created it the dress no longer belongs to you. A dress cannot just hang like a painting on the wall, or like a book remain intact and live a long and sheltered life.

A dress has no life of its own unless it is worn, and as soon as this happens another personality takes over from you and animates it, or tries to, glorifies or destroys it, or makes it into a song of beauty. More often it becomes an indifferent object, or even a pitiful caricature of what you wanted it to be—a dream, an expression.

It was a sweater worn by an American friend of mine one day in Paris in the mixed-up days after the First World War that set me upon my career in fashion. I had been wandering aimlessly after an unsuccessful marriage that had left me with a daughter to support, and my head was full of wild ideas. I had approached one or two people. One was the house of Maggy Rouff. I was told by a charming gentleman that I would do better to plant potatoes than to try to make dresses—that I had neither talent nor *métier*. Not that I had many illusions myself on the matter.

Then this American friend came to see me. She was wearing a sweater that though plain was different from any I had yet seen—women at this time were very sweater minded. I myself had never been able to wear sweaters or sports clothes. When I dressed for the country I was sure to look my worst, so much of a scarecrow, in fact, that I expected even the birds of the fields to fly away from me. But the sweater my friend was wearing intrigued me. It was hand knitted and had what I might call a *steady* look.

Many people have written that I started in business sitting in a window in Montmartre and knitting. In fact I hardly knew Montmartre and I have never been able to knit. The art of holding and clicking those two little metal needles and making them produce something has always been a mystery to me, and indeed remains so.

This sweater which intrigued me was definitely ugly in color and shape and, though it was a bit elastic, it did not stretch like other sweaters.

"Where did you get it?" I asked.

"A little woman . . ."

The little woman turned out to be an Armenian peasant who lived with her husband. I went to see them, became friends, and have remained so ever since.

"If I make a design will you try to copy it?" I asked.

"We will try."

So I drew a large butterfly bow in front, like a scarf round the neck—the primitive drawing of a child in prehistoric times. I said: "The bow must be white against a black ground, and there will be white underneath."

The poor darlings, not at all disturbed by such a mad idea, struggled to work it out. Indeed, this was something I was to discover throughout my career, that people would always follow my ideas enthusiastically and try without discussion to do what I told them.

The first sweater was not a success. It came out lopsided and not at all attractive. It could have fitted my daughter Gogo. The second was better. The third I thought sensational.

Trying not to feel self-conscious, convinced deep within me that I was nearly glamorous, I wore it at a smart lunch—and created a furore. Chanel had, for quite a few years, made machine-knitted dresses and jumpers. This was different. All the women wanted one, immediately.

They fell on me like birds of prey, but the woman from whom I accepted the first order was a New York buyer for Strauss. She asked me for forty sweaters and—forty skirts. Remembering the story of Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves in the Thousand and One Nights in my father's library in Rome, I impudently said: "Yes!"

I had no idea how they were going to be made within two weeks, as I had promised them, by this Armenian peasant and her husband. Nor did I know where the skirts would come from and what they would look like.

My Armenians and I scouted through Paris for Armenian volunteers. The colony must have been unexpectedly large because we gathered quite a number together in no time. They learned quickly and, as long as I paid for the wool, they did not mind waiting for their wages.

The large bow was repeated in many colors but mostly in black and white. The skirts were the big problem. What were they to be made of? And who would make them?

A young French girl in the neighborhood had sometimes helped me with my dress problems. We talked it over and decided to make the skirts absolutely plain, no fantasy at all, but a trifle longer than fashion demanded, that was just to the knees.

But where should we

Continued on page 104



At 21 Place Vendôme Schiaparelli selects designs for a showing. Duchesses, explorers, film stars and admirals beat a path to her Paris boutique.

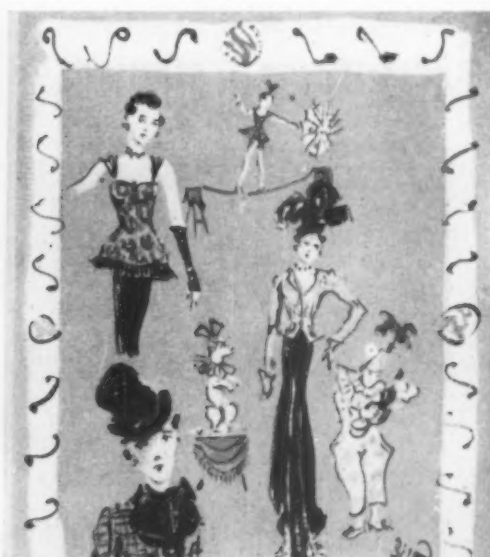
Dare to be different, Mlle Schiaparelli tells women—and she's the most different of them all



The two-tone sweater that started her career. With contrasting stitches and a butterfly bow, it was a rage in the Twenties. She also made gaudy ties for men, handkerchiefs for the hips, a pink-glass gown.



Her Paris homes have always been show places. She once had a collection of wigs for all occasions. Each showing has a motif. One year it was a circus.



Schiaparelli's hats are usually exotic and often famous. One like a knitted tube swept the world.



She went to Moscow to teach Russian women how to dress and helped spies to steal her own designs.



Schiaparelli has always been a favorite with the best-known actresses. Here she's with Norma Shearer.



Berthed in the Y of Digby's wharf, the Princess Helene awaits passengers for Saint John. Water Street merchants cast for bass from their rear windows.

The salt-encrusted people of Digby, Nova Scotia, would only toy with a rare T-bone but give them a dish of hugger-in-buff and a mess of clams or scallops and you'll find out why this is

The Seaboard's

RECENTLY a deer wandered into the town of Digby, N.S., and went on the rampage. The place scared her. Turning tail, she dashed along Digby's one main street, bowling a man over in her flight.

Now this deer had no need to be alarmed. She was perfectly safe. In fact, she could not have chosen a safer spot in the whole country. If there is one place in Canada where people are not ecstatic over a juicy roast of venison it is Digby, N.S. They prefer lobster cutlets. From the mayor down to the tousle-headed kid dangling his legs and a fishing pole from the government wharf, this town loves its sea food.

In all of its six churches the women of the Sanctuary Guild or the Ladies' Aid will prepare a bang-up scallop supper at the drop of a sou'wester.

This is perhaps only natural in a town that supplies scallops to North America's better eating places, that ships half a million pounds of lobsters a year, that invented the inimitable Digby Chicken, and is the source of most of New England's famous fried clams.

At the Fireman's Dance Hall (dance every Saturday night) you can meet any number of girls who could tell Oscar of the Waldorf a thing or two—such as how to prepare scallops and scallions, or the best way to whip up a dish of cod and pork scraps. And in those huge old wooden houses perched on the hill sloping down to Digby's landlocked harbor, you'll find many a rare old recipe, tenderly cherished in yellowing cookbooks handed down from mother to daughter. Included are instructions for preparing angels on horseback and baked cod tongues.

Graceful homes, these, that can ride out a nor'easter right sturdily, for they were built in the days of wooden ships when craftsmen brought an inspired hand to the wielding of adze and broadaxe. Their bay windows are focused on the Y-shaped government wharf which lies below—economic and social centre of the town and symbol of its whole existence.



Canada's largest scallop fleet, home for the night, lies tied up gunnel to gunnel at government wharf.



Steamed, chowdered or in broth, clams gathered on the Annapolis Basin shore provide a Digby delight.

Here, Canada's largest scallop fleet comes home to rest at night, tying up gunnel to gunnel, the inside boat made fast to the mooring posts. The men step from deck to deck, exchanging notes on the day's fishing; skippers gather in the cuddy (galley) over a glass of beer and a yarn. On deck, some of the crew are still shucking out their catch—prying the scallop apart with a knife and removing the large white muscle it uses to open and close its shells. A thread of blue smoke rises from the chimney of the galley stove. In the air there floats the delectable odor of frying hugger-in-buff—a concoction of dry salt cod, diced potatoes, salt pork and minced onions. The onions and pork are fried until the pork is crisp, then the potatoes and cod,

which have been boiling in another pot, are added.

Lobster boats, flounder draggers and scallop boats all gather here at the government wharf. With them, hovering overhead in a billowy cloud, are the sea gulls. They swoop down over the water, fighting for some tidbit tossed from a herring scow; they roost on the nearby fish sheds, waiting hopefully for scraps from that pan of hugger-in-buff. They too have known for a long time that Digby is a grand place for anyone with a serious interest in eating.

They see Digby as a great ladle dipped into the sea, the government wharf forming the handle, curving back uptown into the spoon of Water Street. And what a spoon it is!—with its ladies' wear and its high-quality shoes and its five-and-ten all facing the street with the most deceitful of false fronts. A newcomer might get the impression that these merchants were interested in selling shoes and radios and English woolen goods. But poke around a day or so. You'll discover that in the rear of all those neon signs is a cobblestoned beach, where these stores rest their sterns on weathered wharf piling hung with seaweed. Then, if you go into the store and there's no one to serve you, you will know it's high tide. The proprietor is out back with his salmon rod casting for salt-water bass.

Love of sea food is a tradition in Digby that goes back to its beginnings, and had its origin in a cookbook published in London three hundred years ago.

Entitled *The Accomplish'd Cook, or the Art and Mystery of Cookery*, it was written by Robert May, a master cook during the age of Shakespeare, and is dedicated to his patron, the Right Worshipful Sir



Dealers in Digby scallops—smaller than the deep-sea variety—ship south to Kentucky, west to Calgary.

Sea Food Capital

PHOTOS BY BOB BROOKS

By NORMAN CREIGHTON

Kenelme Digby. Sir Kenelme was one of those noble souls who "never weighed expense, so that they might arrive to that right and high esteem they had of their Gusto's" and could relish a "bak'd snail" or a "mussel pye" along with the best of them. "Then were those Golden Days wherein were practised the Triumphs and Trophies of Cookery; then was Hospitality esteemed, Neighbourhood preserved; the Poor cherished, and God honoured; then was Religion less talkt on, and more practised; then was Atheism and Schism less in fashion, and then did Men strive to be good, rather than to seem so."

It was a descendant of Sir Kenelme Digby who founded the town and left behind him the warm and generous love of good eating celebrated in that quaint old cookbook. He was Sir Robert Digby, who commanded British naval forces on this side of the Atlantic during the American Revolution. He undertook personally to convoy the town's first settlers from New York. They were Loyalist refugees, fleeing from the heresies of the Declaration of Independence. Their flight was attended with a certain proud decorum. They sailed from New York in May, 1783, with Sir Robert accompanying them in his flagship. With them they brought pieces of silver and mahogany to help recapture some of the graciousness of their former life. Sturdy old homes built of oak frames from New York still stand—homes that have served six generations.

Admiral Digby could not have selected a finer harbor than Annapolis Basin but something else may have led him in through the narrow channel which today bears his name. A tradition persists in the town that he was passionately fond of duck hunting, and possibly he had sighted a flock of wild ducks heading for the sheltered waters of Annapolis Basin and its green sedge-grassed shores.

Once landed he quite forgot about the ducks. What he saw was enough to convince him that this was indeed a fit place to found a town. The shores were literally crawling with lobsters, marooned by

a receding tide. Soon the settlers were jubilantly lugging in baskets of lobsters and buckets of clams.

Years later, still hearty at 83, Admiral Digby was to return once more, to sample a baked scallop and see how his town had weathered the War of 1812. It had not let him down. Other Nova Scotia ports might give comfort to the U. S. privateers that swarmed about the coast, but here they called them "piratical schooners" and sprang to arms at a whiff of Republicanism. One of these "pirates," a schooner from Eastport, Me., was sighted in Turner's Eddy, waiting its chance to waylay and board the mail packet from Saint John. When the men of Digby heard of it they reached for their muskets. The invader was assaulted, and in an exchange of gunfire one American was killed.

Today thousands of Americans visit Digby without the slightest hazard. They browse among its antique stores in search of a Currier and Ives or a lithograph of General Andrew Jackson. And they find them, too. They wander about the streets shopping for Spode and Wedgwood, crossing from one side of Water Street to the other and then they pose for snapshots beside its War Memorial which is flanked by ancient cannon still in their wooden carriages.

Last year at Digby's swank CPR summer hotel, The Pines, the guests consumed five and a half tons of lobster. That it puts them in an agreeable mood is attested to by L. C. Parkinson, the hotel's manager. "One of our guests is a New York stockbroker. Fabulously busy man. Has his own private barber to save time. But not in Digby. No, indeed! When he goes downtown to Lloyd Hicks' barber-shop he hopes there'll be a lineup ahead of him—a full house—so he'll have to sit there all morning and listen to a discussion on why the price of scallops is only twenty-eight cents a pound, and whether Captain Joe Casey is taking a fishing party out this afternoon, and how many barrels of herring Leigh Peck caught in his weir. He's almost sorry when it comes his turn" *Continued on page 101*



Chef Einar Nielsen of the swank CPR inn, The Pines, prepared five and a half tons of lobster last year.



Painfully hurt in a car accident, this woman is one of 30,000 emergency cases Toronto St. Michael's handles in a year. Deftly, the doctor probes for glass.



JUNE CALLWOOD SPENDS

17 Hours in an Emergency Ward

Photos by Peter Croydon



12 NOON Blood-spattered from a deep head wound, this man walked to Emergency seeking help. He said he'd fallen against his bed in a flophouse.



12.06 In operating room Nurse Edwina Tonelli shaves hair around his head cut.



12.31 Sympathetic supervisor tells the man he'll stay overnight for observation.

At a big-city hospital like Toronto St. Michael's the door marked EMERGENCY is always open. Here's the graphic story of day and night inside that door, with the men and women who patch up a city's wounds and don't ask awkward questions

THE EMERGENCY department at St. Michael's Hospital in downtown Toronto is across the hall from the ambulance entrance. It is possibly the busiest emergency department in Canada. To that entrance come ambulances bearing seared victims of fires, bodies broken and torn in car accidents, aged people whose hearts have faltered. Last year 84 were dead when they arrived and 36 others died in a matter of hours. Up the shallow steps beside the ambulance entrance stumble swimmers who have cut their feet, young toughs with bleeding heads and housewives with soot in their eyes. The red light over the open doorway reads "EMERGENCY" and it burns day and night.

Inside is a 22-room suite of operating rooms, offices, waiting rooms and examining cubicles which cost \$200,000 and was custom-built only a year ago. The two operating rooms are lined with cool green tile and stainless steel and glass cupboards; the examining cubicles are partitioned to the ceiling and have stretcher tables covered with sponge-rubber mattress and a shadow-proof green curtain for a door; the waiting rooms have blond wood modern furniture upholstered in pastel leatherlike plastic. The unit has acoustic ceiling, walls that are waxed wood or cream tile, glass-brick windows with insets of rainbow glass that can be opened, and special, sound-deadening flooring.

In the surgery area the floors have a new type of spark-resistant material, the first floor of its kind in Canada. The utility room has an autoclave, an ovenlike apparatus used in sterilizing, that can

sterilize instruments in ten minutes instead of the usual half hour. A special cupboard contains enough sterile dressings to provide for a major disaster and another warming cupboard keeps blankets heated to counteract the effects of shock.

During seventeen hours I spent in this department from eleven in the morning of Friday, Aug. 13, to four the following morning, it was empty only once—for eighteen minutes beginning at 2:20 in the morning. The rest of the time was occupied with a human pageant that was sometimes



dramatic, sometimes clownish and often pathetic. One hundred and fifteen people were treated that day and thirteen cases were considered serious enough to require the patient to stay in the hospital. One of the most dangerous cases was an 85-year-old lady suffering from a stroke; the least serious was a young man who had a sliver removed from his palm.

Only half of all these patients paid a fee for their treatment, a percentage only slightly lower than normal. The hospital makes no charge in

cases of extremely low income, pensioners and unemployed people. Sometimes the accounts office makes its decision not to charge a fee solely on the evidence of the patient's address; more often there is some delicate questioning. Like all hospital emergency departments, St. Michael's is run at a deficit of thousands of dollars a year. Over a year just under 30,000 patients are treated in the emergency and 12,000 pay no fee at all. The rest pay an average fee of only \$1.25.

One of the patients who was required to spend the night in the hospital was a man who called himself Murphy. He arrived shortly after noon and was led by the arm up to the nurses' desk by another man, who rapidly disappeared and left Murphy grinning happily at the nurses through the blood trickling down his face.

"I'm Irish," he announced cheerfully, "and I've got lots of blood, lots of good Irish blood."

Sister Regina Marie, a nun who is supervisor of the emergency department, paused on her way to lunch to glance at the new arrival. "That's one of our regulars from 77 Shuter," she sighed, going out. "It's a flophouse."

Murphy, joyously drunk, was giving the nurse his name and address. "Murphy," he dictated. "I have no address but at present I'm staying at 77 Shuter Street. I fell against a bed a while ago and I seem to have cut my head. I'm an Irishman, you know."

The nurse, Edwina Tonelli, led Murphy along the hall to one of two operating rooms of the emergency department. She helped him off with



1.35 Next patient has a torn thumb. He winces as doctor gives him a needle.



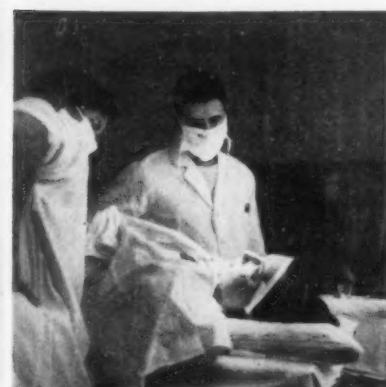
2.15 This sobbing woman cut her hand and was sure the doctor would amputate.



3.00 Broken glasses cut this man's eye. Average fee paid in Emergency is \$1.25.



3.40 Mother said baby swallowed a button; X-rays didn't show it.



4.00 Tables are turned on a nurse. She has a mole removed from her chin.



5.15 A family tragedy—husband told nurses his wife was "losing the baby."



6.40 Three-car crash throws the ward in a turmoil, as bleeding victims arrive.



7.21 Teen-agers in crash tell policeman how it all happened.



Continuing

17 Hours in an Emergency Ward

his shirt and into a hospital gown. "Up here, sir," she said and Murphy climbed on the operating table and crossed his feet. He instantly was bored with this and sat up.

"Gimme a cigarette, eh?" he asked.

"Would you mind putting your head down, sir?" Miss Tonelli asked, preparing to shave the hair around the wound.

"Anything you say, dear," Murphy replied.

"Are you Irish?"

The doctor arrived, Dr. John Moffat, a tall, tanned interne from Galt who graduated from medical school last year. He peered at Murphy's still-bleeding cut and went out to scrub his hands and put on a sterile mask and rubber gloves.

Although all instruments and dressings are sterile, emergency operating rooms make no attempt to duplicate the elaborate sterilizing procedures of formal operating rooms. Most of the patients wear street clothes, complete with shoes, while their minor cuts are stitched or burns treated. Anything more serious is sent to the surgery upstairs, where a general anaesthetic is available. Emergency operations use only local anaesthetic, obtained by hypodermic injection in the affected area.

"Go ahead and sew, doc," Murphy declared when Moffat reappeared in mask and cap. "I'm an old soldier and I've been stitched before. Don't give

a damn about me." He lay quietly on the table.

Moffat touched the cut gently. "That's pretty deep," he muttered.

"I didn't really fall against a bed," said Murphy suddenly. "Gimme a cigarette, eh doc?"

Moffat anaesthetized the cut and snipped off the ends of a few nicked veins, called bleeders, to stop the flow of blood. He began to stitch, starting with three stitches that neatly divided the cut into slightly gaping quarters.

"How long have you been drinking, Murphy?" he enquired conversationally.

"Since seven this morning," said Murphy, his voice muffled by the cloth over his face. "That's because they woke me up then."

"Why did you start so early?"

"Nothing else to do."

"Did you have some breakfast?"

"Ha! I had wine for breakfast."

"He has a record of unconsciousness," the nurse told Dr. Moffat softly. "He said when he came in that he'd been unconscious for half an hour." Her hands flitted among the instruments.

"We'll do a neurological on him to make sure there's no bleeding under the skull," Moffat said.

As soon as he finished the tenth and last stitch and applied an elastic bandage, the interne began the neurological examination, given as a matter of routine to every patient with a head injury. A series of tests on reflexes and perceptions in various parts of the body, it indicates if blood is collecting against the brain. Brain injury or even death can result if the clot is undetected. As a further precaution in the case of head injuries which have caused unconsciousness, the patient is kept in hospital 24 hours for observation.

The doctor pricked Murphy's right shin with a hatpin and Murphy, oblivious, continued his genealogical research with the nurse. "You must be Irish," he was saying, "you're so pretty." When Moffat pricked the left shin, Murphy sat up with a roar: "Whattya doing there! Stop that now!"

Murphy had other disturbing reactions. In some

areas of his face he couldn't distinguish between the blunt and sharp ends of the pin. Some joints of his legs had no reflexes. While this examination was going on, Sister Regina Marie, the supervisor of the department, came into the operating room.

Murphy immediately put his hands over his face and said weakly, "Oh, Sister. I'm sorry."

"When did you change your name?" asked the Sister casually.

"I didn't want to let you down," Murphy continued brokenly. "I'm awfully sorry."

Murphy, as he had called himself in a hopeful

attempt to escape the notice of Sister Regina Marie, is one of the hundreds of derelicts the hospital has helped or tried to help over the years. In his case Sister Regina Marie two weeks before had called Alcoholics Anonymous to help him and had arranged for him to be treated in an alcoholics clinic. Using a special fund the emergency department has for such cases, she paid a taxi driver

to take Murphy to the clinic. Murphy returned a few days later to say, truthfully, that the clinic had been too full to take him. Sister Regina Marie then gave him 25 cents for streetcar fare to return to the clinic. This he spent on beer.

"He'll have to be admitted to the hospital, Sister," said Dr. Moffat. "He has a record of unconsciousness."

"We're going to keep you under observation for 24 hours," the Sister told Murphy, who was still apologizing. "Just to make sure you're all right."

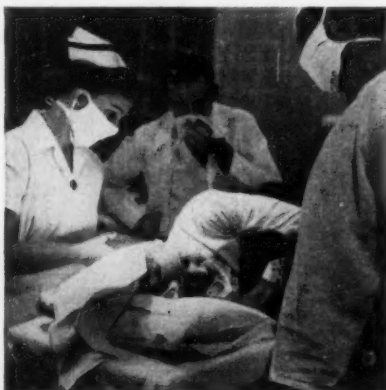
"I didn't bring my things," said Murphy unhappily. "They'll steal my razor and my clothes, back where I live."

"We'll send for your things," the Sister reassured him. "Don't worry, they'll be all right."

The next patient in that operating room was a young construction



9.10 "God bless you, my boy!"—Injured drunk thanked the doctor.



10.23 "I'm not hurt—just scared." But woman, kicked by pony, had her ear split.



11.22 "It's broken in two places." Cabbie relays news about his nose after a fight.



12.00 Unhappy woman cut hand on pop bottle. Another was bitten by a monkey.



12.55 Someone twisted his arm: young man feared it was broken.



1.30 More violence. This man was injured fighting in cells of a nearby city jail.



1.35 Badly beaten, the other man in the fight had his eyes closed, bones broken.



2.05 In the operating room, hysterical prisoner had to be strapped to the table.

2.35 whose



Night supervisor Sister de Sales looks through door of a room for critical cases. Last year in Emergency 36 died; St. Michael's saved thousands of others.

worker who darted in with nervous, shooting glances around him. His jeans were whitened by cement and a torn shirt revealed skin tanned the color of brown shoe polish. He had a jagged cut at the base of his thumb.

"What did you do it on?" asked Dr. Moffat.

"On a piece of bead. You know, corner bead—molding."

The doctor nodded and drew up into the hypodermic syringe the anaesthetic solution of one percent novacaine. The young workman flinched as the needle went in.

"Don't look," said Moffat hastily. "That's where you're making your mistake."

Noticing the man's agitation, Nurse Tonelli said soothingly, "Once the needle is in, you're all right."

Dr. Charles Campbell, a slender, blue-jawed senior interne who is studying surgery, poked his head through the operating room's swinging doors. "John," he called, "have you seen the guy across the hall?"

"Is that the one with the ulcer?" asked Moffat, stitching away on the torn hand.

"Yeah," said Campbell, coming into the room and pulling his mask over his face. "It's perforated or perforating."

"I don't like to say this," said Moffat, "but I've

never seen a boardlike abdomen, have you?" He was referring to the rigid abdomen that is the classic symptom of a perforated ulcer.

"Sure," said Campbell. "When this guy came in he had a real one you could sit on. It's softened up quite a bit now."

"Damn," said Moffat softly. "I missed it." He finished stitching the construction worker's hand.

Now there were eight patients in the emergency department. A fussy middle-aged man was busily explaining to the other nurse on duty, Margaret Noble, that he had been suffering from a rash for six days. She decided this stretched the use of the word "emergency" too far and referred him to the hospital's skin clinic. He departed, crestfallen

and reluctant. Murphy, no longer so ebullient, was being bathed in a bathtub by an orderly in preparation for his admittance to a men's ward. St. Michael's emergency contains a room with two bathtubs for cleansing the hospital's skid-row clientele.

The man with the perforated peptic ulcer was lying very still under a blanket on a stretcher table, waiting to be taken to the surgery upstairs. His face was pale and wet from pain. In the waiting

room a man in a business suit who had caught his finger in an Addressograph machine was cradling the injured digit in his other hand; he was waiting for X-ray plates to be developed. A shabby epileptic, with lonely pale-blue eyes, was being examined in a cubicle; he was explaining to the doctor that he couldn't get his breath. Dr. Robert Cowan, one of St. Michael's staff eye doctors, was fishing five tiny chips of steel from the right eye of a workman in overalls; a lady shopper, her eye streaming, was waiting her turn to have a cinder removed. Moffat, the interne working in the surgery, had just finished putting a pink elastic bandage over the six stitches in the construction worker's hand.

It was nearly three in the afternoon and a hot wind was blowing traffic noises in the back door of the emergency department when a small frightened woman in a shapeless dress came into the operating room. She had cut her thumb deeply on a chopping instrument in the factory where she worked. She spoke no English and she began to writhe and sob on the operating table as Moffat attempted to inject the anaesthetic.

Maclean's photographer Peter Croydon, an Englishman who speaks several languages, spoke comfortingly in Italian to the terrified girl. She answered, volubly and

Continued on page 83



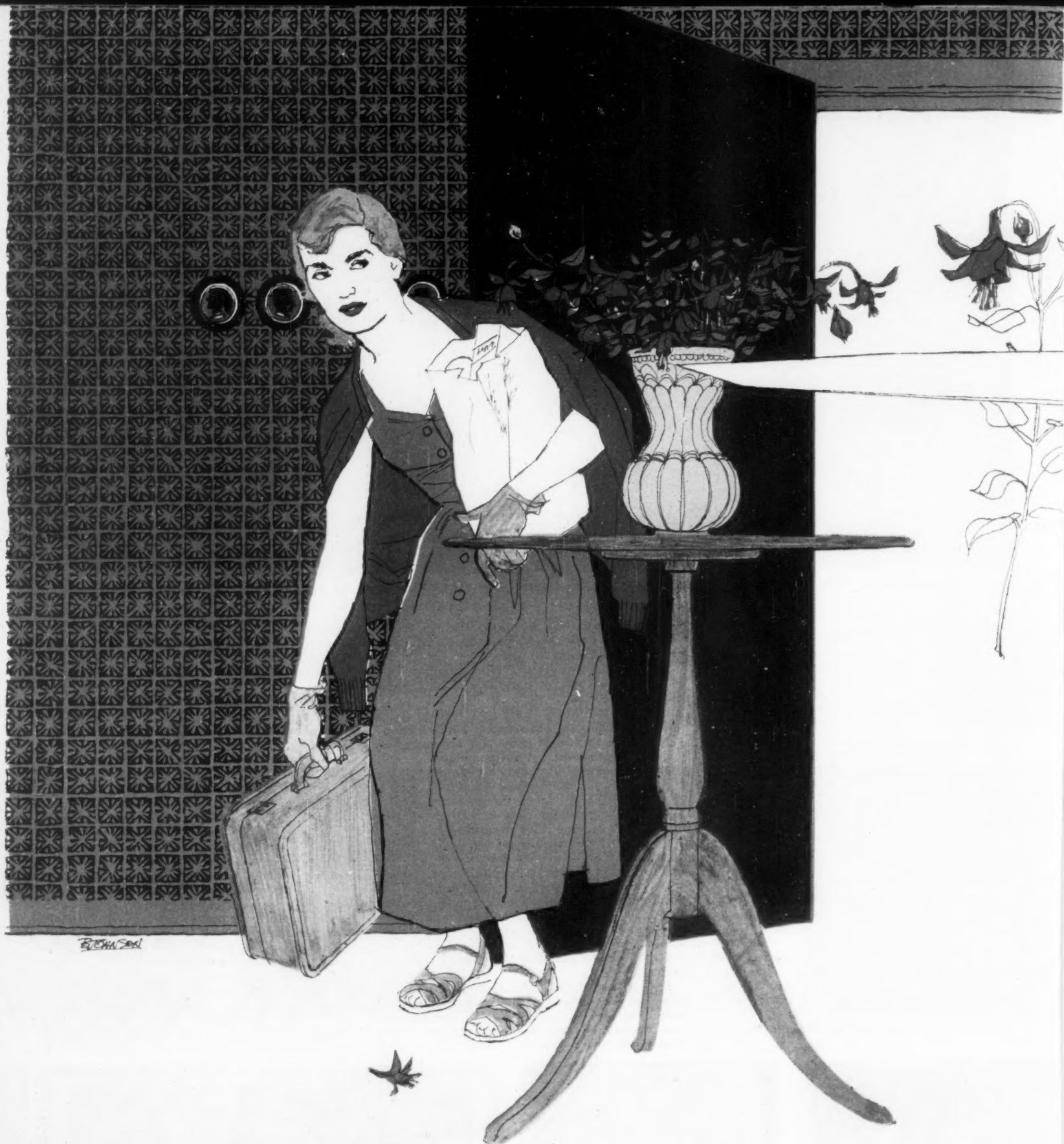
2.35 Good news for the young fellow whose arm was twisted; it's not broken.



3.06 Crime again. Woman was beaten in her home by a burglar who got away.



4. A.M. The scream of a siren or the squeal of brakes are familiar signals at Emergency. It happens more than a hundred times a day.



A woman can adapt to anything,
so they say. But what about Enid, whose husband changed from a candidate
for A.A. to a gallant abstainer . . . she couldn't grasp **WHAT ON**



By John Barrett

Illustrated by Bruce Johnson

THE BUTCHER tossed the lamb chops on the scale.

"By the way, Mrs. West, I think your husband was in here buying meat about an hour ago."

Enid looked up quickly. "Fred? Shopping? Oh no, you must be mistaken. Fred never shops."

The butcher looked at her. He shrugged. "Maybe I was mistaken."

Enid counted out the change. Fred shopping! What an idea! Why, you couldn't even trust Fred to buy a can of soup. The only store he ever went into was Mike's Liquors.

She came out of the meat market and hurried down the street. The heavy suitcase dragged at her arm now, but she wanted to get groceries before she went to the apartment.

The sun was already down behind the tall buildings. The cool evening air with a tinge of fog felt good after the long ride back to Montreal on the stuffy bus. She looked at the familiar row of little trees growing in holes in the sidewalk, and thought how neat and tidy they seemed after the straggly forests the bus had been traveling through all afternoon. Yes, it was good to be home.

She began planning the evening. First of all she would make Fred a good hot supper. Probably he hadn't eaten anything but snacks all week. After she got some

nourishing food in him, she could get him to bed. Then she could empty the bottles in the sink, get caught up on all the dirty dishes and tidy the apartment. Not much of a homecoming. After three years of it a lot of women would have gone to pieces, but Enid prided herself on having learned to take it all in stride.

She glanced up at the big building across the street. The front apartment on the fifth floor was all lit up. That would be the young widow—another cocktail party. About time someone reported the goings on there to the landlady. Well, that was one thing she didn't have to worry about with Fred. He didn't mix liquor with women, though it wasn't true, of course, what her sister said. If other women weren't interested in him, it was because he never encouraged that sort of thing: it was because he realized their marriage was a good sensible arrangement, as she had planned it would be from the first, and not because he was "married to a bottle," or anything like that.

She looked at the back apartment. The light was on in the kitchen. This time, at least, he was home—not buying it in some cheap bar.

In the grocery store she bought potatoes, frozen peas and milk. As she closed the refrigerator door, she looked at the beer. Finally she got three bottles. Not that she sanctioned it. What woman could after the way she had put up with liquor? But

Continued on page 58

EARTH HAPPENED TO FRED?



Blackamoors with fresh-cut flowers flank the period doorway in Ritz lobby. Hotel manager John Contat (above) no longer insists that his guests dress for dinner.

They like

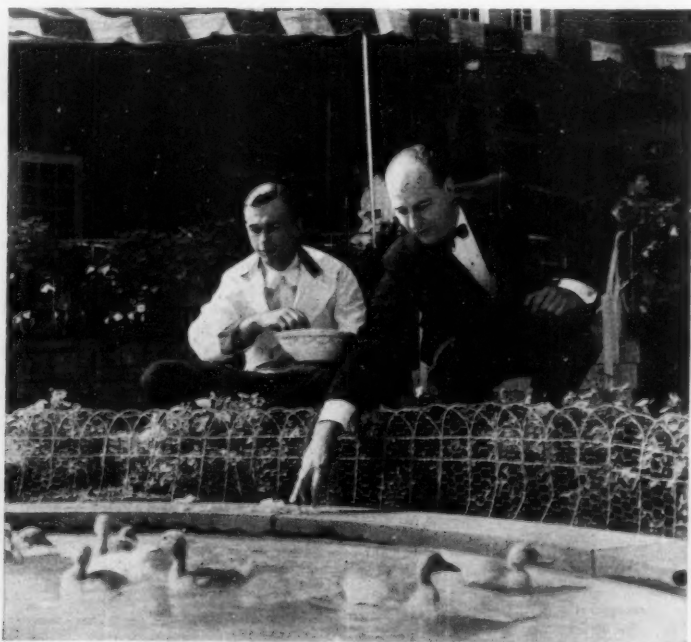


With 18th-century decor and white-tie service, Montreal's Ritz-Carlton was built to coddle the rich and flatter the famous. It still does, but it's also learned that to stay in business you've got to be kind to the Kiwanis

By BARBARA MOON



For the cabaret crowd the Ritz features pop singer Nina Dova and pianist Johnny Galant. It still keeps Thursdays for the Ladies' Morning Musicale.



To liven the garden dining area ducklings swim in a pond. The Ritz first tried snooty Brome ducks but they drowned. These are barnyard kind.

being Old-fashioned at the Ritz

JOHAN CONTAT, the ebullient general manager of the Ritz-Carlton in Montreal, sits in the lounge of his hotel with Caryl Hardinge, the fourth Viscount Hardinge. Hardinge, a pukka Englishman, bluff and mustached, is also a Montreal broker.

He is drinking a double whisky-on-the-rocks, and the atmosphere—as always in the public rooms of the Ritz—is pleasantly mulled.

Suddenly Contat beams and leans forward.

"I know what, Caryl," he says with innocent enthusiasm. "We should start a restaurant. No, wait. I mean it. Somewhere near here. With fine food... not too big... but very nice. It would be a good thing, good for the Ritz."

Lord Hardinge puts down his glass and straightens himself erect, palm on knee.

"A restaurant, eh? Eh? Good idea, that. We could use a good restaurant, eh? No place to go but the Ritz now, and I'm getting bloody sick of it."

They both laugh...

Hardinge is the archetypal Ritz patron, being distinguished, discriminating, and wealthy. Most important of all, he is a director of the Ritz. One of the notable aspects of the hotel's forty-two-year history is that its best customers have been its directors.

Contat—a suave, spectacled man—is a Swiss, and the Swiss understand better than any other race the art of coddling the distinguished, the discriminating and the wealthy.

The rapport of the hotelkeeper and the peer reflects their complementary roles in the struggle to preserve an idea—the special Ritz idea. It is a struggle against formidable odds for the Ritz is, in truth, an anachronism. The hotel was named for the Ritz in Paris and the Carlton in London and it

was opened in 1912 by a group of St. James Street multimillionaires who hoped thereby to induce a fine cosmopolitan climate in their home town. They also wanted a suitable spot for entertaining associates.

Two of the principals were Sir Charles Gordon, the textile king, and Charles Hosmer, the telegraph and flour-milling tycoon. These men found the project particularly expensive, for their three-million-dollar social hothouse had to be subsidized as long as they lived. However they made sure they got their money's worth; they, their fellow directors, their wives and their children haunted the place. They lunched in the basement Oak Room, took tea in the Palm Court, dined in the Oval Room, threw debuts, galas and wedding receptions in the Grand Ballroom and moved into suites if their town houses were being redecorated. If they had a row at home they went to the Ritz instead of to the club. In a sense the Ritz was their club.

Of the two hundred and twenty rooms fully three quarters were occupied by permanent residents like William Bog, general manager of the Bank of Montreal, and Hugh MacKay, a director of Montreal Light, Heat & Power and of Canadian Breweries.

In the public rooms Sir Frederick Williams-Taylor, vice-president of the Bank of Montreal, was regularly to be seen, sweeping in like the man on the Sandeman's sherry bottle with his rake's beard, his cape and his black roll-brim hat. With him might be Sir Herbert Holt, the power baron, saying little and observing much, a frosty obelisk. Or, stiff and sedate, Sir Montagu Allan, heir to a shipping fortune and donor of the Allan Cup for hockey. Or the president of the CPR, Sir Edward Beatty, with his squat bulldog's body on his tiny feet. These were men who knew what they wanted

—caviar Astrakhan and Grande Fine Champagne de Napoleon 1800, white-gloved Continental waiters and plenty of cleared space around their table so they could talk in private.

But these men are dead now and in their place, the actuaries say, is a businessman in the upper-middle income bracket who stays two and one-fifth days, eats most of his meals outside the hotel and carries one piece of luggage. He is apt to expect his room to cost about \$8 single, as is the case in most Canadian commercial hotels. Average rates for a Ritz bedroom are \$12 to \$15. He wants to dine quickly in order to get out to a show or an evening appointment. He is no wine drinker. He likes to feel his movements go unrecorded and hence unjudged.

The Ritz has lately made two concessions to this hypothetical guest. Over the protests of the president, François Dupré, ice water is served with meals; and since World War II it is no longer necessary to dress for dinner.

But the Ritz locks its door every night to screen those who seek to enter or leave at irregular hours. It prefers the regular Thursday meetings of the Ladies' Morning Musicale—which take place in the afternoon and are open to men—to the luncheons of the St. Lawrence Kiwanis Club. These Kiwanis luncheons are the only regular service-club functions booked by the hotel.

The Ritz lobby is small, to discourage loiterers, and its single entrance and single elevator bank are designed to prevent unsponsored wanderings through the building.

The Ritz turns away all who come unjacketed to its public rooms, and won't admit those who arrive tieless until they have made a selection from the cast-off cravats of the general manager, the *maître d'hôtel* and the house detective. *Cont'd on page 95*

PHOTOS BY BASIL ZAROV



Big weddings are a Ritz specialty. When the daughter of Viscount Hardinge (centre) was married chefs were presented to the young couple at the reception.



Manager Contat (centre) checks the wine cellar. He had to talk his president into letting the waiters serve ice water at the tables.



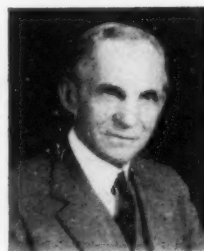
McLAUGHLIN



CHRYSLER



CHEVROLET



FORD



DURANT

The Men Cars Made Famous

MY EIGHTY YEARS ON WHEELS BY R. S. McLAUGHLIN—conclusion

as told to ERIC HUTTON

"Sold," said GM's top men, and McLaughlin's of Oshawa became part of a great growing industrial group. They almost bought Ford too and they produced the paint the author calls the biggest thing that happened to the automobile

ANYONE who attended the Oshawa town fair in the year 1907 might possibly have caught a glimpse of three dignified men in a carriage driving from the railway station toward the McLaughlin Carriage Company's office and looking a little bewildered at the large crowds abroad so early in the streets of the little city.

The onlooker could not know that the pleasant-faced man with the dark-brown penetrating eyes, sitting in the middle, was carrying Oshawa's destiny in the portfolio he balanced on his knee. The man himself, William C. Durant, did not know it. And certainly the McLaughlin partners with him did not know it.

The day before I had wired Durant, head of the young Buick company in Flint, Mich., to ask for help. The McLaughlin automobile, which we had started to make ourselves after I failed to arrive at a co-operative manufacturing arrangement with Durant and other U. S. car makers, had run into trouble. Two days before, with the parts of our first car laid out ready for assembly—and the components of one hundred more in various stages of completion—our engineer had suffered a severe attack of pleurisy. In my wire I asked Durant to lend us an engineer until our own man recovered.

Durant arrived, not with an engineer but with two of his top executives. He took up the discussion of our last meeting—when we had failed to get together on a manufacturing arrangement—just as if we had merely paused for breath. "I've been thinking it over," he said, "and I have the solution to the problem we couldn't overcome in our figuring." The deal he suggested was pretty close to what I had had in mind in the first place, and I said: "That will work." Durant nodded. "I thought it would," he said in that voice of his that was always so gentle—and always so much to the point.

We went into my father's office with my brother George and Oliver Hezzlewood, who looked after our books, and in five minutes we had the contract settled. It ran just a page and a half and was a model agreement for lawyers to study. Chiefly it covered the terms under which we had 15-year rights to buy the Buick engine and some other parts.

We would build and design our own bodies as we had always built carriages.

Nothing was said about the McLaughlin car, the hundred cars lying still-born in the Mary Street building. Our contract with Buick meant, of course, that we would have to abandon those plans—and the partly built cars. We sold off the lathes and some other equipment, but much of the material and parts we had invested in had to be scrapped.

I have heard people regret that the coincidence of an engineer falling ill should have put an end to the project to produce an all-Canadian car. I may say that any regret on my part is tempered by the hard facts of the automobile industry, by the very great probability that if our engineer Arthur Milbrath had not become ill and we had proceeded with our plan to make our own cars, we almost certainly would have taken a header; and once having failed in our first effort we might never have got back into the automobile business.

No, the coming of Durant to Oshawa, not with an engineer to lend us but with a plan for co-operating with us in building cars, was a blessing. Even with the Buick connection we had to be lucky to succeed. We just happened to pick a car that was destined to make good. I have often wondered why some cars succeeded and some failed. One of the strangest facts about the automobile business in North America is that in its fifty-odd years no fewer than 2,400 different makers have manufactured and offered cars for sale; in each case the designers and engineers put the best they knew into the car; each was launched with high hopes—and today you can count on the fingers of two hands the car manufacturers who have survived.

A contract with an American manufacturer was no guarantee of success in Canada, either—a few names that no longer exist are the Briscoe, made by Canada Carriage; the Everett, made by our good friends and competitors the Tudhopes of Orillia, and the Gray-Dort, made by the Gray Carriage Company of Chatham. In the carriage business Gray was actually bigger than we were at first, but we soon passed it.

The motor business is a volume business. If you don't have volume you're sunk. And that's as true today as it ever was. It is unfortunate for

He Made Assembly Lines Go Faster

"If I were asked to name the one development that more than any other contributed to the incredible growth of the industry, my answer might surprise most people . . . it has nothing to do with engines or design . . . My answer is the development of the Duco quick finish by Charles F. Kettering."



the smaller auto makers, but it is a hard fact that can't be overcome. In that first year that we made McLaughlin cars with Buick engines—it was only part of a year really—we turned out 193. That's not a high figure in terms of 1954 production, but it was quite a feat for a bunch of carriage makers who were just cutting their teeth on automobiles.

Not long after he made his agreement with us Durant started to parlay Buick into General Motors by taking over or buying control of Oakland, Oldsmobile, Cadillac and other companies making cars or car parts. Incidentally, in answer to people who sometimes wonder nostalgically "Whatever happened to the good old Oakland?" I would like to mention that nothing happened to it—except that a particularly popular model of the Oakland, produced in 1926, happened to be named the Pontiac and the company started concentrating on that model.

To me personally the arrangement with Durant meant much more than making cars in Oshawa. I was made a director of General Motors Corporation, and took part in the adventurous events of the early years of the industry—events largely sparked by the energy and enterprise of William Durant.

Durant was a daring, farseeing man, in my opinion the greatest in the auto industry of that time. Perhaps he was too advanced for his day, for his great plans and even greater forecasts of things to come often scared the bankers from whom he sought capital for expansion. Once he told a group of bankers: "The day is not far off when the United States will be producing 300,000 cars a year!" Such a "fantastic exaggeration" convinced the bankers that the man was irrational, and the loan was refused.

I suppose it is not generally remembered that Durant came within an ace of adding the Ford Motor Company to the General Motors family.

On Oct. 26, 1909, Durant called a meeting of the General Motors directors. He told us that he had called on Henry Ford and James Couzens, the Canadian who has been called the organizational brain behind Ford, at the Belmont Hotel in New York. Ford was ill with lumbago, so Durant talked business with Couzens. After the latter discussed the proposition with Ford, Durant came away with a 48-hour option to buy the entire Ford business for about \$9,500,000.

In advance, Durant had lined up a group of bankers who had tentatively agreed to back him with a big loan, not only to finance the purchase of Ford but to put the expanding General Motors empire on a stable financial footing. In the two or three years since he had taken over Buick, Durant had added not only Oldsmobile, Oakland and Cadillac to his new General Motors Corporation but a number of other businesses in the automobile and allied fields: Champion Ignition Co. of Flint, organized by the pioneer French spark-plug designer, Albert Champion; Weston-Mott Co. of Flint, maker of auto axles; Reliance Motor Truck Co. of Owosso; Ranier Motor Co. of Saginaw; Michigan Motor Castings Co. of Flint; Welch Motor Car Co., of Pontiac, maker of large powerful luxury cars; Welch-Detroit Co.; Rapid Motor Vehicle Co., of Pontiac; Cartecar Co., of Pontiac, makers of a patented friction-drive car, and several other companies.

When the Thomas Flyer was bigger than the Ford

We voted approval of the Ford deal and Durant went back to the bankers, only to be informed: "We have changed our minds. The Ford business isn't worth that much."

Actually the statement "General Motors nearly bought Ford for \$9,500,000" sounds far more spectacular in 1954 than it did in 1909. At the time Ford was just another motor maker trying to establish a foothold in an industry filled with expendables. It is putting it mildly to say that in 1909 the auto industry was in a state of flux, that today's sensation might become tomorrow's bankrupt. At the time of the Ford negotiations, for example, General Motors was also considering the purchase of the E. R. Thomas Co., makers of the then-famous Thomas Flyer, and in automobile circles this deal was considered a much more important and promising one than the Ford negotiations.

In the early days of General Motors—I am speaking of the U. S. company of which I was a director before there was any General Motors of Canada—Durant was frequently in search of bank backing. Alexander Hardy, a General Motors director, used to tell of a meeting he had on a train with Durant and A. H. Goss, a large shareholder in the company. The latter two had visited bankers in the east, and then in the west, with little success.

"The train," Hardy related, "stopped in Elkhart, Indiana, in a pouring rainstorm. Far down the dark and dismal street shone one electric sign: A BANK. Durant shook Goss, who was dozing dejectedly in a corner. 'Wake up, Goss,' he said. 'There's one we missed.'" Mr. Hardy liked to cite that incident as an example of Durant's sense of humor and resiliency of spirit under pressure.

In the end a group of New York bankers agreed to lend us \$15 millions, enough to straighten out the affairs of General Motors. But they did it on condition that they be permitted to name the chairman of the board and appoint the directors, which let the venturesome Mr. Durant out. He had to agree that he would not concern himself with the affairs of the company for five years.

But the bankers could not keep him out of the automobile business. He had Louis Chevrolet, an expert mechanic and daring racing driver, design a new car for him. Durant then formed the Chevrolet Motor Company, bought a plant on Grand Boulevard in Detroit—and started to make automobile history afresh.

One day I was in Durant's office with Dr.

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With head gardener Doug Blore, author McLaughlin inspects his extensive estate.



An ardent fisherman, he has three private pools stocked with trout near Oshawa.

An early McLaughlin (1907) stands primed and proud at the pillars of Parkwood.



ROBERT THOMAS
ALLEN TELLS

How to get along



A WRITER'S life is apt to be a restless one. At least mine has been. My wife and I figured out once that we'd averaged more than one move a year since we got married. I'm not particularly proud of this, and I don't recommend it to anyone. But I'll say one thing for it. It taught me something about neighbors.

I've had plenty. I've lived beside professors of astronomy, electric-guitar players, Okies, cowboys and bank managers. I've lived beside a professional contest-enterer with an Oxford accent, long hair and a 1923 Rolls-Royce, and people with short hair and 1954 Studebakers who were sometimes the queerest of them all. And I've learned a few tricks.

One thing I learned early was always to address my neighbor as "mister." Often he didn't like it. "Look, just call me Harry," he'd say. "I'm just an ordinary guy. How about dropping over for a beer when you get your stove connected? Where do you get that 'mister' stuff?"

Where I got it was moving in beside guys who asked me to call them Harry. The last neighbor I called by his first name was a tall casual young calculating-machine salesman with a slow boyish grin. He greeted me as I came up the walk just ahead of the furniture movers, told me to call him George, asked my wife's name, put a brotherly arm around her and said, "Okay, Helen, you and Irma just make yourselves comfortable out by our barbecue pit while Bob and I whip up some roast wieners." He asked my wife if she'd mind bringing a wiener fork as they'd lost theirs, put on a chef's cap with "Dig In" lettered on it, and stopped speaking to me for a year and a half.

He didn't stop speaking to me that night, of course. It was the next night. He liked to park his car in our mutual driveway. Each time I wanted in or out of my garage I had to work my way between two ornamental bushes of thorns, knock at his door, get him off his couch and explain to him that I had to go to the store for some more curtain rings. He'd whip his car out like a parking-lot attendant, and just about as cheerily, let mine in, follow me so closely he looked as if

with your neighbors

After ten moves in ten years Bob offers his own system for staying sane in the suburbs. First lesson is to call your neighbor "mister"



ILLUSTRATED BY DUNCAN MACPHERSON

he were pushing me, park in the middle of the driveway again, and go in the house, obviously thinking, "I give this guy a big welcome with wieners; now he's trying to make it tough for me to own a car."

Every time he came to the door in his slippers and a dressing gown, he was a bit more distant, until he was finally looking at me as if I were selling enlargements for baby pictures, an expression he held, as I say, for a year and a half; no, that is not quite accurate. He varied it twice: once when he put his head through our milk box and said, "Here's your wiener fork," and another time, the following Twenty-Fourth of May, when he looked haughtily over the top of my hat and asked me if I'd mind having my children clean the fire-crackers off his lawn.

Calling a neighbor "mister" might sound like advice from a stuffed shirt, and maybe it is. But little conventions like that keep the seams all nice and snug. You never hear anyone say, "If there's one guy I'd like to strangle it's that Mister Meadows." It's only when you can call a guy George that you can really get homicidal.

There's another strange bit of psychology at work when you call someone "mister." In this world there's nothing as good as looking forward to getting there, and nothing as disappointing as arriving. When you call a person "mister" you have a mild and pleasant desire to get to know him better. If you keep it in check it's a sound relationship and can go on for years. But once you start calling someone by his first name the next interesting step is to get sore at him.

Whenever I hear someone say, "Harry and Gert came over last night for a beer, then we went to their place to watch wrestling, then they came back to our place for lobster-paste sandwiches," I know that it's only a matter of time till Gert and Harry are out in the kitchen watching their new-found friends through a crack in the door, whispering between drawn lips that it's about time they bought their own television, especially now he got that raise.

Seeing too much of anyone can often result in little things building up until one apparently trivial incident can act like an extra

degree of heat on a pressure cooker, when that little black ring blows out and covers the ceiling with stew. I knew one guy who was nearly up for manslaughter because every time he offered a visiting neighbor a chocolate the neighbor took the whole top layer, saying, "Don't mind if I take a few home for Sonny, do you?" Sonny already weighed as much as an air conditioner and was always tormenting this guy's cat.

Don't get the idea from all this that I disapprove of friendliness. I'm just the opposite. But I've found that slightly formal friendships last the longest. One of the best neighbors I ever had was a quiet Englishman I used to see over the back fence in the evening. We called one another "mister" for three years. During all that time we never got more personal than to ask each other when we were going on holidays. By tacit agreement we both pretended we had no families, no first names and that we lived out beside our tomato plants. It worked fine. We developed a really warm, shy friendship.

Intimate neighborhood friendships are dangerous at best. An ordinary acquaintance can be dropped for awhile when something starts to simmer and picked up again when it cools off. A quarrel with a neighbor is apt to simmer along polite, repressed and almost unnoticed for months and then suddenly explode like the morning of El Alamein.

One gentle little woman I once lived beside appeared one day in the middle of our kitchen, fifteen minutes after she'd been showing my wife how to make a new kind of pie crust, pointed a trembling finger at her, and shrieked, "If this doesn't stop *We-go-to-court!*" burst into tears and fled, and made my wife drop a jar of pickles on our cat.

It turned out that night, when I went in to see her husband, that she thought she saw me one day twist a drain-pipe from my house until it spouted water right into her prize peony bed. Actually what I'd been doing was finding the north star for making a sundial, but every time I went out into the yard at night she thought I was giving the pipe another twist and she'd sit there

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With hundreds of other Caughnawagas, Peter and Tom Lahache go where steel jobs call them, but always return home—usually, like Tom, with expensive cars.

The High-Flying Braves Of

Luxury cars glitter in the twisting streets of this Mohawk village on the St. Lawrence when the braves bring home their high wages from the "high steel." While their kinfolk happily count the paleface tourist dollar, they also stay warm on the warpath against every government in sight

NINE MILES above Montreal, on the south bank of the St. Lawrence River just before it plunges into the swirl and roar of Lachine Rapids, lies the home of Canada's most remarkable redskins, the proud and defiant Mohawks of Caughnawaga.

The highway from Montreal slices in an arc through the village, and its sides are lined with booths offering the wayfarer genuine factory-made Indian handicrafts—pottery from Toronto, birch-bark canoes from Chicago, feather headdresses from Kansas, wampum belts from Detroit, bows and arrows from New York, pennants from Montreal, and a smattering of beadwork and wicker basketware actually fashioned by the Caughnawaga wives and daughters. Interspersed with the booths are squalid shacks, empty abandoned barns, a few well-kept clapboard homes and the offices of the RCMP and the Indian Agent. As the road winds up a small hill leaving the village it passes a crowning achievement of the wily Indian for the entrapment of the paleface, the stockaded "genuine Indian Village" of "Chief" Poking Fire, the only one of its kind anywhere.

But the highway and the "Indian Village" of Poking Fire do not reveal the real Caughnawaga. For that you must leave the main highway and stroll down a side road leading to the river. You will come to the main street of the village and there you will see some fine old stone homes that date back to 1720, when the village was first founded. You will see prosperous clapboard and brick homes too, with large well-kept gardens. You will see the lovely old stone church, its silver spire rising above the village, built by the Jesuits with Indian labor and still kept in excellent repair.

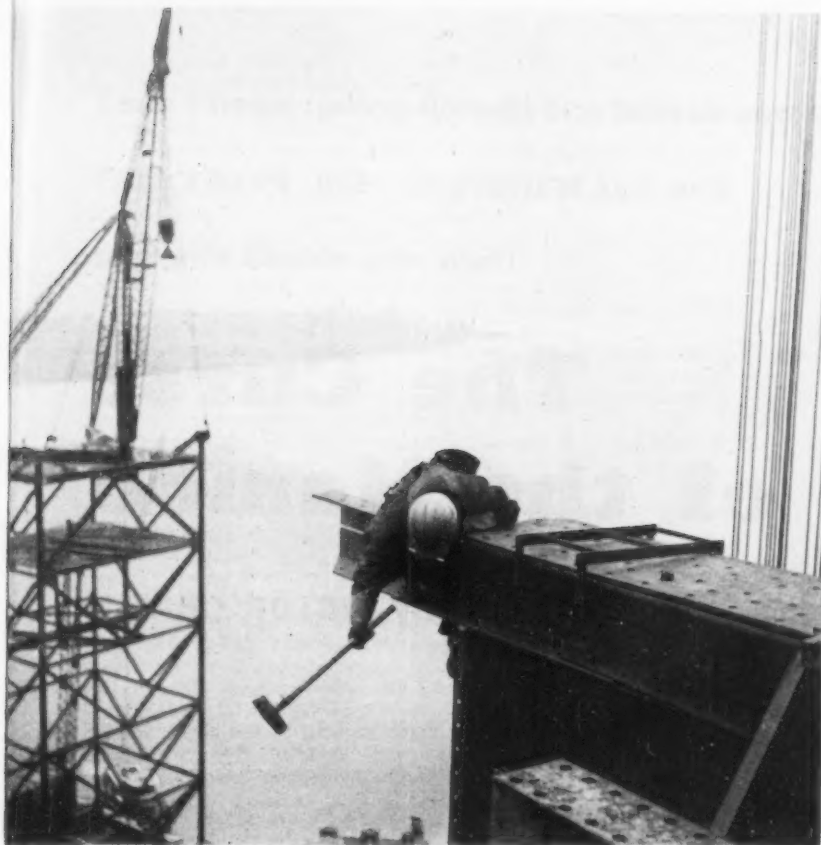
There is the modern air-conditioned Catholic school and the older but well-tended stone hospital, the Protestant school and the training school. Down at the dock you will see tawny-skinned children splashing in the water and hawk-faced fishermen casting for whitefish and perch. And you will see shabby shanties with primitive out-houses and people pumping water from community wells and carrying it home in buckets. Then on week ends you will see the back streets filled with cars, one or two parked in front of nearly every house, no matter how humble; big expensive shiny

Cadillacs and Lincolns, Buicks, Hudsons, Mercurys—most of them bearing U. S. license plates. These are not the cars of visiting tourists. They belong to the celebrated Caughnawaga structural steelworkers, whose sure-footed ease and swift dexterity in high places have won them ready employment with major Canadian and U. S. construction companies.

These are no broken-down demoralized aborigines trying to eke a living from the white man's charity and childish credulity. They are proud, self-reliant, wealthy, bright and tough, jealous of their rights and ready to fight the instant these rights are challenged, whether the opponent be the RCMP, Premier Duplessis, the Government of



The Caughnawagas are up-to-date with modern schools, local government but still pump water.



Peter Lahache hammers steel on New York skyline. Others built Boulder Dam.

In 1886 braves got their first steel job on this bridge into their village.

Caughnawaga

BY KEN JOHNSTONE Photos by Ronnie Jaques

Canada or the United States of America. They laugh good-naturedly at John Macomber assuming the title "Chief" Poking Fire. There hasn't been an authentic chief of the village since the tribal system of government was abolished by Ottawa in 1890. But, as they point out, there's nothing to stop anyone from calling himself "Chief," and Poking Fire has his own little tourist village where he parades around in Hollywood Indian costume to the delight of the tourists and the enrichment of fellow villagers who operate stalls within his compound.

The blue-eyed "Chief" is admired too for the tenacious way he built up his village from a shaky start in 1929 when, with twelve dollars to his name,

he refused to ask for government help. Instead he built a wigwam and advertised with a crude sign the Indiancraft he and his wife made—they didn't have the money then to buy the factory product. Today, thirty-two families take part in Poking Fire's tourist village, and when the weather is good they do a thriving business.

Any warm summer day around four o'clock will find from one to six buses drawn up on the side of the road near Poking Fire's tourist trap and on week ends the tourists' cars line the side of the road for half a mile in both directions. Most of the day visitors can just walk in, but when the buses roll up there is a sudden scurry within the enclosure, the gate is swung partly closed and

passengers from the buses pay twenty-five cents each for the chance to acquire rare Indian lore.

Inside, some thirty-two booths, dominated at one end by a large barnlike structure, ring the enclosure. The booths offer the cream of factory-made Indian handicraft. Poking Fire himself, before he steps forth in the resplendent headgear of a Sioux chieftain (it is far more dazzling than the relatively modest attire of a Mohawk chief), may be found in simple flannels behind the counter of his "Medicine Man" booth, dispensing alleged Indian remedies at a dollar a throw: skunk oil, snake oil, bear oil and beaver oil that all smell the same, and dozens of different herbs all neatly factory-packaged and labeled.

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The resourceful Mohawks don't get treaty money but do well on high-steel pay and tourist dollars. Chief Poking Fire's village is a big attraction.

In Hollywood costume Poking Fire sells skunk oil, herbs and roots to ward off evil spirits, although most of the tribe has been Christian for 300 years.



ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES HILL

She was decent and church-going, wasn't she?

She was learning to read, wasn't she?

Then why should she fear

The Curse of the Mambo

By VICTOR CHAPIN

THE MAMBO was down from the Haitian hills, and Sophie Caseus, her daughter, who had sworn to her husband never to let her in the house again, felt, as she always did, powerless before her. Watching her now as she rocked back and forth in Caseus' chair, where she knew no one but him was allowed to sit, Sophie was both furious and frightened. Her mother was old; small and withered; her kinky hair was pure white, and she was probably deaf, for she was paying no attention to what Sophie was telling her about her life in the city.

"What do you think, old lady," Sophie shouted, determined to impress her mother somehow, "we've all got shoes now!"

The Mambo did not react to this announcement in a way to give her daughter pleasure. She merely curled the crooked old toes on her dirty black feet upwards in a way that expressed perfectly the contempt Sophie knew she felt.

"Mine have heels!" Sophie added desperately. . . . "And you know why we've all got shoes? Because this year we're going to the garden party . . . every last one of us . . . next week . . . we're going!"

Without seeming to move, or in any way disturb her lethargy,

the Mambo spat, fully and with perfect aim, at Sophie's feet.

"That for you," she said, and, spitting again, "that for Caseus"; then, spitting once more, "That for the President and his garden party!"

"You spit at our President?" Sophie gasped. "You spit at my husband? Then you get out, old lady. You're nothing, you hear me, nothing at all!" She stopped and, appalled at what she had said, waited for something terrible to happen. She knew well that her mother, far from being nothing, was a great village Mambo, not known in the city, but famous in the hills for her marvelous transports and her lasting cures of fevers, fits, warts, falling hair, and other sicknesses. The Mambo was, everyone said in the hills, protected by the strongest Voodoo gods. But Sophie reminded herself that she was no longer impressed by her mother or afraid of her, for she had renounced Voodoo many years ago when she married Caseus, a government employee whose family had been literate for several generations, who had had shoes all his life, who was, like almost everyone else, respectable; and she, then, was respectable, too. This to her was a great triumphant fact: She

At the window Sophie's sons clutched her arms; her daughters wept as the mob, howling to the drum's beat, shuffled right up to her door.



was respectable! She had no need to be afraid of her mother even if she were the greatest Mambo in Haiti.

"I'm telling you to go, old lady," she said, her courage renewed. "You're nothing, do you hear?"

Instead of shouting back angrily, as Sophie expected her to do, the Mambo chuckled amiably.

"That's right," she said. "I'm nothing . . . but you, you're something big . . . you married Caseus!"

"Yes, I did," Sophie answered proudly. "He's in the government. He can read and write. We're decent. We go to church. My girls are going to be ladies, and my sons are going to college!"

Now the Mambo laughed, a great hearty laugh that boomed amazingly from her frail body.

"You're God-fearing," she shouted mirthfully. "You're respectable! You take Communion! You kiss the Bishop's hand! And now you're wearing shoes and going to the garden party to mix with the elite!" She stopped, choking on her words.

"I'm ashamed of you," Sophie cried in answer. "Ashamed to have you in my house."

The Mambo rocked herself and nodded pleasantly.

"I know, girl," she said. "But I like to sit in this chair. Give me the chair, and I won't come!"

It was Caseus' chair, a family heirloom that was, apart from Sophie's sewing machine, their only precious possession. Their home may have been mean and empty; but in it this upholstered walnut rocker stood as a symbol of the comfort and grandeur that was to be theirs some day. Sophie could no more give it away than she could give away one of her children; and she knew that it was not really the chair her mother wanted. She wanted power: her old power over Sophie and new power over Sophie's children. She wanted to destroy the power of Caseus, who ruled unchallenged in his own house.

Sophie braced herself. She knew the Mambo would not stay to face Caseus. Caseus was strong. He had a straight back; he was severe; he commanded.

"Don't come here again," Sophie told her mother. "Caseus forbids you. I forbid you in his name. Get up out of his grandmother's chair."

Suddenly, quickly, the Mambo got up. She darted forward and raised a hand in the air. Mumbling to herself, she began to make intricate, elaborate gestures.

Sophie, realizing what the Mambo was doing, rushed to her and grabbed her hand.

"Stop that, old lady," she demanded. "No Voodoo in my house."

"I'm cursing you," the Mambo said cheerfully. "You and your blue-black man."

Pushing her mother to the door, Sophie shouted: "Get out. You can't scare me with spells. Go back to the hills. Don't bother me."

The Mambo went without protest; but

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Outside the New York Stock Exchange on the fateful day of the crash, cops were called to watch the stricken crowd that could not believe an era was at an end.

The Day a Whole Generation

The market went up and up; bootblacks and millionaires gambled wildly—they were sure it couldn't stop. Then, 25 years ago this month, came the crash heard around the world

TWENTY-FIVE years ago this month—to be precise, on Oct. 30, 1929—Variety, New York's exuberant newspaper that caters to the world of show business, moved slightly off its regular circuit and summed up the events of the preceding day in one of its most famous headlines: **WALL STREET LAYS AN EGG.**

To regular readers of Variety, who understood its special brand of English, the translation was simple. The New York stock market had crashed on Oct. 29, dragging with it exchanges across the U. S. and in Canada, and starting declines in the major stock markets around the world. It was the spectacular climax of a three-month skid in stock prices in which approximately \$25 billions were wiped from the values of stocks listed on the New York board alone. On that one day a whole incredulous and stricken generation realized that its dream of perpetual prosperity had evaporated. Although not everyone knew it, the Great Depression was officially under way.

Oct. 29 was a Tuesday, and was immediately christened Black Tuesday. It was not the first day of the 1929 panic, nor the last, but it was the worst. There were tears shed on Black Tuesday by widows and old maids and housewives and charwomen. There were suicides by men to whom the crash meant financial failure and social ruin, men who could not stand the combination of poverty and shame. On Black Tuesday one Toronto man came home after work and told his wife that he had resigned from all but one of their seven clubs; that

he had sold the second car and advertised the extra garage for rent; that he had closed out most of the charge accounts. He then fired the maid, and went to bed.

In Montreal another speculator took his losses and with some friends went out on the town. About two in the morning he and his pals rented a hack and went up to St. Joseph's Oratory to pray. On Oct. 30 he bought more stock and lost more money.

Today, as its silver anniversary approaches, the 1929 crash is to an entire generation something that happened to its parents, and to its parents it is a memory that time has mercifully dulled. Today most people who went through the crash prefer not

to recall the frantic hours they spent watching the tickers spell out their ruin and the empty despair that comes to a man who bets on what he thought a sure winner and sees it run the wrong way.

At its beginning it had seemed, at least on the surface, as though 1929 would be the best year of all in a series of years that had rolled happily and crazily through what historians now call the Roaring Twenties. 'Twenty-Nine was above all a year for making money, but there were other diversions. Radio was still new and the All-Talking and All-Singing movie was packing people in. There was growing unemployment but it had worried only the unemployed. The motor car had really come into

Happy Days Are Here Again
was the theme song of
the Roaring Twenties.
But after Black Tuesday
it became—Am I Blue?

Financiers bid for Ford's Model A limousines; women shortened their skirts and hid under swanky cloches.





The crash widened into the Great Depression and many Canadians felt the pangs of hunger. Above: a breadline of jobless men stretches for blocks in Vancouver.

n Went Broke

A MACLEAN'S FLASHBACK

By John Gray

its own: in 1927 Henry Ford had unveiled the Model A and all through 1928 people had despaired of getting the style and color they wanted so great was the demand. Skirts kept getting shorter. Popular songs such as *Singing in the Rain* and *Happy Days Are Here Again* were on everyone's lips—gay songs that have remained popular for a quarter of a century. In Canada W. L. Mackenzie King, though Prime Minister, was not yet an institution. The New York Rangers won the Stanley Cup in the spring. The Hamilton Tigers were favored to win the Grey Cup for a second year. In the United States Cal Coolidge had not chosen to run and his Republican colleague, Herbert Hoover, had recently been elected by a landslide vote. The menace of a Red Russia had subsided; Hitler was still unknown; throughout the world there was not one major war. Prosperity throbbed across North America.

Through the prosperous air there ran a current

of optimism, the kind of optimism that found its way into the sensitive pocketbooks of men and women who in quieter times put their money into first mortgages and government bonds or a trusty sock under the mattress.

North America was on one of the greatest gambling binges it has ever known. It had created what was probably the greatest sucker market of all time as millions of people who might have confused the stock market with a cattle auction yard started buying common stocks in such volume and with such fervor that the prices of securities began to climb and then to leap and finally to rocket. Shares in the Consolidated Mining and Smelting Co. of Canada, for example, sold at a high of \$50 in 1924. In 1925 they went to \$184, by 1927 they had risen to \$274, in 1928 they hit \$400 and in 1929 \$575.

The stock market became a staple of conversation. Housewives exchanged tips over back fences and bridge tables, bootblacks discussed their

purchases with their customers, chauffeurs kept their ears open for market tips from their bosses, railway club cars and smoking rooms radiated with the talk of profits and prospects. Young men just out of college became suave well-heeled customers' men for brokerage houses, going out and bringing back the eager dollars of friends who wanted to be in on what was obviously a good thing. The air was full of exciting rumors; financial advisers became household gods; brokers flourished.

Office pools were formed to combine the money of stenographers and executives. One pool formed in Toronto in May 1927 paid sixty-five cents on every dollar invested in its first six months of operation, thirty-five cents in the next six months, and eighty-two cents in the next six.

This mass participation in high finance was, in 1929, a comparatively new thing in human history. Until the late Twenties the number of people who speculated on the stock

Continued on page 90

A new Canadian novelist published the first of her now-famous family series.



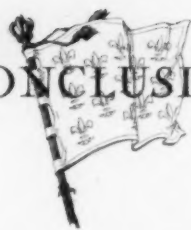
The all-talking flickers were packing them in. The New York Rangers won the 1928 Stanley Cup. Everyone else was winning too.



On Broadway Ziegfeld's shows made millions and his chorus beauties wed stock-market millionaires.



THE WHITE AND THE GOLD CONCLUSION BY THOMAS B. COSTAIN



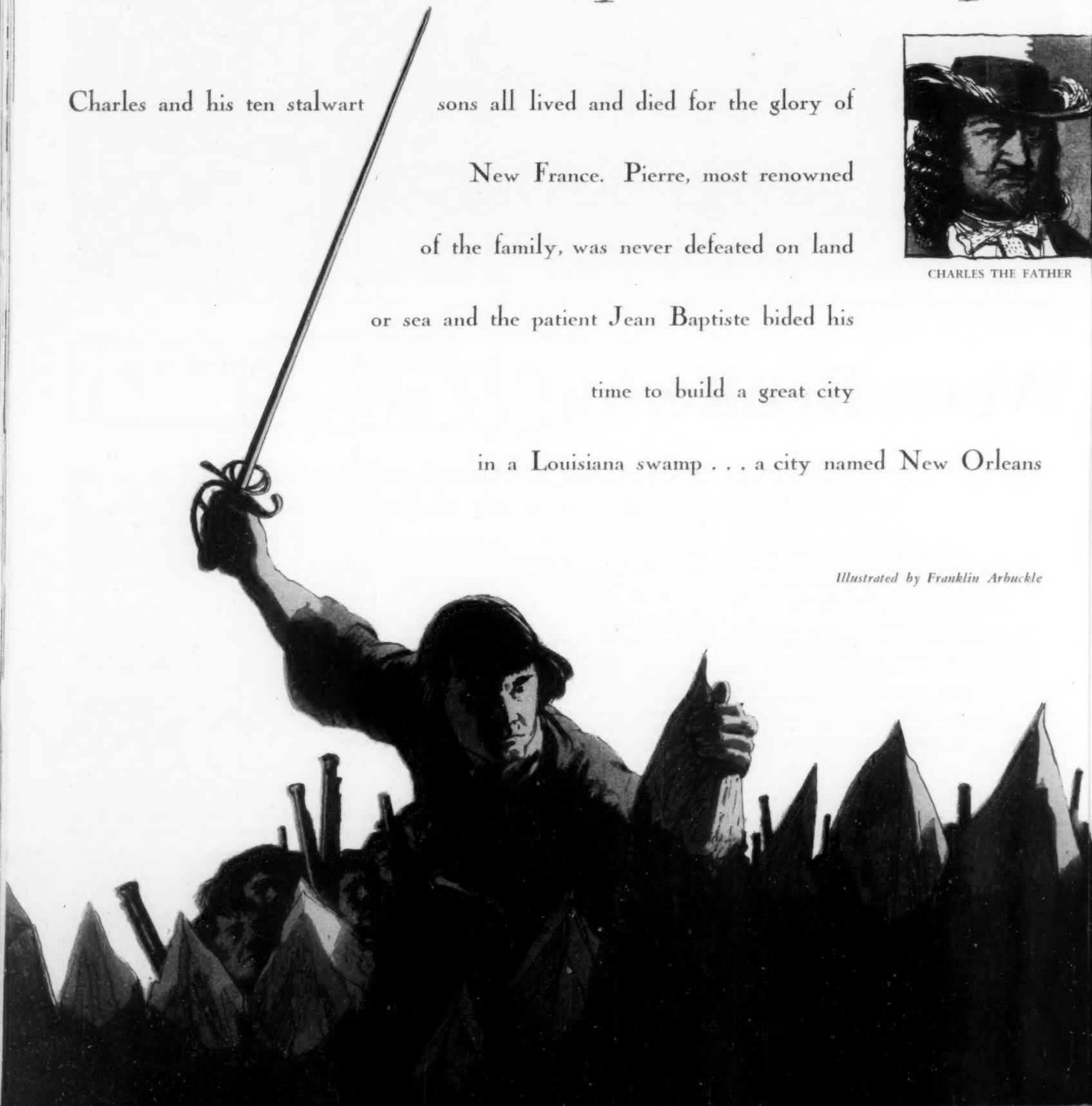
The fabulous family of Le Moyne

Charles and his ten stalwart sons all lived and died for the glory of
New France. Pierre, most renowned
of the family, was never defeated on land
or sea and the patient Jean Baptiste bided his
time to build a great city
in a Louisiana swamp . . . a city named New Orleans



CHARLES THE FATHER

Illustrated by Franklin Arbuckle





CHARLES



JACQUES



PIERRE



PAUL



FRANCOIS



JOSEPH



LOUIS



JEAN BAPTISTE



GABRIEL



ANTOINE

THE TITANS of New France, the men who made the history of the colony in the century between the coming of Champlain and the passing of Frontenac, were for the most part men born in France. The most notable exceptions were the ten great Le Moyne brothers.

Charles le Moyne, son of an innkeeper of Dieppe, had accompanied Maisonneuve to Montreal at the age of seventeen and had made himself felt almost from the start. The first mention of him is found in the Jesuit Relations when he was serving as an interpreter with the Huron missions. He became known as a guide and a fearless Indian fighter. His name figures in all the exciting stories of conflict with the Indians around Montreal. He played such a bold part, in fact, that the Iroquois began to fear him and to the white settlers he became a legend. In later years a favorite story was told about him which always began this way:

For years the old women of the Long House had been gathering wood to burn Charles le Moyne at the stake. Akouesson, they called him...

The story goes on to explain that this valiant Frenchman was captured finally on the Richelieu River. They could hardly wait to take him back to the old women and their fagots. But soon they became much less sure about the wisdom of what they were doing. Charles le Moyne was talking to them. He was familiar with the Iroquois tongue and he knew how to play on their feelings. He began to tell of the disasters which would befall them if they killed him. His people would come in canoes higher than the highest trees of the forest and with guns so big that they would silence the thunder.

The Iroquois stopped and held a council among themselves, whispering and glancing at him over their shoulders. The outcome was that they paddled back in haste to where they had captured him and there they turned him over to some friendly Indians.

When he came of age he was granted a tract of land on the opposite bank of the St. Lawrence, and he named his seigneurie Longueuil. It was located in a dangerous spot for it was through this neck of land that the Iroquois passed on their way from the Richelieu. This did not frighten the

bold young Le Moyne. He began to develop his land and build a house there, although after his marriage in 1654 he occupied a small home on the Rue St. Joseph in Montreal. His bride was Catherine Primot, who proved a most faithful and devoted wife. She bore eleven sons, ten of whom lived to maturity, and two daughters.

With his brother-in-law, Jean le Ber, Le Moyne entered the fur trade, and between them they had shops and warehouses running south of the Rue St. Joseph to La Commune.

But, in spite of prosperity, the cares of a seigneurie and the responsibility of an ever-increasing family, Le Moyne remained an adventurer; he was, in fact, to be an adventurer all his life. Again and again when the high officials of New France needed a man for a difficult and dangerous mission, the record states briefly but eloquently: "Charles le Moyne was called upon to carry it out," or "Charles le Moyne volunteered..."

He very nearly became one of Adam Dollard's gallant little band massacred at Long Sault. When he heard what was afoot he offered to join the party. The reason for his eventual withdrawal was not caution, but sound common sense. He advised Dollard to wait until he and the other settlers thereabouts had finished with the sowing of their crops. What would be the use of beating the Iroquois, he asked, if there would not be flour and vegetables that winter in the food warehouses along La Commune? But Dollard refused to wait.

Le Moyne's first son, also named Charles, was to succeed to Longueuil and make it the model seigneurie of New France. He was a man of wisdom and foresight, a splendid businessman and financier, who not only created a fortune for himself but undoubtedly provided the funds for the historic adventures of the other nine.

Charles the younger was made a baron, served as lieutenant governor of Montreal, and was killed in action at Saratoga in 1729.

The second son, Jacques le Moyne de Ste. Helene, was killed during the siege of Quebec by the English in 1690.

The third of the ten was the great man of the family, Pierre le Moyne d'Iberville. The victories he won on land and sea are so remarkable that he

Continued on page 48

Scaling the HBC fort, Pierre surprised the sleeping English.



A moose races from a Nipigon lake. In winter many break through ice and drown.

The BIGGEST boob in the bush



Trademarks are a "bell" at neck and huge antlers. About 300,000 roam Canada.

The lordly moose can outrun a race horse, lick his weight in wolves and smell trouble for miles. But, just make a noise like a lady moose and this wary Ferdinand of the forest becomes a silly lovesick showoff who'll gladly gamble his life for romance

By DON DELAPLANTE

THE ENIGMATIC moose, shaggy king of Canada's big-game animals, at most times is a gentle creature fond of wading in glassy lakes and munching tender lily pads. Yet, smitten by romance, it sheds all resemblance to the famous flower-sniffing Ferdinand of the familiar song. When two bulls of the species, each weighing nearly three quarters of a ton and armed with larger antlers than any other kind of beast, square off to fight for the same cow, their fury shakes the woods. Such gory and titanic combats are seen by few humans for they take place in the mating habitat deep in the wilderness. Ted Cusson, a rugged black-haired Northern Ontario guide and game warden, had a ringside seat at one of them.

Cusson, hunting in the Mississagi district 100 miles north of Lake Huron, heard a noisy thrashing at night and at daylight left his camp to investigate. There was no sound except the song of the birds as he crept up a high ledge of rock to reconnoitre. Then he became aware of a vibrant rasping, punctuated by a staccato slapping sound and hoarse labored breathing. He looked over the ledge and beneath him a battle of bulls was under way in a small clearing.

The animals were working out of two pits, or wallows, which they had dug about thirty feet apart. A cow was browsing a hundred feet away, apparently oblivious to the struggle. The bulls were evenly matched in size and weight, though broader palms in the antlers of one indicated it was older.

They had disengaged and were backing toward their respective pits when Cusson first saw them. There, they glared silently at each other, sides heaving from mighty exertions. Then, heads down, they shouldered slowly forward like wary experienced wrestlers, alert for openings, fearful of a flank drive by the enemy. Their ears were down against their heads like those of vicious horses. The thick fur on their mammoth necks bristled. They pawed the ground with huge forefeet, sending clods of earth straight in the air. The earth fell on their necks and shoulders and seemed to excite them to rage. The staccato sound came from their big tongues, which were out of their mouths, whacking from side to side against their heads.

When they were a few inches apart, they closed with a tremendous heave. Their horns clattered together and their necks bulged with strain as they strove to twist and upset each other. There was no grunting; just a gargantuan, labored breathing like the blowing of walruses, and the grinding of stone-like antlers.

Their bodies arched under the pressure. Occasionally, there was a lightning movement of legs, as one or the other sought firmer footing. The older bull got better leverage, forcing the body of the younger

Continued on page 53



Calf owned by 12-year-old Rodney Porter was found at Kirkland Lake. It's called Foghorn.

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Maclean's Movies

RATED BY CLYDE GILMOUR

BEST BET

SABRINA: In the department of civilized light entertainment, this long but unlagging romantic comedy is a highly enjoyable entry. Based on a Broadway stage hit, it's a chromium-plated modernization of the Cinderella plot. The principals include a chauffeur's daughter (Audrey Hepburn), a millionaire playboy (William Holden), and the latter's businesslike older brother (Humphrey Bogart), all of whom are in fine fettle.



ADVENTURES OF ROBINSON CRUSOE: There are enough superb moments in this made-in-Mexico version of Defoe's classic novel to outweigh its occasional dullness of camera style. Irish actor Dan O'Herlihy portrays literature's best-known shipwreck victim.

A BULLET IS WAITING: A vengeful sheriff (Stephen McNally) and his prisoner (Rory Calhoun) plod through a lot of woolly drama on Jean Simmons' sheep ranch. Excellent outdoor photography.

THE CAINE MUTINY: Although toned down in comparison with the book and the play, Herman Wouk's seagoing drama is still a compelling thing in Stanley Kramer's Hollywood production. In the satisfying cast are Humphrey Bogart (as the complicated Captain Queeg), Van Johnson, Fred MacMurray, Jose Ferrer.

AN INSPECTOR CALLS: Not even the adroit Alastair Sim, in a non-comedy role as a mysterious investigator, can overcome the sluggish pace and contrived coincidences of this social-conscience drama, adapted from a J. B. Priestley play.

REAR WINDOW: Suspense-czar Alfred Hitchcock's latest is his best in years. It's a funny, earthy chiller about a well-intentioned Peeping Tom (James Stewart) who begins to suspect that a hideous murder has just been committed by an apartment neighbor. Grace Kelly, as our man's ardent Park Avenue sweetie, adds to the total pleasures.

TANGANYIKA: A corny pulp-fiction jungle mellerdrammer. With Van Heflin, Ruth Roman, Howard Duff.

Gilmour's Guide to the Current Crop

About Mrs. Leslie: Drama. Fair.
Apache: Indian western. Excellent.

Bad for Each Other: Drama. Poor.
The Bigamist: Drama. Fair.

Captain's Paradise: Comedy. Excellent.
Carnival Story: Sexy melodrama. Fair.

Dangerous Mission: Suspense. Fair.
Dial M for Murder: Suspense. Good.
Doctor in the House: Comedy. Fair.

Executive Suite: Drama. Excellent.

Final Test: British comedy. Good.
Front Page Story: Press drama. Fair.

Garden of Evil: Drama. Fair.
Golden Coach: Force-fantasy. Good.
Gypsy Colt: Farm-life drama. Good.

Heidi: Children's story. Good.
Hell Below Zero: Adventure. Fair.
Hell's Half Acre: Drama. Fair.

High and the Mighty: Drama. Fair.
Highway Dragnet: Murder drama. Poor.
Hobson's Choice: Comedy. Excellent.

Indiscretion of an American Wife: Infidelity drama. Poor.
It Should Happen to You: New York satirical comedy. Excellent.

Johnny Dark: Race-car drama. Good.
Johnny Guitar: Western drama. Poor.

The Kidnappers: Drama. Good.
Knock on Wood: Comedy. Excellent.

Living Desert: Disney wildlife. Excellent.
Living It Up: Comedy. Fair.

The Long Wait: Mystery. Fair.

Love Lottery: Comedy. Fair.

The Maggie: British comedy. Good.
Man With a Million: Comedy. Good.
Marlag 'O' Prison Camp: Drama. Fair.

Men of the Fighting Lady: War. Good.

New Faces: Broadway revue. Good.

On the Waterfront: Drama. Excellent.

Pickwick Papers: Comedy. Good.
Prince Valiant: Adventure. Fair.

Red Garters: Western comedy. Fair.
Riding Shotgun: Western. Poor.
Riot in Cell Block 11: Drama. Excellent.
River of No Return: Western. Fair.

Scotch on the Rocks: Comedy. Fair.

Student Prince: Musical. Fair.

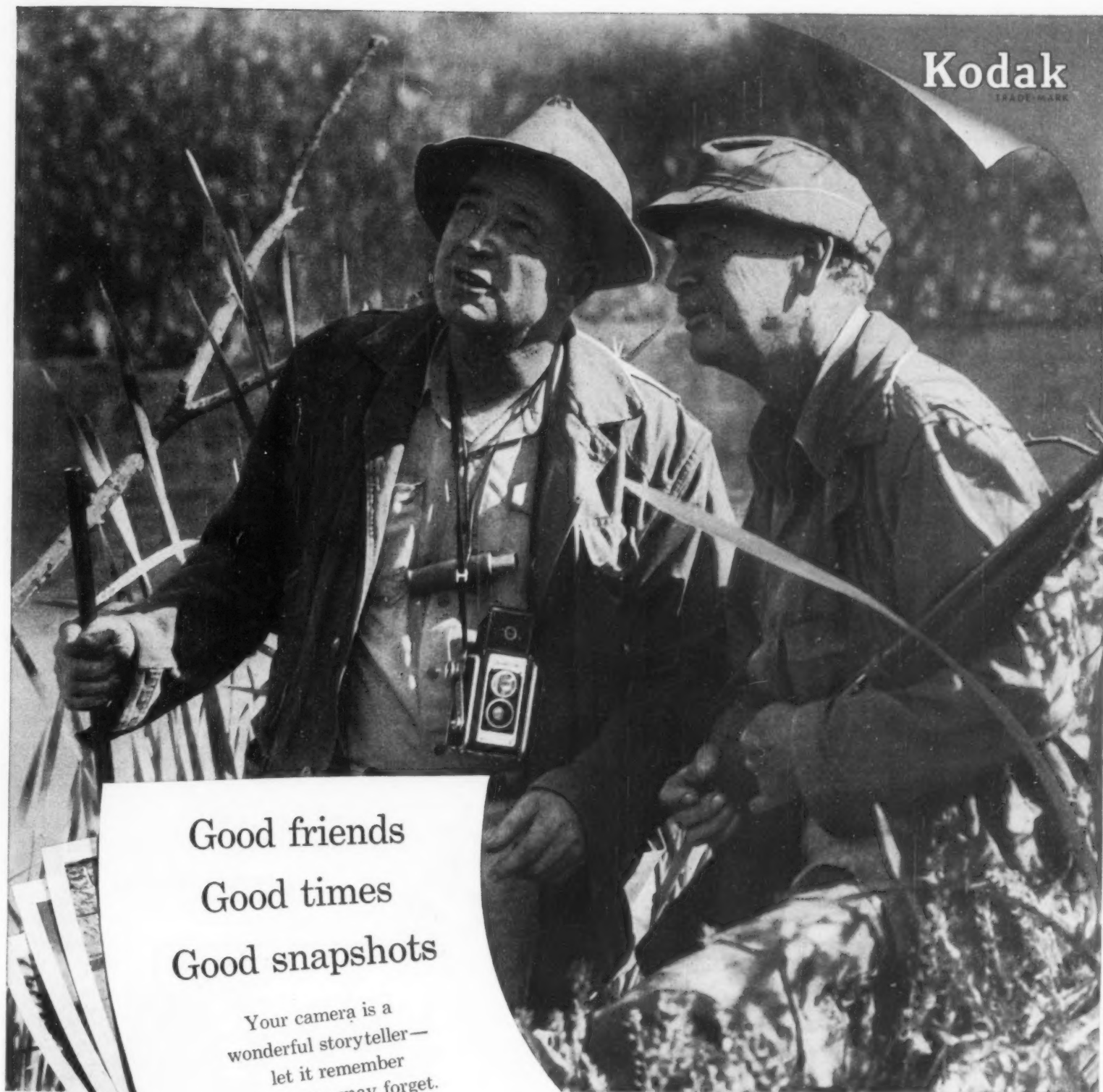
Them!: Science-fiction thriller. Good.
Three Coins in the Fountain: Romantic drama. Fair.

Top Banana: Burlesque comedy. Good.

Witness to Murder: Suspense. Fair.

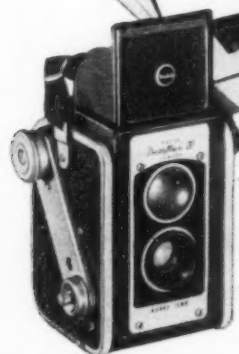
You Know What Sailors Are: British comedy. Good.

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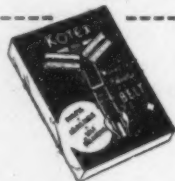
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lightweight, non-twisting, non-curling. Stays flat even after
many washings. Dries quickly. (Why not buy two—for
alternate use?)



How to Get Along With Your Neighbors

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

at her kitchen window, thoughtfully
chewing her supper, and watching her
peony bed wash away. She'd been
smoldering about it ever since planting
time. As this was picking time, she had
reached the temperature required for
Mexican dills.

The thing to do, of course, when
these grievances come up, is to go to
your neighbor and talk it over. Few
people do anything from sheer wanton
nastiness. Everybody does things for
the best possible reasons, and often all
you need do to stop him measuring
your mutual driveway by moonlight is
to ask him what's wrong. Hardly any-
body ever thinks of doing this. I know
one bitter feud that went on for three
years because one man thought he
owned an old wooden garage which his
neighbor used for his car. Incidentally,
he didn't. But a quaint little old lady
two doors up, who gilded weeds for
Christmas gifts, told him one night
there was a law that if you let someone
use a building for three years without
contesting it, it was his. "All you need
to do to keep your title in order is use it
some way once a year, even if it's just
to take a board off it for firewood," she
said happily, hurrying off to her weeds
and leaving the guy biting his lips
thoughtfully.

One bitter cold Sunday afternoon he
walked out, tore a board out of the
side of the garage and went in and
burned it. His neighbor, of course,
figured he was something that had
slipped through a net and phoned the
police, who stood around with little
icicles on the ends of their noses trying
to figure out what had happened and
ready to hammer anyone who moved.

Another dangerous practice, I've

found, is just dropping in on neighbors
for a few minutes. A lot of things can
happen in a few minutes, and they often
happen when someone drops in. I've
had a neighbor drop in while I was
having one of the worst fights I've ever
had with my wife, just after I'd asked
her in a demented voice exactly *why* a
man should have to work all his life to
support a woman and her two daugh-
ters. While we sat there deathly pale
and glassy-eyed, pretending we were
listening, this woman told us a lot of
gossip about her family, whom we
didn't know, chiefly concerning her
sister Elly who had married a guy who
wouldn't support her and she'd always
told Elly she was marrying a bum.

I've had people drop in while I was
in the middle of a fight with another
neighbor; while someone was reading
a will that didn't even mention me;
during a family reunion; when a
regenerate Uncle was on his knees
swearing he'd never touch another
drop, and while a psychic friend of my
mother's was getting strong messages
from an Aunt who was snapping some-
thing from the Other Side about apples.

A Scheme to Quit Smoking

Most homes are precariously bal-
anced on a few normal periods between
partial nervous breakdowns, and for
a complete stranger to guess the right
times is a mathematical impossibility.
I've had a neighbor drop in just as I
was sinking into a bath with a book on
How to Outwit My Nerves, and have
had to get up and let about \$3.50 worth
of boiling water go down the drain, get
dressed without properly drying my-
self and come out looking as if I'd been
caught in a summer shower. Just then
the neighbor got up and went home,
inviting me to drop in on him someday.

Another guy used to drop in on me in
the morning during a period when I was
trying a new scheme to quit smoking
without giving up cigarettes. I'd ar-

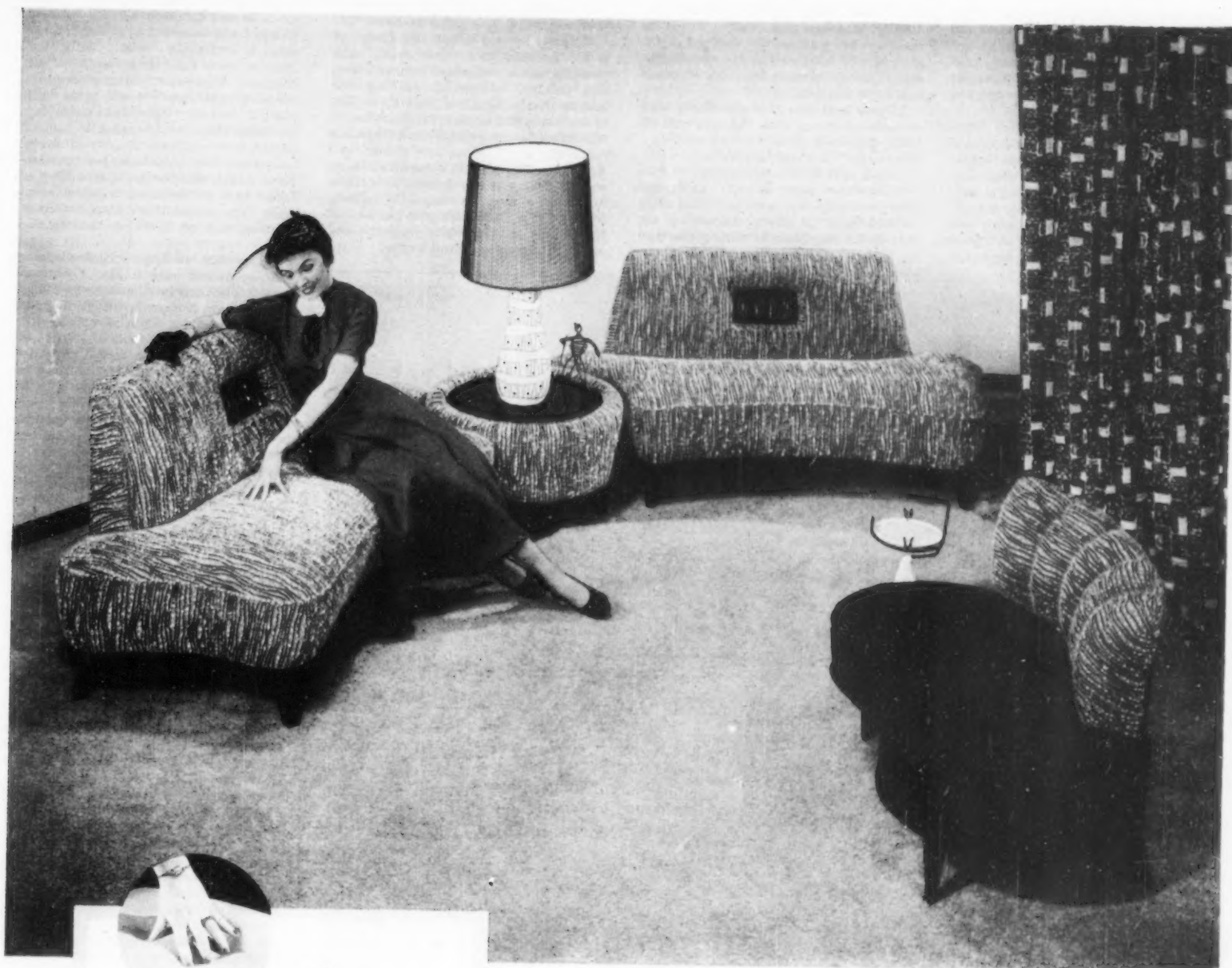


I Remember School Days

By PETER WHALLEY



No. 2: Roll Call



the
inside
story
on
comfort

It's what is underneath the upholstery—the cushioning—that plays such an important part in furniture comfort and value today. AIRFOAM, Goodyear's revolutionary super-cushioning, has over 500,000 tiny air cells in every cubic inch—to cradle you in luxury.

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rived at a system of putting off my first cigarette and morning coffee until thirty. I was fine if no one spoke to me or touched me, and I didn't have to move around too much. My family simply avoided me.

This guy, who had hips wider than his shoulders, was hard enough to take even when you were smoking and leaning on a hoe. He talked in ellipses. If you said, "It's a nice day," he'd say something like, "It can't all the time," and look at you through a crack between his glasses and his nose as if you shared some mystery, which indeed you

did. If you saw him coming home in the daytime and said, "You on night shift now?" he'd look at you knowingly and answer something like "Buses don't run for nothing."

If you said you thought there was something wrong with the rear end of your car, he'd look at you and say solemnly, "Give me your keys."

You'd look at him in surprise. "Give-me-your-keys," he'd repeat patiently, his tone implying that he had been in charge of tuning up motors for the Maquis during the war or was a squad-car mechanic from

Scotland Yard, incognito at least.

Actually he sold lamps, but the point is I'll never forget those mad, mid-morning conversations as long as I live, him talking in spirals, bursting out into hysterical laughter, and me trying to see him without cigarettes, trying to remember his name and track down his remarks.

Another thing that's essential is to watch what you say to new neighbors until you're sure whom you're talking to. This is particularly important if the talk leads to anything in the nature of enthusiasms or confidences. I re-

member one neighbor and his straightforward wife whom I told the first day that I loved the ballet, Jelly Roll Morton, very light beer, Schopenhauer, Mexican cigarettes, Mugay Spanier, old alley cats, Jane Russell, prize fights and I'd like to try marijuana some day. I noticed them both looking at me as if they'd seen a flying saucer. I found later that they both belonged to something called the Seven-Square Way of Life, based on the seven points of complete disapproval of smoking, drinking, dancing, movies, laughing, reading and love.

Remember, all eccentrics don't have wild eyes and long hair. This man looked like maybe the manager of a softball team or your favorite cousin, or an advertisement for a new bungalow development.

I've learned never to go by first impressions of my neighbors. I've lived beside a powerful, red-headed woman named Muskeg Mary who everybody in town warned me was the town drunk and its most determined sinner, and who turned out to be one of the most genuinely Christian people I've ever met. If I got stuck in a drift in my driveway at three in the morning at thirty below, Mary would appear, cursing and chuckling juicily, her curlers gleaming in the moonlight, and nearly lift my car up onto her shoulders. She kept two cows, against village ordinances, and used to spread manure on our garden that made it grow so fast we had to step lively past the pumpkin vines. She was always on the job when I needed a friend, and we still exchange Christmas cards. She presses leaves and things in hers.

Yet in the same village, I lived next door to a member of the Chamber of Commerce, Board of Control and Chairman of the League of Loving Brotherhood who used to go to work every morning clutching a briefcase, kicking kids, cats and dogs out of his way without ever looking around to see where they landed, and who used to report me to the humane society, the police, the child welfare department and the department of Lands and Forests every Monday morning.

Another thing, I've found it's dangerous for neighbors to do one another favors. I've noticed that when anyone gives me that bluff, hearty, "What's a neighbor for, if it isn't to lend a hand?" and does something for me, he begins getting sore at me right away for not appreciating it. I've found that people get so mad when they do something unselfish that they can't stop twitching till they tell somebody off. Anyway, doing favors for neighbors is a delicate business.

I remember a woman who was always doing the young mothers on our street the favor of stopping their babies crying. She was a middle-aged woman and she used to spend the afternoons going around shaking all the babies in their carriages on the front porches and saying, "Doesn't your mother love you, you little jewel? Will your mother let 'ums cry out here all day in the boiling sun without taking any notice of 'ums?"

All the mothers stood at their

If they have the brains will you have the money?



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kitchen-sink windows biting their knuckles and crying angrily into their Dreft. By the time the husbands got home all the wives said that if they didn't go over and tell her to leave their babies alone they would sue her. They'd all go over and talk to this woman's husband, a timid little man in a grey cardigan who spent all his time staring into the smoke of burning leaves seeing God knows what visions of chasing elk. He'd stand there in the middle of the crowd looking as if he were running a crown-and-anchor game.

Another man I knew got himself into one of the fiercest feuds on our street by doing what he thought was a favor. He was a tall, erect veteran of the Boer War named Weldon and he was always catching fire. He would burn leaves every fall and set his house on fire. He had some of the most spectacular fires I've ever seen. His three stalwart sons would call the fire department then run out to put their father out. Fall to me still means the scream of fire sirens and the smell of old Weldy burning.

This guy never spoke, or hardly ever. The only thing he ever said to me was the way to win a war was to "Charge through them, wheel, and charge back." But one day something possessed him and he moved a whole shipment of furniture off an absent neighbor's veranda out onto his lawn. He said something afterward about "Bats were at it," but it resulted in a load of wallboard and an expensive floor lamp and a chesterfield getting soaked by rain. When the owner came home from his cottage he threatened to decapitate Weldy then and there.

"Just trying to be neighborly," said Weldy huffily, walking away from about \$385 worth of damages. They didn't speak for the two years I was there, and I don't imagine they do yet.

Six Inches of Driveway

I've found that, in either building or renting, a thing to avoid is anything mutual, especially mutual driveways, of which each neighbor owns half but has the right-of-way over the other neighbor's half, a complicated enough situation that gets even worse when one guy is trying to prove it by rubbing cinders in the other's hair. Any odd little strips of land between houses are apt to cause trouble. I lived next door to one guy who was one of the unhappiest men I've ever seen. He had a high pink worried forehead that always looked sunburned, and wore a permanent blush under a dark skin. He used to count his shrubs every night before he went to bed, and every morning before he went to work.

One day he discovered that he owned six inches of the driveway between our houses, up against his house, and he started standing on it occasionally to establish his claim, smoking a cigarette. He'd stand flat against the wall as if he were in front of a firing squad, and we'd have to explain him to our guests. He was the only man I know who could spend half a Sunday morning on six inches of cinders. A sort of suburban yogi.

I've seen another pair of new-neighborhood cronies build a mutual fence, working at it together, taking about two beers to a post-hole and having a wonderful time, and end up threatening to sue one another for every slat.

Just one more thing: Beware of children. They break up a lot of neighborhood friendships. Children live in a world of make-believe, and if nothing exciting is happening down on earth, they just retreat into a pink cloud full of candy, monkey bars and peculiar games concerning you.

One time when I lived in the country

I lived next to a little girl about a foot high who used to come around every day, scratch on our screen door and ask, "Have you got any lamb chops?"

Suddenly she stopped coming and a week later her father shot over my head with a twenty-two rifle, told me he thought he saw a groundhog up a tree and started going into the house every time he saw me.

It wasn't until a year later, one day when I was out pruning a tree, that I found what was wrong. The little girl wandered over and said, "What-are-you - doing - mister - allen - I - told -

my - daddy - that - you - said - I - hate - you - and - your - father - and - mother - are - poor - people - and - you - hit - me - over - the - head - with - a - beer - bottle - and - made - your - cat - scratch - me - what - are - you - doing - mister - allen - have - you - got - any - lamb - chops?"

All in all, the way to get along with neighbors is to study them and take it nice and easy. Don't make the mistake of saying, "Oh, if I could just have two acres in the country with no one around me for miles." This is a bit like trying to imagine infinite space. It can't be

done. Somewhere at the edge there has to be something. It will be a neighbor, and he'll probably have a high, leafy laugh. And don't start that stuff of pointing your neighbor out to your guests and saying, "There he is now. You'd think he was normal, wouldn't you? Wait until I tell you about him boring holes in our tree and stuffing it with Epsom Salts."

He probably is as normal as any of us ever get, and thinks you purposely put the tree there to keep his roses in the shade. The thing to do is to make a friend of him—a distant friend. ★



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The White and the Gold

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39

would be ranked among the great fighting men of all time had he played to a European audience on a world stage. Iberville had the misfortune, though not counting it such, to perform his prodigies of daring leadership in the depths of the Canadian forest and on unknown seas.

He is still a mysterious figure. His biographers acknowledge that nothing authentic is known of his appearance, whether he was tall or short, dark or fair. Only his achievements are on record.

The fourth son was Paul le Moyné de Maricourt. Although not so strong physically as his brothers, he became the ambassador of the family in their dealings with the Indians. The Iroquois called him Taouistaouisse, which meant Little-Bird-Always-in-Motion. He was much in the woods, visiting the various tribes and seeing that the family interests did not suffer. Apparently he had an instinctive understanding of the red men, and it is probable that he sometimes acted as a spokesman for the savages in the family councils. He died in 1704 as a result of overexertion in an expedition against the Five Nations.

The fifth was François le Moyné de Bienville, born in 1666, who had without a doubt some of the great fighting quality of Pierre. He was always in the thick of things when the colony was in danger and was killed in 1691 while fighting the Oneidas at Repentigny.

The sixth son, Joseph, known as De Serigny, was born in 1668. He served in the French Navy and seems to have possessed some of the executive ability of the oldest brother Charles, becoming governor of a French naval base. There are still direct descendants of his in France.

The seventh could perhaps be called the Galahad of the family, Louis le Moyné de Châteauguay. In his eighteenth year, fighting under Pierre, the great brother he adored, in the latter's first Hudson Bay campaign, he charged gallantly but recklessly in broad daylight against an English fort and was killed by a musket shot. In this family, where death in action was almost the rule, the premature ending of the splendid Louis was deeply and bitterly lamented and his memory was kept green in the manor house at Longueuil and wherever the brothers gathered.

The eighth in line, Jean Baptiste, later was also called De Bienville when François was killed. He seems to have been different from the others, a quiet and withdrawn but capable boy who grew up, nevertheless, to play a part in the saga of the ten Le Moynes second only to that of the amazing Pierre. Accompanying the latter to the Mississippi, he later assumed command and laid out the first settlement at New Orleans. He remained governor of Louisiana for the better part of his life, a record for patience and endurance seldom equalled.

The ninth Le Moyné son, Gabriel d'Assigny, also took part in the Mississippi adventure, dying in San Domingo of yellow fever in 1701. The tenth was Antoine de Châteauguay (another repetition of title), born in 1683, who perhaps survived all the others and became the governor of French Guiana.

They were unique, these ten doughty brothers, and it is a serious deprivation that detailed records were not kept of their lives, their great exploits, their meetings, their discussions, their divergent personalities.

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DOUBLEDAY

tinguish himself came when the merchants and leading citizens of New France who had formed the Compagnie du Nord decided to send an armed expedition to Hudson Bay. France and England were at peace at the time, but the colony's officials gave unofficial blessing to this attempt to win back the rich fur trade which had been driven to the English along with Radisson and Groseilliers.

Command of the expedition was in the hands of the Chevalier de Troyes, of Montreal, but this good soldier dropped into the background when from the ranks there emerged the figure of the daring and inspired Iberville. With Iberville were two of his brothers, Jacques de Ste. Hélène and Paul de Maricourt.

The expedition left early in the spring of 1686, proceeded north on the Abitibi River to strike at the nearest of the English posts, Fort Hayes.

Iberville's men emerged from the desolation of this unknown muskeg country like the men of Israel under Joshua surprising the city of Ai from the impassable hills. There were sixteen men in the four-bastioned stockade of Fort Hayes and they were sleeping snugly when the eighty Frenchmen materialized out of darkness. Troyes led his main force against the gate, which he proceeded to belabor with a battering-ram made from the trunk of a tree. What made the victory easy, however, was the fact that Iberville and his two brothers and a squad of the boldest French Canadians had climbed over one of the side walls and were already in possession of the compound when the first crash of the ram split the air.

The Stockade in Flames

The jubilant French force then covered the forty leagues eastward to Fort Rupert. The same tactics were employed: a night attack, a party scaling the walls and exploding a grenade down the chimney of the block-house where the garrison slept, a break through the main gate at the same time. Iberville had been assigned a still more daring part of the operation. A vessel lay at anchor near the fort, and it was seen to be highly essential that it should not get away to carry the alarm to the remaining English post. The daring Pierre led a small party over the side of the ship. They found the sentry asleep and killed him, then gave short shrift to such other members of the crew as came up through the hatch to investigate. The rest of the crew, imprisoned in the hold, finally surrendered. Among the prisoners was Governor Bridgar, who commanded on the bay for the Gentlemen Adventurers.

The capture of Fort Albany was a different matter. Somehow that garrison had heard what was afoot. Lacking the advantage of surprise, the Frenchmen had to adopt more conventional methods. From the two forts already in their hands they brought ten cannon in the vessel which Iberville had captured. The guns were mounted on a hill overlooking the fort. The fusillade directed at the fort from this protected position was so deadly that in the matter of an hour the stockade was in flames and the garrison had taken refuge in a cellar. The white flag was hoisted.

Iberville later led another land expedition to Hudson Bay. It too was successful, but it resulted in the death of his brother Louis.

The exploits of Iberville were on the sea after this. In charge of two small ships-of-war, the *Envieux* and the *Profond*, he won a naval battle off the



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MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE, OCTOBER 15, 1954

St. John River and immediately after captured Pemaquid. Then he sailed to Newfoundland, taking possession of the island and sacking the towns and villages with realistic thoroughness. Next he led a fleet of four ships-of-war into Hudson Bay to take Fort Nelson and so made the French sweep complete.

It was after this that Louis XIV, perceiving he had in Iberville an iron leader who always carried out his orders and always won, decided to make one more effort to seize the mouth of the Mississippi. But before Iberville could occupy the Mississippi region he would have to find it. The Spanish had begun to call it the Hid River since La Salle's failure. And now Iberville, sailing into the gulf, knew he had solved the mystery. The waters were changing color. The brilliant blue in which they had been sailing had become greyish and the surface was distinctly agitated. Somewhere ahead, then, he would find the mouth of a great river, the Mississippi, he was sure.

Later that day Iberville saw a break in the banks ahead, marked by two tall rocks. Between these natural sentries a great body of water was rolling down with inexorable majesty. No Frenchman ever set eyes on the Mississippi without recognizing it; nor, in all probability, did anyone else. It could not be mistaken now, this turgid and magnificent stream, carrying to the Gulf the surplus water of the prairies and so much of the mud from the Ohio, the Missouri and the Arkansas.

Bold Pierre Sailed Away

The small company, staring with fascinated eyes at the goal of their long voyage, crossed themselves in thanksgiving. After a week's slow progress up the Mississippi in small boats the little party saw a wide curve in the river ahead of them. Standing in the prow of the leading *chaloupe* Iberville had been keeping an observant eye on this exotic land. Now he looked closely ahead and it came to him that the land above the bend was exactly what he had been seeking. It was low at the water's edge but rose slowly and steadily back from the shore. His hand shot out triumphantly to show where the remains of Indian huts marked the southern end of a portage. It was apparent to Iberville that this was the site for the great city he proposed to establish, a view in which his keenly observant younger brother Bienville fully concurred. It is perhaps superfluous to add that on the land they studied from the deck of the *chaloupe* Bienville was later to found a great city: New Orleans.

But it was elsewhere, at the site of what was to become the city of Biloxi, that the brothers landed and set up a post. Soon Iberville became impatient. To sit in a fever-ridden jungle and wait for a tiny post to grow into a flourishing colony was not a part he was prepared to play. Leaving Bienville in charge, the bold Pierre sailed off to keep watch and ward on the sea. For seven years thereafter the eighth son remained in command of small forts, first at Biloxi, then at Mobile. He grew sallow from malarial infections and many times his patience wore thin, for nothing seemed to happen and his resources were so slight that he could do no more than hold his ground against the activities of the Bayougoula and Quinipissa Indians who were as hostile as the Iroquois.

Iberville was not to live long enough even to see the first crude settlement at the bend of the Mississippi, nor to observe any material results from his rediscovery of the mouth of the Father of Waters. Sailing in the Caribbean with the sixth Le Moyne, Joseph de



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Serigny, he cast anchor off Havana Harbor. Three members of the crew had died with suspicious suddenness, and the two brothers suspected they had the plague on board. The suspicion became a certainty when the port surgeon visited the ship. The latter found, moreover, that the plague, which is no respecter of rank or authority, had visited the captain's cabin as well.

Iberville was taken ashore and placed in quarantine. The foul disease quickly strengthened its hold. He tossed for days in torment, babbling in his delirium. Only at brief intervals did reason pay him a fitful return. His brother was not allowed to come ashore and so the brave Pierre faced the inevitable end alone.

There were only five of the Le Moynes left when the body of the great Iberville was put in the death cart and hurried away to an unmarked and never identified grave.

It may be too sweeping a generalization to say that New France produced her great men in the seventeenth century and that the full flowering of genius in the American colonies did not come until the eighteenth. It would be even more dangerous to draw from this a reason for the ultimate success of the English in the long struggle. This much can be said, at any rate, in support of such statements: the eighty-one years from the time when Champlain founded the settlement at Quebec until the period of open and declared war began, the French colony produced a long succession of great men. Some of them were men of extreme bravery, some were wise and farseeing, all were romantic and adventurous. There would be outstanding figures in the eighteenth as well—La Mothe-Cadillac, La Harpe, Le Sueur, Varennes de la Vérendrye and his sons, the Mallet brothers—but active and daring as they were, they seem of lesser stature.

The Man Behind Champlain

The great figures of New France began with Cartier and Champlain and included La Salle, Talon, Frontenac, Iberville, Laval. Of these, Iberville alone was born in the colony. The others, who might not otherwise have emerged into the bright white light of historical importance, came from France and found in Canada the setting and the opportunity for their particular talents and personal characteristics. Consider for a brief and concluding moment, the list of the great and the near great and the picturesque minor characters who performed so actively in the wings and the fly.

From a study of the events contributing to the founding of New France there emerges the figure of a man of whom relatively little has been told in Canadian annals. Pierre du Guast, Sieur de Monts, played a larger share than Champlain at the start and at one critical stage he displayed such firmness and courage that victory was achieved in the face of what seemed sure defeat. To the Sieur de Monts belongs a higher position in the gallery of the great in New World history than he is usually allotted.

It was De Monts, a shrewd financier, who in 1604 organized and personally led the expedition which colonized Acadia, and which Champlain, then in his thirties, accompanied as geographer and historian. Later, when withdrawal of the colony's fur monopoly seemed to doom Acadia to extinction, it was De Monts' determination at the royal court and in the money markets that financed three ships to return to the New World. One ship was placed in command of Samuel de Champlain, the man who came to Canada to stay.

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Etienne Brulé, made for himself an amazing record of getting first to places of importance, north, south and west. If he had not sold himself to the Kirkes, he would have an honored place of his own.

Of all the Frenchmen who listened to the call of the Canadian wild, Etienne Brulé was perhaps the most rash but also the most daring and enterprising.

Brulé had served as Champlain's personal servant in the leader's campaigns against the Iroquois. Soon afterward he began the travels which would have made him famous if his achievements had not been blotted out by his final act. He went down the Susquehanna and reached the northern tip of Chesapeake Bay. On his way back he was captured by the Iroquois but escaped. He had been the first to ascend the Ottawa, crossing to the Mattawa and following its course to Lake Nipissing and the French River, thus establishing the route to the Huron country. He had also been the first to set eyes on Georgian Bay. Making his way through the Inner Passage he had reached Lake Huron.

Some historians believe that to his list of "firsts" should be added the discovery of Lake Michigan. If he failed to reach it, Michigan was the only one of the Great Lakes that he overlooked. He saw all the others first. Had he shared the scientific interest of those who came after him and followed the trails he blazed, his name would have headed the list of early American explorers.

When the English Kirke brothers sailed up the St. Lawrence, captured Quebec, took Champlain prisoner and thus dramatically interrupted French sovereignty over Canada, it was suspected that renegade Frenchmen had guided the privateers. Champlain was allowed to go ashore briefly at Tadoussac on his way to captivity in England, and there two unkempt men were pointed out to him as the traitors. To his utmost dismay and disgust, Champlain recognized one of them as Brulé. He berated his faithless servant so violently that Brulé slunk away and was never seen again by men of his own race.

He settled down to a degraded existence among the Indians in the village of Toanaché on Penetanguishene Bay. Perhaps he quarreled with the tribesmen, for one day they turned on him and by force of numbers (he was a man of considerable personal strength and could not have been worsted in single combat) succeeded in beating him to death. Having killed him, they cut up his body and boiled it in the kettles, and then they gathered in a wide circle and proceeded to consume all that was left of this ungovernable young Frenchman.

Two other immortals of the Canadian scene, Radisson and Groseilliers, have been getting more recognition as new records are uncovered, more

especially Radisson, who seems to have been the greatest and luckiest of traders. It was not his way to start out with a certain number of companions and canoes and to come back with a smaller train and stories of ill fortune; rather he came back with more canoes than he started with, packed deep with furs, amid a noisy and cheerful gabble of great things done and seen. It was unfortunate for France that he lacked the patience to accept official rebuffs and injustices; and equally to be regretted that the hidebound and high-nosed governors with whom he came in contact could not see the possibilities in this footloose genius.

Now they begin to crowd the stage, these men who opened up the north and the west—Marquette and Joliet, who discovered the Mississippi, Du Lhut, Durantaye, Perrot, Tonty, the Jesuit fathers who would be found in the most unexpected corners of the wilderness to which their zeal had carried them; and, towering above them all, La Salle.

Women Played Their Part

On with the list. There was Maison-neuve, unselfish and chivalrous, who saw Montreal through its first perilous stages. After him came Dollier de Casson, the gentle Sulpician giant who fled the face of war, only to find himself more deeply immersed in violence than before. Adam Dollard supplied the one story which would live if all other colonial annals were lost and forgotten. No equal can be found for the annals of the Jesuit martyrs, Jogues, Brébeuf, Lalemant, Daniel, Bressani. Four women, all different one from another but all brave and devout, played remarkable parts, Madame de la Peltrie, Mère Marie de l'Incarnation, Jeanne Mance, Marguerite Bourgeoys. Louis Hébert, courageous and industrious, the first settler, must never be overlooked. Can other histories produce the equal of Charles le Moyne and his ten fabulous sons? Great men indeed, great days, great deeds.

Seldom has so short a span of years produced a more varied, a more exciting, a more romantic history, than these eighty-one years out of the seventeenth century. Time has a habit of moving so slowly that any period of equal length in the past would have recorded little of change in the world; a dingier color on the walls of ancient towns, a slash of tailoring scissors converting a tunic, perhaps, into a tabard, a very slight advance in habits of thought, a new song on men's lips, and a new book to be reverently kept. But these eighty-one years saw the opening of a new continent, a continent of vast extent which would be taken over completely in three centuries by great men in all parts of North America and its amazing resources harnessed. In the process a new spirit of rapid change would be loosed in the world. ★

The Biggest Boob in the Bush

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 40

into a crescent like a cat's back. It gave ground, but was able to keep its antlers engaged. It braced itself. It held... Then it heaved mightily and drove the old bull back. Suddenly the old bull broke and was flung to the side. The younger drove spine-tipped antlers at its ribs but the old bull, wise in battle, backpedaled furiously and escaped a goring. Tired but far from broken in spirit, it went back to its pit and waited for the young bull to come on. But the young bull, also near exhaustion, went to its own pit.

The old bull turned toward the cow. Infuriated, the young bull crossed to his opponent's pit and engaged him again. Again there was a Herculean struggle, lasting about seven minutes to the point of exhaustion, with the old bull seeming to have the upper hand. Again they retired to their pits. They were locked for the third time and the young bull seemed to be definitely getting the best of it, when the cow looked up and saw Cusson. She grunted loudly and moved away. The bulls quit the fight as though a time-keeper had sounded a gong. Before the animals could disappear into the trees, Cusson shot the old bull.

Not only in battle is the moose spectacular. It can dive like a beaver, outrun a racehorse, and has the sharpest nose and ears in the Canadian bush. It eats more and grows faster than any other four-footed thing on this continent. A mature bull weighs up to 1,800 pounds, with three quarters of its weight packed on the front half of its body, has legs four and a half feet long and may tower to eight feet at the tips of its antlers, which are sometimes as wide as a three-ton truck. By standing on hind legs it can browse twelve feet from the ground, and it has been known to get foliage twenty feet high by putting its nose over a branch and bending the branch down. Furthermore, it is tough enough and adaptable enough to have survived conditions that exterminated many another huge beast. It came originally from Asia via Alaska, more than 500,000 years ago, and lived through the ice age, eluding the glaciers that killed off the four-ton mastodon.

A common belief that moose are a doomed and dying breed probably stems from the fact they can't be legally hunted at all any more in the prairie provinces and the Maritimes and are protected elsewhere in Canada by hunting restrictions. Yet, while these protective laws are now necessary, moose aren't disappearing. There are at least 200,000 of them left in Canada, and possibly 300,000. Experts guess that when the first Europeans settled in North America there were 500,000 moose, but they then ranged far into the U. S., where they are virtually extinct today.

While moose have vanished from some regions they have turned up in others. In comparatively recent years there has been a great migration from Montana to British Columbia. Game conservationists have been staggered by the amazing results of a transplanting of moose from the mainland to Newfoundland, which had no moose in 1904. The habits of moose, more than those of most animals, seem to be influenced by their surroundings.

Compare the impressions of a guide in the B. C. wilderness with those of a Nova Scotia farmer and you'd think there was an entirely different beast under discussion. In a primitive,

hunted state, the animals are the wildest of the wild; in the Maritimes, where hunting has been forbidden for years and where they've become accustomed to man, they block traffic on roads with bovine indifference, damage crops and make careers of scaring horses. They have often been tamed, harnessed and raced and are the world's biggest and best natural trotters. Years ago a moose owned by a man at Amherst, N.S., used to race pulling a sleigh across the Tantramar marshes to Sackville, N.B., a distance of about eight miles. It beat every horse it met.

Moose are almost as amphibious as hippopotamuses and are among the finest swimmers of the animal kingdom. It takes two men in a canoe, paddling as fast as possible, to overtake them. Their exertions in water appear to have no weakening effect on them; after the longest swims they make shore with tremendous power and speed.

The long-famous trademark of this largest of American beasts is the "bell" beneath its massive neck. The bell occurs on both cow and bull. It consists merely of a piece of pendulous skin and seems to be utterly useless.

Some Indians claim that when moose are in a friendly mood, they caress each other with their bells.

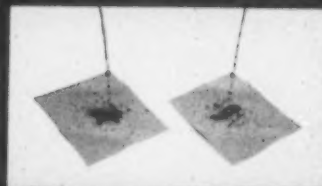
Antlers, the crowning glory of the moose, are worn only by bulls. Woodsmen often argue about whether nature put them there purely as weapons for the males, or also to safeguard the females. The argument is unlikely ever to be settled but it's true that a cow moose can evade the unwelcome attentions of a bull by trotting off through a thicket so close that a wide-antlered male can't follow.

In a bull calf the antlers are mere

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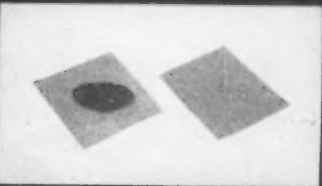
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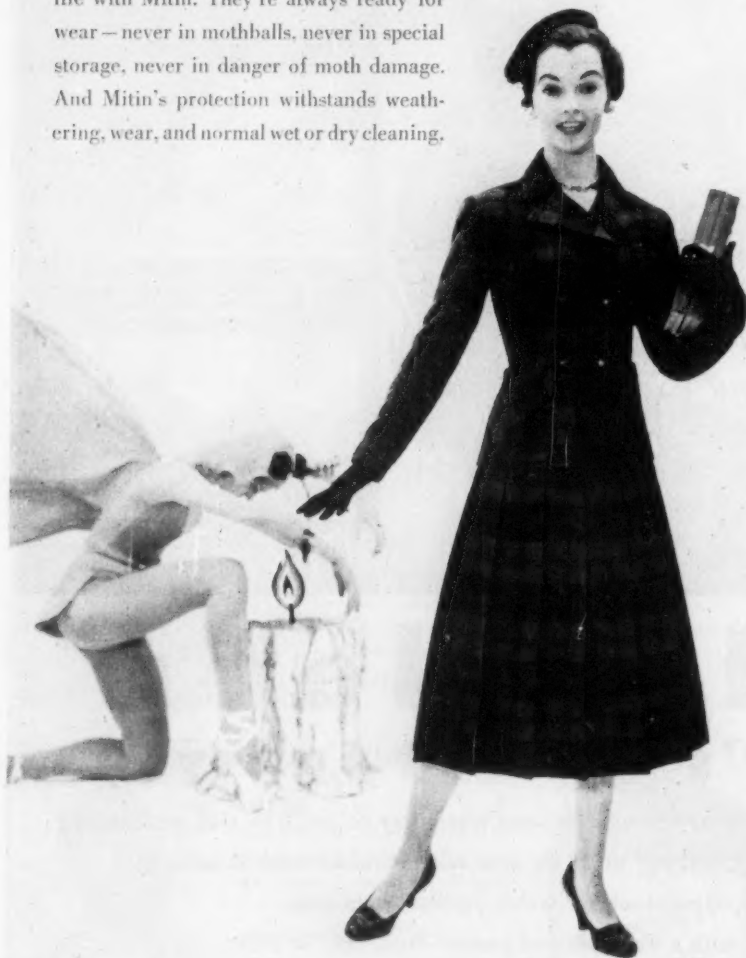
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knobs under the fur. In a yearling they emerge as single spikes and are shed in the winter, to sprout again bigger and better the next spring. In a mature bull the antlers sprout rapidly each May, achieve full magnificent development by August or September, and are shed each fall or winter, generally to be eaten by porcupines and squirrels. The largest antlers taken by a hunter were on an Alaskan bull and measured 77½ inches from tip to tip. The record antlers in Canada, 73 inches, were carried by a bull in the Peace River country.

The antlers are a gleaming nut-brown in the rutting (mating) season between Sept. 15 and Oct. 15. When that strenuous period is ended the beasts seem eager to be rid of them and knock them off against trees as they become more porous and brittle.

Most battles between these bushland giants end when the loser flees, but fights to the death do occur. A few years ago near Smooth Rock Falls, in northern Ontario, an observer in a forest-fire lookout tower found his phone to ranger headquarters was out of order so he traced the line through the bush. It led to an area of churned earth and smashed underbrush where he discovered two moose, one dead and the other dying. The dead animal had been gored through the lungs and stomped terribly. Its opponent was still upright, leaning against a tree. The stomach of the standing animal was ripped open and it was too weak to run. The man returned to the tower, got a rifle and shot it through mercy. Part of the broken telephone wire was wrapped around the antler of the fallen animal, which thus may have been prevented from fleeing when the battle was lost.

Moose shot by hunters are sometimes found with long deep scars from muzzle to forehead. As many as four ribs have been found calcified together, after being broken years earlier by an opponent's antlers. Some have skin ripped in neat strips about an inch wide on flanks and rumps.

Moose don't rate medals for intelligence but it seems they are not so dumb as to charge head-on at a dead run as deer occasionally do. The late John McLeod of Penobscus, N.B., once clocked a moose at forty miles an hour for almost two miles in front of an auto. Collisions at this speed would probably lead to swift extermination of the race. However, young bulls may try modified head-on charges before learning it doesn't pay. One such foolish young bull was shot by a hunter guided by Hughes. One antler, almost two inches thick, was broken off at the base and was bleeding. One eye was closed and the skin of its face was rolled back on its neck in a great fold. Surprisingly, this beast was called by a guide with a horn and in spite of its injuries answered the mating call at a run.

Bulls sometimes die together when their antlers become inextricably locked. Jack Benson, a game warden traveling by air over Alaska, observed two such battlebound animals. He landed the plane and sawed an antler of the victor from those of its antagonist, which was already dead. The released bull flourished his remaining antler threateningly, then turned away.

Ever since Champlain dubbed it *l'Original* in 1603 the moose has been rated Canada's most important game animal; but, while much study has been given many lesser creatures, little scientific research has been made on moose until recently. Now however, in a book entitled *North American Moose* (to be published this fall by University of Toronto Press), Dr. Randolph L. Peterson, curator of mammalogy at

the Royal Ontario Museum, gives the animal long-overdue attention.

Peterson has discovered there are four sub-species of moose in America (it was formerly believed there were three).

The Western Canada moose and the Maritimes moose have always been thought the same and have been classified as *Alces Americana*. The other types are *Alces Gigas*, or Alaskan, by far the largest, and *Alces Shirasi*, an isolated group in the western U.S.

Peterson, a Texan who joined the Ontario Museum in 1946 and was subsidized for four years by the Carling Conservation Club, has found that western and eastern moose are different beasts and that, in fact, they met in central Northern Ontario as late as 1900.

Peterson is convinced the animals became separated during the movement of ice down the continent long ago and since then have acquired different characteristics. Meanwhile, there's a mystery in why they took thousands of years to come back together in Northern Ontario. When the first moose appeared near Longlac, 200 miles northeast of Port Arthur, about the turn of the century, the Indians didn't know what it was and refused to eat its meat.

There has also been a remarkable migration of moose into central B.C. in comparatively recent years, apparently by way of the Rockies from Montana. Though there were none in the province in the eighteenth century they may number 50,000 today. Hunters kill more than 3,000 a year.

They're Not Man-Killers

Meanwhile, in Newfoundland moose have been the central figures in the most successful transplanting of wild-life—fish, flesh or fowl—in Canadian history. Four animals from New Brunswick were released in Newfoundland in 1904 and their descendants today number 25,000. Hunting takes 3,500 a year but they are still on the increase.

The swimming ability of moose has become a legend in Canada's forests. Peterson, who roamed most of Ontario studying the animals, found that they dived as deep as eighteen feet in foraging for plant food. They leave barely a ripple as they go down and re-appear rump first, up to fifty seconds later. A few years ago a cow and bull were seen swimming across the Bay of Fundy from Cumberland County to Cape Split. They completed the nine-mile journey with ease. Other swims up to twelve miles have been reported.

The reactions of moose to men vary widely, depending on whether they have been accustomed to humans since calfhood. To test them in a wilderness state—and also to test the stories of hunters who claim to have been treed by moose—Peterson once placed himself directly in the path of a bull moose during the rutting season. The animal stopped at thirty feet, bristled its mane and lowered its ears menacingly. Peterson felt sure it would charge, but he refused to budge. The moose finally turned off into the bush and bypassed him.

Eight or ten cases of bull moose treeing hunters are reported every year in Canada, but as far as I could discover there has never been a case of a moose killing or even injuring a man. They can make a fearsome noise however, although woodsmen have long known that the alarming threshing and roaring of bulls in rutting season are mostly bluff—to scare another bull away.

They can be sure that a rival will hear the din a long way off for nothing has keener ears than a moose. The



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hearing of one of them in a U. S. zoo was tested by a biologist. It could hear footsteps from a minute and a half to three minutes before these footsteps could be heard by human ears. The nose of a moose is equally acute, but its eyesight is weak. Last fall a myopic moose and a myopic man almost bumped into each other in the Red Lake district of Ontario. A well-known uranium prospector, who is near-sighted in spite of his thick glasses, was following an outcrop of rock with a Geiger counter. Suddenly, he realized that the blur four feet from him was a bull moose. His reaction was typical. He threw away the Geiger counter and fled a mile and a half back to camp.

In a wilderness state most mature moose have a deep-rooted fear of man, and for this reason it's impossible to hunt moose upwind for their magnificent noses can detect human scent miles away.

But wilderness moose definitely attack autos, trains and other objects they don't associate with man or his scent. One day the Rev. William Hincks, United Church minister at Matachewan, Ont., was driving on the road between Elk Lake and Gowganda. He saw a moose on the road, stopped his car and tooted his horn. The animal responded by charging the auto with front feet flailing. It drove both hooves into the hood as the minister huddled inside. As it backed away for a second assault, the clergyman got the car moving and fled into town.

Carl Baxter, a section foreman on the Ontario Northland Railway, accompanied by three section hands, two of them Indians, chased a moose in a railway speeder to get photos of it. As the animal tired the Indians warned Baxter not to try to get close. Suddenly it turned and charged the speeder. The four men leaped off in the nick of time and ran into the trees.

The toll of moose taken by trains is serious. Vince Crichton, game inspector at Chapleau, Ont., has been keeping track of the number of deaths on a 120-mile stretch of the CPR and has found they average about twenty a year. A major moose tragedy occurred in a rock cut of the Algoma Central Railway north of Sault Ste. Marie around 1930. A train rolled into a herd bedded down on the track and nineteen animals were killed by the train and by game wardens who disposed of the injured the next day.

Young moose are born in late May or early June, usually in some secluded thicket or perhaps on an island to which the mother has swum for her ordeal. Twins seem to occur at 25 percent of births but rarely are there triplets. One set of triplets was observed last spring near Hearst, Ont. A baby moose has tremendously long legs on a stubby body with a large head. It's the fastest-growing animal in America and packs on one to two pounds a day for the first month and three to five pounds a day thereafter.

It is forced to swim to follow its mother, perhaps on the second or third day of its life. Peterson and Dalton Muir, a photographer, watched one calf a few days old attempt to follow its mother across a channel a hundred yards wide between St. Ignace Island and Bead Island. The little animal cried piteously in mid-channel but stuck to its task and finally reached the shore in between six and seven minutes. Some calves drown when their strength gives out. Peterson observed one resting with its nose on its mother's rump. Long-time bush travelers like Ted Cusson report that the mother will apparently tow the youngster in this position and the baby also gets its forefeet up on mother's rump.

Calves stay with their mother until

they are yearlings. They would like to stay longer, but when the mother has a new calf she chases away the yearling with lashing hooves. When first thrown on their own, yearlings wander about the country stupidly, getting in front of autos and tangled in fences. Twins seem to stay together after the mother has chased them both away.

The enemies of moose are poachers, deer, thin ice, ticks, tapeworms, liver flukes, "moose disease," crusted snow more than three and a half feet deep, and wolves. Moose can be snared easily by bending over birch trees and attaching wire nooses over trails the animals use. The moose contacts the wire, the tree springs upright and the animal strangles. About twenty years ago a notorious poaching gang in New Brunswick used this method to supply hundreds of carcasses to fox ranchers on Prince Edward Island, where there aren't any moose. A couple of years ago game wardens in northwestern Quebec found a ring supplying moose meat to lumber camps by the ton. Sometimes poachers have railway employees as henchmen to peddle the meat through the country. Not long ago, many lumber companies had "hunters" whose job was to supply camp tables, and game wardens suspect some still have.

Reckless on Rubbery Ice

Moose will live in apparent tolerance with white-tailed deer but usually when deer become numerous the moose just won't increase. Moose were plentiful in the Maritimes until deer came in by the hundreds of thousands; in spite of long closed seasons the moose don't multiply. The same situation prevails in Algonquin Park, a large game preserve in Ontario. A moose requires more than forty pounds of food a day in winter and sixty pounds in summer. It lives in a restricted range and there appears to be a direct connection between the animal's reproductive capacity and the quality and quantity of fodder available. For these reasons, game authorities in Newfoundland, which has no white-tailed deer, have refused to permit any to be imported.

Moose are reckless on ice, even when it's rubbery. On northern lakes and rivers they often break through thin ice, can't get back on it and drown. Sometimes they also bog down in mires and marshes.

"Moose disease" is a malady that seems to affect their eyesight, their brain and their powers of locomotion. It has been known for years and is fairly common throughout Canada but its source is obscure. The disease gave rise to reports in New Brunswick last year that moose in that province were "going insane."

Moose are almost helpless and bleed easily about the legs when caught in deep heavily crusted snow. If they are in poor condition they can fall prey to wolves, which don't seem to bother with them otherwise. Bears will grab young calves if they get the chance, but cow moose are usually capable of protecting their young against any predators.

Many tame Canadian moose have become international celebrities. A few years ago Joe Laflamme, of Gogama, in Northern Ontario, who raised several of the animals, took one

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to New York, got it to the top of a skyscraper with a bunch of people in an elevator and had it interviewed on a radio program. Joe always spoke to his moose in Indian, so it wouldn't be confused by orders from other folk.

The most famous moose was one owned by the New Brunswick Department of Lands and Mines in 1930 and named Jennie. Jennie was sent to sportsmen's shows in Boston and New York to advertise the province's hunting. The late Douglas Black, who was director of the New Brunswick Information and Travel Bureau, once bribed a truck driver to stall with Jennie at the rush hour at a busy New York intersection. The moose blocked traffic for miles and through adroit arranging newspaper photographers were on hand to record the spectacle. Later Jennie was smitten by pneumonia, real or imaginary, and was taken to a New York veterinary college where she was photographed having her pulse felt, and temperature taken.

Because of the animal's wonderful nose, hunting moose is a difficult task and the best way to get them is to call them, in the same way the Indians did before the arrival of the white man. Calling is an art. Sometimes reckless young bulls will be attracted merely by the breaking of sticks, but a wily and wary mature bull has to be handled just right by a man with a birch-bark megaphone if it is to be brought within shooting distance, and can only be called successfully in windless weather when the hunter's scent won't betray him. The best time is in the evening or in the morning before nine o'clock, for moose rest during the day and, moreover, there's usually some kind of a wind blowing in daytime. Both the guide who calls and the hunter who will shoot must maintain absolute silence between calls. The knock of a paddle on the thwart of a canoe, or a muffled cough, will warn the animal there's something phony.

There must be no smoking, perhaps for two hours, until the animal is called. The guide lifts a horn that he made the previous June from the solid inner bark next to the cambium layer of a birch. To achieve the right tone, the bark must be perfectly dry. He gives a low seductive female moan which sounds like *oohah, oohah*. Perhaps he will make a special bell-like sound just above the surface of the lake; the sound is carried great distances by the water. There's a wait of twenty minutes, in which a bull may be heard approaching or grunting an answer. If there's no response another call is made, followed by another wait of twenty minutes, when a third call is made. If there's no reply by this time, the caller switches to the grunt of a bull, in the hope he'll attract a bull who already has a cow and is willing to repel an interloper.

Strangely enough, members of the Loyal Order of Moose are among the most avid moose hunters in America. Last fall Joseph Mochnaly, a representative of the order, went to Cochrane, Ont., and told outfitter Len Hughes he wanted to get a whole moose and transport it back to the U. S. This seemed an impossible job for, because of their size, moose usually have to be skinned and quartered where they are killed in the bush.

But caller Dave Black brought a big bull right out on the track of the Ontario Northland Railway for Mochnaly to shoot. It was loaded on a jigger and then into a refrigerator car. Today it stands on the lawn at Mooseheart—the order's famous home for orphans in Illinois—a monument in its way to the ardor that makes the moose the mightiest fighter, the most aggressive lover and often the biggest boob in the bush. ★

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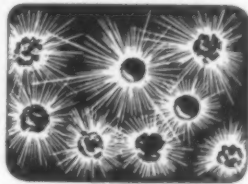
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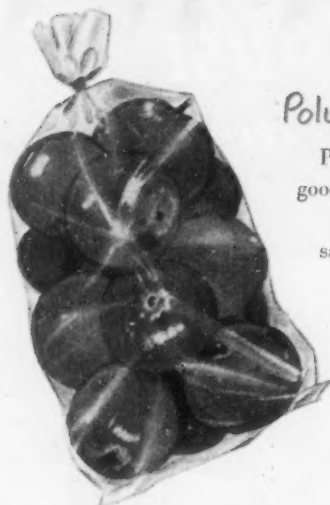
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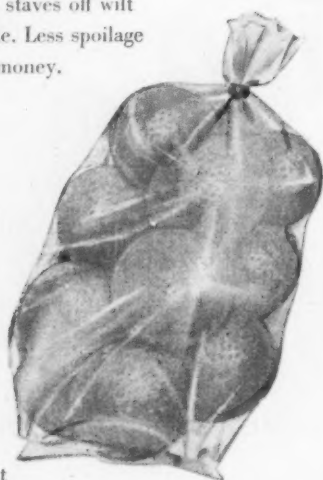
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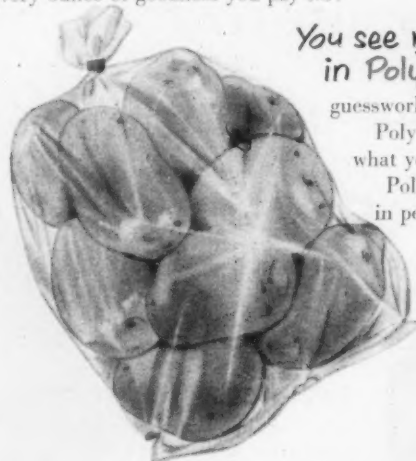


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What Happened to Fred?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

if you took it away from him all at once, he got stubborn and hard to manage. And it didn't do any good to harp at him. He got enough of that from his relatives, and hers too. Really, it was his only fault. If she just stood by him, took care of him over the worst spots, they would make out. As she always told her mother, Fred needed help; he needed understanding. For three long years she had been trying, and someday, someday . . .

She wheeled the basket up to the counter where Mr. Walters in his bulging blue smock was fixing the tape on the cash register.

"Well," she announced cheerfully, "I'm back."

"Oh, Mrs. West. Let's see. Your mother was sick again, wasn't she?"

Enid sighed. "It's the third time this year I've just dropped everything to go to Lorenwood."

"I hope it's not serious, Mrs. West."

"Well, it could be, and mother always wants me to take care of her when she has one of her spells, so I think it's only my duty . . ."

Mr. Walters nodded solemnly as he handed Enid the change. He began putting the groceries in a bag. When he came to the package of frozen peas he paused and frowned.

"Seems to me, Mrs. West, I saw your husband in here buying some groceries a little while ago."

Enid snapped her purse shut. "Fred? Oh, that couldn't be. Fred can't cook. When I'm away he always eats at a restaurant."

"It looked like him."

Enid gathered up the bag and the suitcase. Ridiculous! What would Fred be doing in a grocery store? When it came to shopping he was helpless.

Halfway to the door she realized her purse wasn't on her arm. She rushed back to the counter, then found it in the grocery bag.

"Mr. Walters, did Mr. West seem . . . did he seem all right?"

"He seemed awfully cheerful."

"Oh." Yes, she knew that kind of "cheerful." He was harder to manage that way than when he got too much. But shopping? A vague memory stirred, became clear in her mind. Once before he had been shopping. It was just after they were married and she had been away like this. A party of some kind. Yes, a poker party. And what a mess. He'd served hamburgers. Grease all over the kitchen. Mustard on her new upholstery . . . Enid's head came up quickly, and she stared at the light in the kitchen window on the fifth floor. She'd put a stop to that right now. There would be no gambling, no whisky bottles on the table in her home.

SHE HURRIED across the street. A Shorn blatted. She looked up and saw she was crossing against the red light. She dodged her way through honking horns and sarcastic shouts, and tears of indignation sprang to her eyes. Of course it wouldn't matter to him if she was hurt, or killed, when all she was thinking about was getting him a good hot dinner.

Riding up the slow elevator, she kept thinking about it. By the time she reached the fifth floor she was boiling inside. She marched down the hall and flung open the door. The front room was dim, but there was a light under the kitchen door. She set down her things, strode forward and swung open the door.

"What's all this?" she demanded. Fred turned around from the sink. He had an apron tied high on his chest. He was peeling an onion.

"Enid! Gee, it's good to see you." He came toward her, his arms stretched out.

She moved back. "And who do you think you're going to entertain?"

"Entertain? Why nobody. Except you, that is. I'm cooking dinner—a big steak dinner."

"Dinner? You didn't even know I was coming home today."

"Oh yes, I did. I called your mother at noon. She told me what bus you took."

"Oh." The anger drained out of her. She felt confused, a little weak. He put his arms around her, and she let him. What new drink was it this time?

He tipped up her chin. "What's the matter? Aren't you glad to see me?"

"Naturally I'm glad, but I'm tired. If you'd been riding all afternoon in a hot bus . . ."

"Oh, honey." His arms went around her again.

"Fred, you've got onion all over your hands. You'll ruin my dress."

"Good. I hate those cotton dresses

ECONOMIC TRUISM

That price slash will come
Within days after I
Spent a sizeable sum
For a full year's supply.

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anyway. Get a new one—a grey, slinky one with a high collar and wear silver earrings."

What on earth? She tried to push him off, but he held her close. She relaxed, let him kiss her, and while his mouth was close she tried to tell what it was. The smell of onion covered it up. Finally she moved away.

"That's enough now, Fred, I've got work to do."

She went to the cupboard and found an apron. While she was putting it on, she looked back into the shelves. There was no bottle there.

She went over to the sink, and reached out to take the onion away from him.

"All right, Fred. I'll do it now."

"Now, just a minute." He took her by the shoulders and turned her away. "I'm cooking this dinner. You go into the other room and sit down."

"Fred." She heard her voice getting high and tense. "Stop it. You know you can't cook. You never cooked a meal in your life."

"You mean since we were married. That's because you never let me."

She tried to struggle free. This was going too far. But he held her tight and steered her toward the front room, and with an ease that made her furious, he flipped her legs out from under her, and plopped her down into the big chair by the kitchen door.

She glared up at him. He was actually laughing. She started to get up. She was going to slap him right across the face. Then she saw his eyes, watching her, twinkling, looking at her not as if she was his wife, but as if she were just some woman. Her arm sank down.

"Well," she said. She took a deep breath. "Well." And she pulled her dress down over her knees.

He leaned back against the door-jamb. "You know, you look good



Imperial model CU-126, 12 cu. ft. capacity (above). Also available in upright model CU-196, capacity 18.6 cu. ft.



a Deepfreeze Upright Freezer saves you work and money!

A Deepfreeze freezer can pay its way! 92% of the families who have owned a freezer for 5 or more years said, in a survey released by the Cornell School of Nutrition, that "the freezer had paid its way in money saved or in added convenience."

Home freezing may sound miraculous to many people, but here are some of the things it can do for you.

With a Deepfreeze home freezer you can have a greater variety of quality food at your fingertips—ready to serve any time, at lower cost.

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You can always be prepared for unexpected guests, or any occasion that calls for food.

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You can buy in quantity, cook in quantity, make worthwhile savings in time, work, food and money.

Don't miss the pleasure, convenience and economy that a genuine Deepfreeze home freezer can give you.

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Imperial model C-146 shown, capacity 13.59 cu. ft. 5 other chest models available from 7.67 to 23.71 cu. ft. capacity.

Deepfreeze—Pioneer of Freezers
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I do ☐ Do not ☐ Own a Freezer

Name

Street

City & Province

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*At Canadian
Rexall Drug Stores
Coast to Coast*

The items listed in this advertisement are regular guaranteed Rexall products—freshly stocked by Rexall Druggists for this great money-saving event. Only the increased volume resulting from the 1¢ Sale enables them to offer you such quality at such tremendous savings.

CANADA'S

REXALL

1¢

Twice as Much for a Penny More

- Carded Bobby Pins, Black or brown. 36 on card. Reg. 10¢ 2 for 11¢
 Pocket Comb, 5 inch, in case, coarse and fine teeth. Reg. 10¢ 2 for 11¢
 Rexall Linen Finish Envelopes, 20 in package. Reg. 15¢ 2 for 16¢
 Mi 31 Tooth Paste, large size..... Reg. 59¢ 2 for 60¢
 Silque Deodorant Cream Reg. 55¢ 2 for 56¢
 Isopropyl Alcohol Rubbing Compound, 16 oz. Reg. 95¢ 2 for 96¢
 Klenzo Shaving Cream Reg. 55¢ 2 for 56¢
 Floral Soap, 4 cakes in box (2 Gardenia-2 Jasmine)..... Reg. \$1.00 box 2 boxes \$1.01
 Puretest Vitamin B Compound Tablets 100. Reg. \$2.75 2 for \$2.76

Rexall Remedies



1. Rexall Liquid Chest Rub. New—a liquid that won't stain clothing or sheets. Deep penetrating for quick relief from surface congestion. 2 oz. Reg. 79¢. 2 for 80¢
2. Rexall Milk of Magnesia (Plain). Pure, mild, creamy-smooth. Less unpleasant "earthy" taste. 20 oz. Reg. 65¢. 2 for 66¢
3. Rexall Rexillana Cough Syrup. For coughs due to colds. Soothes dryness and tickling. 4 oz. Reg. 65¢. 2 for 66¢
4. Rexall Tasteless Extract of Cod Liver Compound Fortified with Vitamin D. A tonic and builder for young and old. An ideal tonic and daily diet supplement. 16 oz. Reg. \$1.25. 2 for \$1.26
5. Rexall Nose and Throat Relief with Ephedrine (Aqueous). A mild astringent antiseptic for the relief of congestion of the mucous membranes of the nose and throat. 1 oz. Reg. 60¢. 2 for 61¢
- Rexall Eyselo. Quick, dependable lotion soothes eye irritation without stinging, brings cool relief when wind, dust or sun cause discomfort. 7½ oz. Reg. 75¢. 2 for 76¢
- Rexall Aga-Rex Compound. Safe, pleasant tasting laxative containing three effective laxative ingredients. Free from oiliness, it has a dessert-like flavour that everyone likes. 16 oz. Reg. \$1.50. 2 for \$1.51
- Rexall Analgesic Balm. A safe effective analgesic and counter-irritant. Helps relieve headaches, neuralgia and rheumatic pains. 1½ oz. Reg. 75¢. 2 for 76¢
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- Rexall Penetrating Liniment. Quickly relieves the discomfort of sore muscles, bruises and sprains. Safe, clean, pleasant to use. 6 oz. Reg. 85¢. 2 for 86¢
- Rexall Nerve Tonic Tablets with Vitamin B1. Useful for treatment of sleeplessness, nervous headache and indigestion. 60. Reg. 75¢. 2 for 76¢
- Rexall Orderlies. The original chocolate-flavoured laxative. Popular with children. Acts easily without harmful griping. 24. Reg. 45¢. 2 for 46¢
 60. Reg. 75¢. 2 for 76¢
- Rexall Sweet'n-ets (Effervescent Saccharin Tablets). This non-fattening sweetener may be used to replace sugar when calorie intake must be restricted. In easy-to-carry bottles.
 ¼ grain 100. Reg. 35¢. 2 for 36¢
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- Rexall Bisma-Rex Gel. A pleasant-tasting liquid that relieves acid upset stomach and provides prolonged acid neutralization. 8 oz. Reg. \$1.25. 2 for \$1.26
- Rexall Cherrosote Cough Syrup. Eases coughs due to colds, loosens phlegm, soothes irritated throat membranes. Contains no narcotics. 8 oz. Reg. \$1.00. 2 for \$1.01
- Rexall Cod Liver Compound with Creosote. An excellent tonic builder in general run-down conditions. Helpful in treating stomach coughs due to colds. 16 oz. Reg. \$1.25. 2 for \$1.26
- Rexall Klenzo Liquid Antiseptic. Mouth wash—astringent—breath deodorant—gargle. Leaves mouth clean and refreshed. 16 oz. Reg. \$1.09. 2 for \$1.10
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- Rexall Rexadent Mouth Wash. For improved mouth hygiene. Mild foam floats away food particles, leaves mouth clean and refreshed. 16 oz. Reg. \$1.25. 2 for \$1.26
- Puretest Camphorated Oil. For sprains, bruises, rheumatic pains or chest colds. 4 oz. Reg. 50¢. 2 for 51¢
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 100 (tablet form) Reg. \$1.00. 2 for 1.01



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LANGLOIS LAVENDER SHAVING CREAM

Cool because it's mentholated. Regular or brushless.

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Dissolve swiftly for quick relief from headaches and cold discomforts.

100 5-grain tablets. Reg. 65¢ 2 for 66¢
 200 Reg. \$1.19 2 for \$1.20



MI 31 TOOTH POWDER WITH SODIUM PERBORATE

A quick cleaner and freshener—works wonders on smoke-stained teeth.

Reg. 55¢ 2 for 56¢



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In 3 popular shapes with nylon bristles—assorted colours.

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For flawlessly groomed hair—in handy tube.

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- Rexall Puretest Vitamins and Minerals Capsules. An inexpensive and easy way to supplement the diet of the entire family. In easy-to-take capsule form.
 50 Reg. \$1.98. 2 for \$1.99
 100 Reg. \$3.49. 2 for \$3.50
- Rexall Multi-Vitamin Formula V-10 Tonic Liquid. A new easy-to-take tonic carefully balanced with Iron and Vitamins A, D, B1, Riboflavin and Liver Extract to aid as a dietary supplement. 16 oz. Reg. \$2.95. 2 for \$2.96
- Rexall Puretest Multiple Vitamin Capsules. Each capsule contains eight vitamins—an ideal daily diet supplement.
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 100 Reg. \$4.25. 2 for \$4.26
- Rexall Puretest Cod Liver Oil (Plain). Specially selected high grade oil. Helps children develop strong bones and teeth. 16 oz. Reg. \$1.85. 2 for \$1.86
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- Rexall Puretest Polymulsion. A pleasant-tasting formula containing Vitamins A, B1, Riboflavin, C and D. Good for children and they love it!
 4 oz. Reg. \$1.95. 2 for \$1.96
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- Rexall Tiny Tot Nose Drops. For infants and young children, safe and effective, relieves stuffy, blocked or running noses due to colds. ½ oz. Reg. 45¢. 2 for 46¢
- Rexall Tiny Tot Teething Aid. When applied freely to baby's gums gives quick relief. Can also be given in milk or water. 2 oz. Reg. 50¢. 2 for 51¢
- Vinylite Plastic Baby Pants. Medium and large. Reg. 65¢. 2 for 66¢

This is only a partial list of the items on the Rexall 1¢ Sale. All Rexall Products are guaranteed to give satisfaction or your money back. Rights reserved to limit quantities. Items and prices differ from U.S. advertising. Sale Dates: Oct. 13th, 14th, 15th & 16th.

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SALE DAYS { Wednesday October 13th
Thursday October 14th
Friday October 15th
Saturday October 16th

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Helps check coughing quickly, relieves congestion, soothes raw inflamed tissues.

6 oz. Reg. 60¢ **2 for 61¢**



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8 important vitamins, plus Liver Concentrate and Iron.

50 capsules—25 doses

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100 Capsules
—50 doses
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200 capsules
—100 doses
Reg. \$6.00

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Keeps the skin soft, smooth and lovely—rubs in dry and greaseless. Pleasant fragrance.

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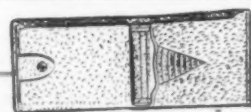
Reg. 75¢ **2 for 76¢**



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Genuine leather, assorted designs, styles and colours.

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- ☐ Stork Baby Nipples. Latex rubber—special vent and double tab—do not collapse. Reg. 10¢..... **2 nipples for 11¢**

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- ☐ Rexall First Aid Burn Ointment. An antiseptic and healing dressing for burns, scalds, sunburn, scratches, insect bites and skin irritations. 1 1/4 oz. Reg. 75¢..... **2 for 76¢**
- ☐ Rexall Hydrogen Peroxide Solution (U.S.P.). A cleansing wash for cuts, abrasions, insect bites or minor wounds. Also an effective mouth wash or nasal spray. 4 oz. Reg. 30¢..... **2 for 31¢**
16 oz. Reg. 75¢..... **2 for 76¢**
- ☐ Rexall Puretest Mineral Oil—Heavy American. Colourless, odourless, tasteless, non-irritating, not digested or absorbed and so non-fattening. 16 oz. Reg. 85¢..... **2 for 86¢**
- ☐ Rexall Puretest Tincture Iodine 2 1/2%. A convenient germicide for the treatment of minor cuts, wounds and abrasions and for disinfecting unbroken skin. 2 oz. Reg. 35¢..... **2 for 36¢**
- ☐ First Aid Gauze Bandage. Play safe, keep gauze bandage always on hand—sterilized—best quality. 2" x 10 yds. Reg. 35¢..... **2 for 36¢**

- ☐ Monogram Clinical Thermometer. 1-minute type in bakelite case with clip. Made in England. Guaranteed accurate. Reg. \$1.50..... **2 for \$1.51**
- ☐ Rexall M31 Solution. Pleasant-to-use amber-coloured mouth wash, gargle, breath deodorant and multi-purpose antiseptic. 8 oz. Reg. 65¢..... **2 for 66¢**
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- ☐ Rexall Rexadent Tooth Powder. Fluorinated—cleans quickly without scratching. Reg. 59¢..... **2 for 60¢**
- ☐ Klenzo Tooth Paste. Brings out the brightness of your teeth. Leaves mouth and teeth clean and refreshed. Small. Reg. 39¢..... **2 for 40¢**
Large. Reg. 59¢..... **2 for 60¢**
- ☐ Rexall Dental Plate Brush. 4 rows of nylon bristles—tufted end—cellophane wrapped. Reg. 60¢..... **2 for 61¢**
- ☐ Rexall Child's Tooth Brushes. 3 rows of nylon bristles, tufted end, cellophane wrapped, sturdy handles. Reg. 15¢..... **2 for 16¢**

Adrienne Beauty Aids



- ☐ 1. Adrienne Cream Deodorant. Safe and effective. Doesn't dry out in the jar. Small. Reg. 55¢..... **2 for 56¢**
Large. Reg. 85¢..... **2 for 86¢**
- ☐ 2. Adrienne Face Powder. Velvety smooth. Three flattering shades to suit every skin tone. Reg. \$1.10..... **2 for \$1.11**
- ☐ 3. Adrienne Lipstick. Keeps lips smooth and soft as satin—in four harmonizing and lasting shades. Reg. \$1.25..... **2 for \$1.26**
- ☐ 4. Adrienne Guest Soap. Delightfully scented—packed 4 cakes in a box. Reg. 85¢..... **2 boxes for 86¢**

Cosmetics and Toiletries

- ☐ Lorie Bath Bulbs. Non-oily—pine fragrance. Softens and perfumes the water. Box of 12. Reg. \$1.10..... **2 for \$1.11**
- ☐ Bath Powders. Blue Hyacinthe or Lavender fragrance for the bathtime luxury every woman adores. Reg. \$1.75..... **2 for \$1.76**
- ☐ Solid Cologne. Blue Hyacinthe or Gardenia—refreshing aids to loveliness. Purse size. Always an acceptable gift. Reg. \$1.25..... **2 for \$1.26**
- ☐ Gardenia Face Powder. 3 becoming shades blended right for your skin type. Reg. 85¢..... **2 for 86¢**
- ☐ Perfumes. 4 delightful fragrances. Blue Hyacinthe, Gardenia, Lilac and My Night. 1 dram. Reg. 50¢..... **2 for 51¢**
2 1/2 drams. Reg. \$1.00..... **2 for \$1.01**
- ☐ Langlois Lavender Talcum Powder. A soft, smooth favourite with women and men—comes in white or men's shade. Reg. 60¢..... **2 for 61¢**
- ☐ Eau de Cologne. "Blue Hyacinthe" or "My Night"—in dainty decanter bottles. A splendid gift. Reg. \$1.85..... **2 for \$1.86**
- ☐ Lorie French Balm. Soothes and softens dry skin quickly. Aids in healing chapped hands. Reg. 75¢..... **2 for 76¢**
- ☐ Powder Puff. Soft velour, 3 inches diameter, in popular peach or coral shades. Reg. 15¢..... **2 for 16¢**
- ☐ Camelia Perfume. Keeps you glamourously fragrant all day long. 1 dram. Reg. 65¢..... **2 for 66¢**
2 1/2 drams. Reg. \$1.25..... **2 for \$1.26**

Stationery Needs

- ☐ Old Colony Fountain Pen Ink. Blue—black—for home or office. 2 oz. Reg. 20¢..... **2 for 21¢**
- ☐ Ravelstone Writing Pad. Note size. Good quality linen laid finish with smooth writing surface. Reg. 15¢..... **2 for 16¢**
- ☐ Ravelstone Writing Pad. Foldover size linen finish paper. Reg. 35¢..... **2 for 36¢**
- ☐ Boxed Stationery. Lyndhurst Box. 24 sheets and 24 envelopes, deckle edge, ribbon tied. Reg. \$1.00..... **2 for \$1.01**
- ☐ Boxed Stationery. Friendship Box of fancy striped social notes, 24 sheets, 24 envelopes, ribbon tied. Reg. 75¢..... **2 for 76¢**
- ☐ Fountain Pen. Non-breakable, butyrate, smooth point, assorted colours to choose from. Reg. \$1.00..... **2 for \$1.01**
- ☐ Blue Lined Envelopes. Ideal for business use. 23 in package. Reg. 15¢..... **2 for 16¢**
- ☐ Correspondence Cards. Vellum finish, Deckled Edge, 24 cards, 24 envelopes. Reg. 75¢..... **2 for 76¢**

Hair Groom Buys

- ☐ Lorie Brilliantine. Liquid. For good looking, easy-to-manage hair. Reg. 50¢..... **2 for 51¢**
- ☐ Lorie Emulsified Coconut Oil Shampoo. Leaves hair soft, lustrous, healthfully clean. Reg. 45¢..... **2 for 46¢**
- ☐ Bobby Comb. Teen-agers' favourite. 5 inches long, in assorted pastel shades. Reg. 10¢..... **2 for 11¢**
- ☐ Curl Comb. Crystallite—8 inches long—fancy back with modified teeth. Reg. 15¢..... **2 for 16¢**
- ☐ Adrienne Hair Brush. Excellent quality 5-row nylon bristle hair brush in assorted transparent colours. Made in England. Reg. \$1.25..... **2 for \$1.26**
- ☐ Ladies Black Dressing Comb. Coarse and fine teeth on each. Reg. 35¢..... **2 for 36¢**

Shaving Aids

- ☐ Langlois Lavender Shaving Soap. In plastic bowl. An ideal gift. Reg. \$1.25..... **2 for \$1.26**
- ☐ Rexall Shaving Lotion. Cooling and refreshing. Reg. 53¢..... **2 for 54¢**
- ☐ Stag Shaving Cream. Regular or brushless. Reg. 55¢..... **2 for 56¢**
- ☐ Stag After-Shave Lotion. New plastic squeeze bottle. Reg. \$1.00..... **2 for \$1.01**
- ☐ "365" Fresh Lilac Lotion. Exhilarating after shaving or the bath. 7 oz. Reg. 85¢..... **2 for 86¢**
- ☐ Rubberset Shaving Brush. High quality, long-wearing bristles. Cartoned. Reg. \$2.00..... **2 for \$2.01**
- ☐ Permedge Razor Blades. Double edge. 20 in package. Reg. 69¢..... **2 for 70¢**

Everyday Needs

- ☐ Defender Latex Household Rubber Gloves. 3 sizes. Reg. 75¢..... **2 pr. for 76¢**
- ☐ Rexall Hot Water Bottle. Red. 2-quart size. Guaranteed for 2 years. Reg. \$2.50..... **2 for \$2.51**
- ☐ Christmas Corsage. For coat lapel or parcel decoration. Reg. 25¢..... **2 for 26¢**
- ☐ Old Colony Mucilage. Handy bottle with rubber applicator. 2 oz. Reg. 20¢..... **2 for 21¢**
- ☐ Opeko Vanilla Flavouring. Improved formula artificial vanilla flavouring. 3 1/2 oz. Reg. 35¢..... **2 for 36¢**
- ☐ Rexall Nail Brush. 5-row, nylon bristles, assorted colours. Reg. 35¢..... **2 for 36¢**

any drug product that bears the name

Rexall

when you're mad. The color comes up in your face. Your eyes really sparkle."

"Ugh." She tossed her head and looked away so he could not see the confusion in her face.

"Now," he said, "you sit right there and tell me about yourself. How was the trip. How's your mother?" He walked back into the kitchen.

For the first time she felt a little afraid. This time he was really going to be hard to manage. What could it be? She even wondered about dope. Then she pulled herself together. It's

just the stage he's in. In half an hour I'll have to coax him to finish his dinner. I'll have to put him to bed.

She answered his questions mechanically, peering all the time into the open kitchen cupboard, down beside the refrigerator. This time he must have found a new place.

She heard him talking about his job—about some new addition to the office building. She found herself listening for the slurred words, the dropped endings. She strained to hear them, and a strange uneasiness rose inside her. She closed her eyes, and

felt the familiar tightness settling round her head that meant a headache coming on.

"I'm tired," she told herself. "I'm so tired, I'm getting a headache." She got up and went to the bathroom for an aspirin. While she was there she opened the towel cupboard and looked inside. Nothing there. She came back. She felt behind the books in the bookcase. She looked in the linen closet. She began to feel panicky. I've got to do something. She picked up a duster from the linen-closet shelf, and began dusting the front-room furniture

with light quick efficient swipes.

"If you'd turn on the light, you'd see it's all dusted."

He was standing in the kitchen doorway, grinning. "Yep, I even vacuumed the rug. Come on, take a rest." He came over and took the duster from her.

It was all wrong. He had no right to keep telling her what to do. She felt she must resist, but it was like trying to grapple with a mist. He led her back to the chair.

She sank back, and watched him with dull eyes as he walked back to the kitchen. Then suddenly she sat up straight; her fingers dug into the chair arm. He was walking absolutely straight, not a trace of a waver in his stride. But he couldn't be sober. He couldn't be. She stood up. There was one way to find out about all this. Her eyes searched the dim room and found the grocery bag with three bottles of beer bulging in the bottom. She carried it quickly to the kitchen.

"What now?" Fred looked up at her over the sizzling frying pan.

She kept her voice casual. "I bought some groceries. If I don't get the milk in the refrigerator it might sour."

She took everything out of the bag. She put each item away, one by one, leaving the three tall beer bottles on the table to the last. Fred was still bent over the frying pan. She took a breath.

"I bought some beer."

He looked up. He stared at the bottles, then at her. Slowly he shook his head. "I've quit."

"You don't mean it."

He nodded. "I took one drink the day you left. I got to thinking. I guess I did a lot of thinking. I got up and left the drink half-finished. I haven't had any since."

He was smiling, but his eyes were serious. She felt a peculiar coldness spread over her chest.

"Well, aren't you glad?"

"I'm very glad, Fred," she said softly.

"You don't look so happy."

She walked over to him, and kissed him gently on the cheek. "For three long years I've been hoping you'd see it my way, Fred." She steadied herself against the table.

"You're pale, Enid. Don't you feel well?"

"I'm tired. I've got a headache—a splitting headache."

His arms went around her. He kissed her, and his lips were warm against her cold skin.

"Look, why don't you go in the bedroom and lie down. I'll call you when it's all ready."

"Yes, I think I'll lie down."

She walked through the front room, feeling her way past the furniture. I'm happy about it, she told herself. I'm really awfully happy. It's just that it's so sudden and I'm tired. It wasn't till she was almost to the bedroom that she realized the doorbell was ringing; that it had rung twice before.

She heard Fred calling from the kitchen that he would get it, but automatically she walked to the door and opened it.

A young woman and a man in an overcoat were standing there.

"Mrs. West?" The woman was smiling. "We were just going out. I brought down your scissors. Your husband left them this afternoon when he was cutting the flowers."

"Oh." Enid saw the dark languorous eyes going over her. She saw a swishing grey dress with a high collar and silver earrings. Her hands went quickly to her hips, smoothing down the wrinkled cotton.

"I must say, Mrs. West, your husband has excellent taste in flowers." She smiled brightly over Enid's shoul-

The Spirit of Scotland

The example of a spider which refused to accept failure is said to have inspired Robert the Bruce, while he was in hiding, to gather his army together again and finally win his kingdom.



All over the world there are people who say, "I'd rather have Dewar's", because they know that, wherever they are, the flavour and bouquet of Dewar's never varies and gives them the same delightful enjoyment.

DEWAR'S
"SPECIAL"
SCOTCH WHISKY
-it never varies

*Distilled,
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AVAILABLE IN VARIOUS BOTTLE SIZES

M56K

der. Enid knew Fred was standing behind her. "Apparently he cooks, too. I wish Emil here were talented." She laughed as she said it, and the laugh was clear and melodious. Emil, holding his Homburg, smiled and looked embarrassed.

Enid took the scissors. She said thank you, forced a polite smile and closed the door. She turned around to her husband who stood fidgeting with the spatula.

"I guess I forgot them," he said hurriedly. "That's the widow in the front apartment. She saw me trying to swipe some flowers out of the landlady's pots in the hall, so she told me to come in and get some of hers. She's got loads of flowers in pots and tubs." He switched on the light. For the first time she saw the bouquet in the centre of the table—a cluster of purple and white fuchsias drooping over the edge of a silver vase.

"The vase too?"
"They looked so good in it she told me to take it. She said I could bring it back any time." He lifted his head quickly. "Gee, the meat." He hurried out to the kitchen.

IN THE bedroom, she took off her shoes and stretched out. Her head was whirling. It's just that everything has happened so fast, she told herself. And I'm very tired. Just relax. Think about something pleasant. She tried to think about Fred, about how nice it was going to be from now on, but her thoughts kept trailing off. She found herself thinking about the evening she had planned—about cooking dinner, getting Fred to bed, about cleaning the apartment and setting everything to rights again. Then maybe a cup of hot chocolate and a good magazine before she went to bed herself. A great aching sob came up in her throat.

She sat up. The room looked different. The bed, the lamp, the dresser seemed strange. They weren't hers any more. It was like the time when she was a little girl and her father had sold the piano. The man didn't come to get it for a month, and it sat there in the usual place in the front room, but it wasn't theirs any more.

She swung her feet off the bed. I must stop this. I've got to be sensible. She heard Fred clattering in the kitchen. She saw him again as he had stood in front of her, leaning against the doorjamb, grinning at her. A strand of curly hair hung down over his forehead. Fred was handsome. She hadn't realized. Fred was good looking. The face of the young widow drifted before her—the high collar, the sparkling earrings, the clear laugh and the dark calculating eyes. Her heart began to pound. There were other women who looked at men like that. The young hostess who lived in the apartment downstairs. Mrs. Campion, the bookkeeper at Fred's office who was divorced. Suddenly it seemed that the city was filled with women who walked quietly, who talked in melodious voices and looked at men with languorous, calculating eyes.

She stood up and walked quickly to the mirror over the dressing table. The face staring back frightened her—pale, pasty, with stringy hair and colorless lips. She pulled a hairbrush from the drawer. Vigorously she began brushing her hair. She took the lid off a box of powder and broke the cellophane cover.

"Enid," Fred called. "It's all ready."
"I'm coming." She kept brushing her hair with one hand, meanwhile searching frantically through the little drawer for the lipstick her sister had given her on her last birthday. She could feel the quick pounding of her heart, but she noticed the headache was gone. ★

The Men Cars Made Famous

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29

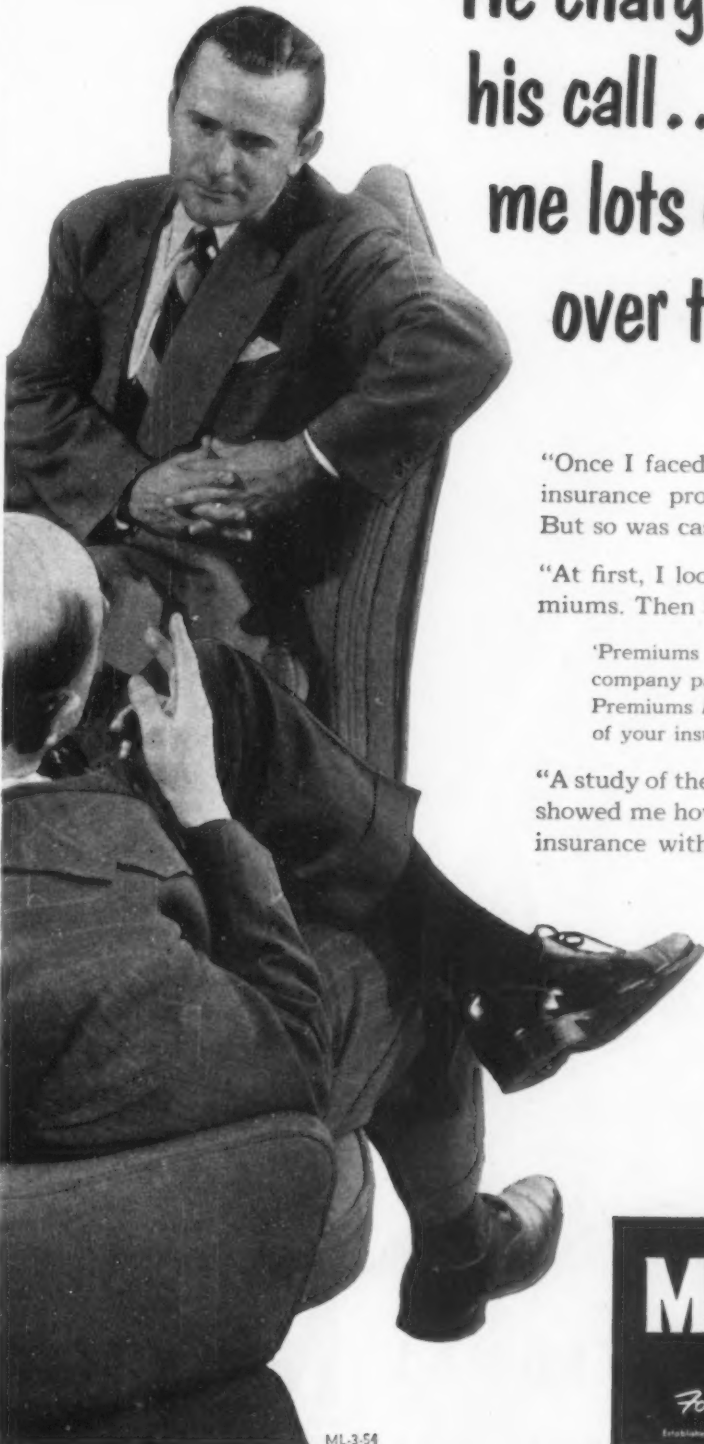
Edwin Campbell, a lifelong friend of mine who was born in Port Perry. Edwin had graduated in medicine in Canada while still too young to practice, so he went to Michigan and got a job doctoring the men in a lumber camp. While vacationing at Mackinaw Island he met, and later married, Wil-

liam Durant's daughter. So it was that we both were interested when Durant raised the question of a new general manager for Buick to replace William Little, Buick's original chief who had been forced to resign because of ill health.

I suggested that Charlie Nash, who was then general manager for Durant-Dort Carriage Company, would be good for the position. Dr. Campbell interviewed him and eventually an agreement was made for Nash to become general manager of Buick, and after a holiday in Europe he started

his work. But, as events turned out, because of the new financial arrangements and Durant's temporary departure from General Motors, Charlie Nash was to operate under a new financial committee headed by the late James J. Storrow, head of Lee, Higginson and Company. A year or two after taking over the Buick works Nash became president of General Motors Corporation.

Almost immediately he engaged Walter P. Chrysler as factory manager of Buick. On Durant's resumption of control, Chrysler was taken to Detroit



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as chief operating vice-president of General Motors. Then, owing to a misunderstanding with Durant, he left General Motors and took on the job of rehabilitating Willys-Overland Company, receiving a stupendous salary, one unheard of before in the motor industry.

Later Walter Chrysler designed his own car and launched the Chrysler Motor Car Company. Charlie Nash left General Motors when Durant again resumed control and, with the aid of some prominent bankers, formed the Nash Motor Car Company.

Meanwhile in Oshawa production and sales of the McLaughlin models were rising steadily. There is some interesting history connected with the naming of our car which I don't think has ever been told publicly. When we started making cars in 1907 the name on the radiator was, simply and justly, McLaughlin. There was more McLaughlin in the car than anything else. But in three or four years the Buick started to take a big place in the U. S. public eye.

In 1909 Bob Burman, the famous racing driver, at the wheel of a Buick, won the first Indianapolis speedway race. An elaborate advertising campaign followed. Our own advertising men in Oshawa decided that it would be smart business to cash in on the fame of Buick, so they asked that the name of our cars be changed from McLaughlin to Buick. Not wanting to stand in the way of sales, I agreed.

How Durant Won Control

To the great chagrin of our "idea men" sales declined considerably. It was, therefore, some small recompense for the lost business for me—and particularly the Governor—to be reminded that the name he had built on quality vehicles meant more to Canadians than the name of an American car. Thereafter we compromised on the respective advantages of both names, and our cars became McLaughlin-Buicks. They remained that until General Motors of Canada came into being and the McLaughlin Motor Car Company ceased to operate.

A big event in the lives of the McLaughlins occurred in 1915. I went to the auto races at Sheepshead Bay, N.Y. But it rained so hard that the races were called off, so I went on to New York City. It was my custom whenever I was there to have lunch with Edwin Campbell. On this day in 1915 I found myself lunching not only with Dr. Campbell, but with Mr. Durant and another Chevrolet stockholder, Nathan Hofheimer. Durant owned the Dominion Carriage plant in West Toronto and right then it was in the process of being converted into a plant to make Chevrolet cars. I had been interested—perhaps concerned is a better word—in that project since I heard it was under way. It sounded like strong competition, for Chevrolet had gone over big from the start. In fact, a few months later when Durant's five-year banishment was up he was back in control of General Motors. The newcomer Chevrolet Company actually controlled General Motors, through the holdings of Durant and his friends.

So this day at lunch I asked Durant casually how the Chevrolet project was coming in Canada. Before he could answer Hofheimer shot at him: "Why don't you give that to the McLaughlin boys, Billy?"

Durant and I looked at each other and we both laughed. "Well, Sam, do you want it?" he said.

I certainly wanted it. But there were two obstacles that had to be overcome.

First, how did we stand with our Buick contract if we took on another line of cars? More important, could we persuade the Governor to sell the carriage business? Certainly if we undertook to make a car with the volume Chevrolet promised in Canada we couldn't go on making carriages. And if the Governor decided against abandoning the business that was his life we couldn't take on Chevrolet.

George and I would abide by the Governor's decision. Apart from any considerations of filial loyalty, Robert McLaughlin was still the boss. Sam might be the president of the McLaughlin Motor Car Company but the Governor was the president of the McLaughlin Carriage Company—and the carriage company owned the motor-car company. As a matter of fact, by buying up the stock of our outside shareholders I actually owned control of the McLaughlin Carriage Company but that fact was not considered for a moment as my father, George and I always worked as a team. There was no doubt that, from a business viewpoint, it would be a smart move to drop carriages and take on Chevrolet. By 1915 carriage sales were declining steadily, automobile sales were rocketing. I calculated that there would be only three or four more years in which carriage production would show a profit.

Durant asked me: "How long will it take to make up your mind?" I asked him for two days. I telephoned George in Oshawa and asked him to come down immediately to New York. Durant and I went to his office and talked to John Thomas Smith, later to become vice-president of General Motors in charge of the vast legal office. Smith gave us his opinion that the Buick contract would not be affected by an arrangement to make Chevrolet.

Boldly, on the chance that the other obstacle—the Governor's attitude toward selling the carriage business—could be overcome, we went ahead and drew up a tentative contract. Our experience in arriving at the Buick contract eight years before made it not too difficult to reach terms. The Chevrolet contract wasn't quite as favorable as the Buick deal—but then both Durant and Smith thought the McLaughlins had got much the best of that Buick deal.

My brother George traveled all day by train and got to the Vanderbilt Hotel on Sunday evening. Tired as he was, we talked into the early hours of Monday, mulling over the agreement with Durant. In the morning we went to see Durant again, talked over the contract again, suggested a couple of changes, then we agreed to it all around. We got on the train that night and came home.

George said to me on the way to the office in Oshawa: "You will have to talk to the Governor." I knew how he was feeling—I was feeling that way myself. I said: "We'll both talk to him." George looked unhappy at that. "I know what a shock this will be to him," he said, "and I can't face him." So I was elected.

I walked into the Governor's office and told him all about my trip and what was in the wind. I said we couldn't run three businesses, and that the carriage business was dying. I quoted him our own figures to prove it.

It hurt to have to do that. But to my surprise he took it calmly. "Sam," he said, "I'm about through. George is thoroughly in accord with this?"

"Absolutely," I assured him. We called George in and reviewed the whole matter briefly. We assured the Governor that if he said the word we

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Toronto 9



would abandon the Chevrolet project; after all, he had started the business and felt a deep sentiment for it. We shared that sentiment too. The Governor shook his head.

"Do what you think best," he said. As soon as I left his office I put in a telephone call to Jim Tudhope, president of Carriage Factories Ltd., in Orillia. That company, an amalgamation of five or six carriage companies, had tried to buy McLaughlin's many times. It had never been for sale.

I said to Jim Tudhope right off: "Do you want to get rid of your

largest competitor?" "Do you want to sell the business now?" he asked in reply. I said, "Yes, she is for sale if we can get quick action." He asked what had happened and I told him. We even agreed, in that one telephone call, on the basis of sale, including the taking over of inventory at a reasonable discount. We agreed to meet next morning at the Queen's Hotel in Toronto, as soon as he could get his directors together.

We met and arrived at a tentative agreement, which was signed two days later in Oshawa. The terms

included the right to use the McLaughlin label on the carriages for one year. We started shipping stuff out within twenty-four hours. We had to finish three thousand sleighs which were under construction, but all the carriage materials and equipment were out within three or four weeks.

The McLaughlin Chevrolet operation was as successful on its own scale as Mr. Durant's enterprise was in the U. S. As with Buick, we made our own bodies to my designs—and we always tried to design and finish them just a little better than those across

the line. I remember once a General Motors executive visiting in Oshawa was particularly impressed by one model of Buick. He asked us to send one to the New York office to let the boys there see what we were doing in Canada. We sent it and before long it came back. Presently we learned why. Alfred Sloan had seen it parked in front of the New York showroom and ordered:

"Get that thing out of here, and quick. It's gathering crowds—and it's no more like one of our Buicks than a St. Bernard is like a dachshund!"

The year 1918 saw our final big decision—to sell the McLaughlin business to General Motors. There were a lot of factors involved: My wife and I had been blessed with five daughters, but we had no son to carry on. George was anxious to retire; he had never been strong and he had worked hard all his life. His sons had tried the business but had not taken to it. Those were the personal reasons. On the business side there was the fact that if we decided to stay in the automobile business we would almost certainly have to make our own cars from the ground up. As I have said, I had managed to make an agreement with Buick that was too favorable to us for them to renew on the same terms—when the 15-year agreement was up in three or four years. Chevrolet was now part of General Motors—their best seller—and we could scarcely expect GM to allow us to continue making just one of their models.

The McLaughlins Had to Stay

Those were our business reasons. Equally important was the fact that McLaughlin's had become by far the largest employers in Oshawa. My father had always felt, and George and I had come to feel, that the business was as much Oshawa's as it was ours. If Oshawa's motor industry became a General Motors operation, expansion and employment opportunities were assured. If we had to venture into making a car of our own in Canada, failure and unemployment might well result.

Years before I had had to sell George on the idea of going into the automobile business. Now I had to sell him on the idea of going out of it by selling to General Motors. My argument took this form: "We are through when the Buick contract expires. We could go on until then, but I wouldn't have anything to do with attempting to make a new car when that time came."

I didn't have to argue much with George before he agreed. So I went down to New York and saw the top men of General Motors: Mr. Durant, Pierre DuPont, of the great American industrial family, and John J. Raskob, the noted financier. I told them the basis on which we would sell. As had happened so often before in our major deals, this one was closed very quickly. It was no more than five minutes before Durant, DuPont and Raskob said, "Sold."

But the three men added: "We will buy on one condition, and one condition only—that you and George will run the business." I cannot deny that it was wonderful to hear those words of confidence from those great figures of the automobile world. Their proposition suited me; I was young and vigorous and full of energy, and certainly, at forty-seven, had no inclination to retire. I told them how I felt, but added that I could not speak for George, who I believed did not want to carry on much longer. I became president, and as a result of the condition of sale George accepted the



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position of vice-president of the new General Motors of Canada and remained in that capacity until his retirement in 1924.

When that happened I felt a sense of shock. We had worked and fought together for so many years. His going left me lonesome for someone to scrap with. But by scrap I do not mean quarrel. Long ago we had made an agreement never to quarrel with each other, no matter how great the pressure under which we worked—and we never did.

In 1924 I became the last McLaughlin active in the business my father had founded in his driving shed at Tyrone fifty-seven years before. For in 1921 we had suffered a grievous loss in the passing of the dear Governor. He had been active in an advisory capacity until the end. When he knew at last that he had only three or four days to live, he did something which was characteristic of him: He sent for fifteen of our oldest employees, men who had worked for him and with him for the greater part of their lifetimes, to bid them farewell.

My father Robert McLaughlin was a remarkable man. I refer not only to his achievements but to his character. He was one of those rare men who could be called, in the truest sense of the word, a good man. And he was incapable of doing anything into which he did not put his honest best.

Not long after George retired I reached a decision. I had worked hard for many years; the growing business with its ramifications was becoming a great load. I wanted to ease off a little. I told Alfred Sloan, president of the parent company, that I wanted a general manager—and selected my own choice for the position, K. T. Keller, who later went from Oshawa to become president of The Chrysler Corporation.

For many years now I have been chairman of the board of General Motors of Canada, in addition to being vice-president and director of the parent company. For many years I have been telling my associates that I would stay at my desk only as long as I could be of some value to the company—only as long as I did not get in the way. I would not be human if I did not appreciate the fact that in my 84th year they still seem to think that I have a contribution to make.

It is almost half a century since I first put my hand to an automobile, so I suppose that gives me the longest experience of any living man with all phases of the motor age—from designing cars to forming a company to make them. I have been intimately concerned with their growth from converted carriages in which a single cylinder delivered uncertain power to an exposed chain which in turn drove carriage-type wheels with solid rubber tires, up to the present magnificence of the all-automatic car which practically drives, stops and steers itself. But if I were asked to name the one development that more than any other contributed to the incredible growth of the industry, my answer might surprise most people, for it has nothing to do with the advance in engines or the design and structure of the car, great as the developments have been in those fields. My answer is—the development of Duco finish by Charles F. Kettering, General Motors' great research chief, who also, of course, invented the self-starter, Ethyl anti-knock fluid, and designed the first V-8 engine in America as used in Cadillacs as well as Diesel locomotives.

Up to 1914 automobiles were finished with the same paints and varnishes used on carriages, which required up to fifteen coats of paint. That finish

took up to three weeks to dry in fine weather, as much as a month when the climate was humid. The magnitude of that paint-job bottleneck can well be imagined and the present huge production would have been an utter impossibility, because there would not have been space enough to store the bodies during the drying process. Undoubtedly Kettering's development of a finish that could keep pace with production lines was, more than anything else, what made possible the motor industry as we know it today.

When in 1924 I decided to "ease off"

I found there were many avenues of new interest. From my bicycling days I had loved speed—competitive speed. When I grew up I became the proud possessor of a fast motor boat—fast for those days, because it would speed from the Oshawa waterfront to the Royal Canadian Yacht Club in Toronto in an hour and a half. Late in 1925 I commissioned an R-class yacht to be built in an attempt to bring the international Richardson Cup, emblematic of the championship of the Great Lakes in that class, to the Royal Canadian Yacht Club of which I was a member.

She was designed by Bingley Benson, built at Oakville, and named after my youngest daughter, Eleanor. Norman Gooderham skippered Eleanor in the 1926 races against yachts from Chicago and Cleveland, and won handily.

Later that year I bought a big beautiful three-masted schooner, the Azara, which led to a strange incident. Azara was registered in the U. S., and since that country was in the throes of prohibition we were liable to seizure if we sailed into any American port with liquor aboard. This put a crimp in entertaining on cruises so my lawyer,



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Strachan Johnson, tried to have Azara's registration changed to British, but failed. Finally we learned that the only way to get the registration changed was to have the ship "libeled" for non-payment of a liability, put up for sale, and sold to a British subject.

By coincidence the captain of Azara decided about that time that I owed him \$140 for some reason I cannot remember. I refused to pay; Azara was "libeled" and put up for auction. A British subject by the name of Sam McLaughlin was the successful bidder—at \$140. Then I could fly the blue

ensign and carry supplies for the sick and ailing into any port I chose.

The man from whom I had bought Azara, Jesse Metcalf, head of a large American industry, was away when all this happened. When he returned and heard part of the story, he was deeply concerned that the McLaughlin fortunes had fallen so low that I had lost the schooner for a \$140 debt.

For many years up to 1950 the name McLaughlin was probably known to as many people interested in horses as in automobiles. The family had always owned horses; I had spent thousands

of boy-hours feeding and grooming our horses in the days before we got a hired man. During World War II, when most executives were fretting over the difficulty of driving even to their offices with the small gasoline ration allowed, I solved that problem by putting up my car and driving to the plant in a carriage.

It was logical, therefore, that when I decided to "ease up" one of my hobbies should be horses. At first they were show horses—hunters, jumpers, saddle horses. I had the advantage of a fine team of riders that I had

raised in my own home—my daughters Eileen, Mildred, Isabel, Hilda and Eleanor.

We first entered the Cobourg Horse Show in 1926, and thereafter for more than ten years my horses—and daughters—competed at shows and fairs throughout Ontario and Quebec, as well as in the U. S. The names of some of my best horses revive memories for me, and perhaps for others—My Delight, Sharavogue, Sligo, Michael, Punch, Rathmore, El Tigre.

The racing stable came later. It wasn't a case of dropping show horses in favor of racers at once, but in the Thirties the change gradually took place. For one thing, my daughters were getting married and I felt it wasn't fair to take them away from their families to ride; for another, I had a neighbor, Charles Robson, who was a persuasive advocate of horse racing.

Success in the show ring, Robson maintained, depended too much on the judge's personal opinion about conformation and performance; judges were only human, and humans were fallible. Now horse racing, he insisted, was the real sport—"when a horse gets his nose under the wire first—he's won!"

We could scarcely complain that we had suffered at the hands of the judges, considering that our horses had won a total of 1,500 ribbons and more than 400 pieces of plate. But there was much good sense in what Robson said, and I proceeded to build up the breeding and racing stable known as Parkwood.

I am not going to go into any great detail concerning my racing career, which is such recent history. There were thrills and highlights galore, including the winning of three King's Plates by Horometer, Kingarvie and Moldy.

I love horses and racing, but in 1950 I sold my farm, racing horses and all equipment with the understanding that the beautiful farm that had given me so much pleasure would continue as a stud farm for the promotion and improvement of the thoroughbred. My horses, of course, had not always won, but I believe the public knew they were trying all the time.

One of the Parkwood Stable's feats in racing was winning the Open Cup and Saucer stake three times. The prize for this race is a solid-gold cup and saucer. After I had collected three, Fred Orpen, owner of Dufferin and Long Branch tracks in Toronto, rounded out the set with a gold teapot and cream and sugar pieces. Now who can own a gold tea set and resist having a tea party? So we held one.

For the benefit of anyone who would like to know what it's like to drink tea out of a gold cup, I know the answer. It's terrible. The precious metal conducts the heat and burns your mouth painfully. Tea-drinking is pleasanter out of a ten-cent china cup.

And so it is, I've found through the years I've just told you about, with all the rest of the business of living. The things I cherish are harder-wearing than gold: the solid worth of lifelong friendships with men of good faith; the men whose names have cropped up in this story and the others whose names would be here if the story were as long as my memory; the worth of a lifetime spent working at a job that drew the best from me and the men I worked beside—an association with a great industry and a great enterprise; a long life of good health, and sport in the outdoors. Above all these, I treasure the love of my wife and the affection of my family. Those are the things of real worth in my life.

I own a gold teacup, but I don't drink out of it. ★



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London Letter

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

could have seen a tiny puppet pianist with horn-rimmed glasses accompanying a diffident puppet cellist you would have roared as loudly as the rest of us.

And if you had watched a lion tamer trying to put his head into the mouth of a lion while it turned away in boredom until in greater boredom it swallowed the tamer whole, you would have applauded too.

There were thirteen numbers in all and never once was there a suggestion of propaganda. But of course the Russians under any regime have always been great satirists. You can see that in the plays of Chekhov and the novels of Dostoevski. You can see it in their love of Charles Dickens, who was a supreme caricaturist of the pen. In fact the popularity of the puppet theatre in Moscow has survived every change of regime.

When the performance was over, the ambassador conducted us into another room where vodka, caviar and all sorts of delicacies ministered to our palate. In fact when we left the embassy and ran the gantlet of the Japanese eyes from across the street we all agreed that it had been a jolly good show—the highest praise in the English vocabulary.

Now, it also happens that six months ago the Russian Ballet, once styled the Imperial Russian Ballet, came for a short season to the gigantic Stoll Theatre which, incidentally, was originally the London Opera House, built by Oscar Hammerstein's grandfather.

Like Dolls in a Circle

The company consisted of about fifty girls with no males except two unhappy looking zither players and a gigantic fellow with a guitar. The first ballet showed the girls moving in a circle, apparently on a revolving stage. They were clothed in something like peasant crinolines—if that conveys anything to you. In other words they were clothed from their necks to their shoes.

Without any visible motion on their part they went round and round in graceful circles like dolls. And then the audience caught on and burst into rapturous applause. So skilfully had they been trained that their feet were doing the doll-like turn and there was, in fact, no revolving stage at all. If I do not make it clear, it is my fault not yours.

The girls were young, healthy and pretty although I prefer to believe that that had nothing to do with the visit the Red Dean of Canterbury paid them behind the curtain at the end of the first half. At any rate the company played a short season to immense business. Whereupon they were whisked back to Moscow and no doubt were re-docrinated in the Communist faith. Certainly they could not have been more closely guarded in London if they had been nuclear scientists.

It is difficult to discuss Russia in rational terms—not only difficult but, in some countries, dangerous. There are men of experienced judgment who believe Russia intends to conquer and destroy the non-Communist world. Therefore any signs of friendliness from the Soviet must be regarded as poisoned sweets. Or if a civilized gesture is made from Moscow then we know that it is just a move to lull the West into an idiotic complacency.

Readers of Maclean's might well ask at this point whether a puppet show and a *corps de ballet* are anything more than just ordinary items of entertain-

ment at the fag end of the London season. The answer is that both the puppets and the ballerinas are state financed and state controlled. Whatever the purpose of their visit it must be studied on the level of propaganda and not merely as entertainment. What then is the purpose of it?

Only a fool would believe that the Russian Bear has become overnight a peaceful bleating lamb. On the other hand it may not be the highest wisdom to assume that the Russians want to precipitate a world war in which their cities would be wiped out. There is

no reason to believe that the Russian is more anxious than anyone else to embrace dusty death before his time.

I suggest, therefore, that for a few moments we look at Russia and Communism and try to discover whether they are one and indivisible. Further we must ask ourselves whether Communism is not so much a political creed as a convenient device whereby Russian imperialism, although clothed now in a workman's blouse, can extend its frontiers.

It is a great mistake for the outside world to delude itself into thinking

that the people of Russia wanted Communism or that it sprang spontaneously from their sacred soil. For generations Russian imperialism had been in decline, bolstered only by a vast number of inefficient and corrupt civil servants. As for the monarchy, its doom was foreseen after the defeat of Russia by little Japan; it could not survive another war. And so it proved in 1917.

There is nothing new about Communism, not even its name. The French Revolution, that supreme inspiration of all subsequent revolutions,



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was administered by the Commune which tried to convince the people that the end of royalty meant a grand new life where the mob would be the masters.

But history never alters. A mob can destroy, but it cannot build. Out of the blood that splashed from the guillotine came the dictator Napoleon, who made himself emperor and drained the life blood of France in battle.

Lenin and Trotsky told the Russian workers and peasants that they would be the rulers of Russia when the Romanov throne was destroyed. But

only a fool or a man of no judgment and experience could have believed that the people would be led and governed by the people. Call it revolution or Communism or Nazism—they are all the same. Only the intellectuals, immunized by their books, imagine that a revolution makes people master of their fate. The strong man, the dictator, always emerges.

I do not doubt that Stalin had wild dreams of further conquest when Hitler's Germany lay prostrate in defeat. Britain was weary to the point of exhaustion; the Americans wanted to

go home; France was broken in body and spirit; Italy was in chaos. And almost as important was the surging tide of independence sweeping through Africa and Asia.

The continent of Europe was at the mercy of Russian armed strength. Nor were the existing armaments merely held at the cease-fire level. Stalin spent vast sums increasing his military strength and his scientists were working day and night to give him terrible weapons of destruction.

The flash point came with the challenge of the Berlin air lift. / Rus-

sia declared a blockade of the roads on which the Americans and British brought supplies to their zones in West Berlin. The answer was swift and startling. The Allies declared that they would fly in supplies and that escorting planes would shoot down any Russian planes that intervened.

We were perilously near war at that moment. But Stalin hesitated. Perhaps he was tired and sick. Perhaps he lost his nerve. Whatever it was, his hour passed and his death was not far off. For Stalin there were to be no more victorious battles.

Today Malenkov sits in the seat of power but unlike his predecessor he does not pose as a god, as the Little Father of his People, nor as a conquering marshal. He is a remote figure to the outside world and to his own countrymen.

It is quite possible that Malenkov does not want war with the West. It is quite possible that he has come to the conclusion that another war would turn Europe into a graveyard with crawling rats the only remaining sign of life.

I would go further and suggest that Malenkov may have come to realize the historic truth that Europe is physically a single entity that has been plagued through the centuries by wars of conquest which are, in effect, civil wars.

It is true that the West regards Russia as a semi-Asiatic nation but that need not rule out the possibility that Russia may regard herself as primarily European. Russia, like France, faces the threat of German rearmament. Nor will it be long until the threat becomes a fact. Is it, therefore, not in the interests of Russia as well as Britain and France that a European Concordat should be reached in which frontiers would be mutually guaranteed?

I detest Communism with my mind and my soul but if we are to keep it within bounds we must endeavor to bring Russia psychologically further toward the West. Some day the Russian people will demand their liberty. I shall never forget those words that Kerensky uttered to me: "I gave Russia five months of freedom, and a nation that has known freedom for even that long will never rest until it has it again."

We can see a glimmer of hope in Malenkov's attitude. We can see a further glimmer in the ballet dancers and the puppets sent from Moscow to amuse us in London. Beyond that we cannot go.

It may be that the scientists have made war impossible. Although we cannot exactly sleep with the hydrogen bomb under the pillow we must keep it handy until the day when man will come of age and put away such brutal things forever.

When Churchill spoke of co-existence he may have seen further than the rest of us. It is the only way that humanity can survive. ★

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The Curse of the Mambo

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35

as she passed over the threshold, she spat on it. Sophie followed her into the street and began to shout again. But then she realized where she was, and stopped. She went back into her house and stood alone in the empty room.

"I don't care if she is my mother," she said aloud. "We're decent. We're clean. We're modern!" Then she sat down before her sewing machine and burst into tears.

Her concern was as much for her daughters as for herself. A grandmother who practiced Voodoo was no asset to Fernande and Cesarine who, Sophie was determined, were destined to marry brilliant cabinet ministers. She was not worried about her sons, Christophe and Anastase, for they were strong and severe like Caseus and showed no manifestations of the wildness she had feared they might inherit from the men in her family.

Sighing, she raised her head from behind the sewing machine, and looked about to see which of her innumerable chores needed most to be done. She knew there was nothing she could do for her girls but make them the finest little ladies in Haiti; and that would be their glory. In order to do this, they had to have fine dresses, and she had to make them. So she picked up a piece of gingham she had bargained for in the market and put it under the needle. But she had not worked five minutes before she heard footsteps outside and knew from them that Caseus was coming home. He was unusually early. Sophie thought he must have already heard of the Mambo's visit and was coming to punish her. She trembled. It was strange, but she was always frightened of Caseus every time she heard him coming. He was a man she had to get used to all over again every time he came home. He was a proud man, an austere one, with many responsibilities and a tradition to uphold. He could never forget for a minute that the men in his family had been in the government service, one way or another despite many sudden changes in administration, for more than a hundred years.

WHEN he came in, he did not kiss her formally on the forehead, as he always did. Instead he only nodded, and sat down in his chair with a groan.

Sophie ran to him and saw that he looked stricken.

"What is it?" she cried, running for his comforts—pipe, slippers, small glass of rum.

"Oh, woman, woman," Caseus moaned, shaking his head.

"Yes? Yes? What?"

But Caseus would say no more. Sophie could not understand him in this mood. This was not the terrible wrath she had expected because of the Mambo. She wondered what other way she might have failed him. Every morning when Cesarine handed her the prayer book and she tried to spell out a verse, she saw his look of pity, or perhaps it was even contempt; but she did not mind that, or her children's occasional impatience with her because she was slow and ignorant. She was proud to be the wife of a man who could read and write, and the mother of children who were going to be cultured.

This Caseus, however, the one who slumped in his chair before her, she did not know.

"What's wrong, Caseus?" she demanded, over and over.

Caseus groaned several more times, even after he had smoked and sipped a while, but he did not speak. Sophie trembled and was really afraid.

"You're sick, Caseus!" she said.

Fastening great sad eyes upon her, Caseus shook his head. Again he did not speak.

"What is it?" Sophie pleaded.

"Your man is a complete fool, Sophie," Caseus said solemnly.

This was an unprecedented announcement and, therefore, very upsetting. Sophie ran to him, knelt before him, and begged for an explanation.

"I have taken food out of our children's mouths," he said.

Sophie stammered: "What . . . How . . . Why . . ."

Caseus pushed her away and rose. He put one hand on his chest in a dramatic gesture that Sophie knew well, and began to stride up and down.

"Ten gourde," he chanted. "Two dollars American."

"It's not so much," Sophie argued. "How did you do it?"

"I bought a lottery ticket!"

Sophie squealed in amazement. She was unreasonably delighted, but knew

she mustn't let Caseus see it.

"How did you come to do that?" she asked with what she hoped was proper solemnity.

Rolling his eyes and waving his hands to express self-disappointment, Caseus described his temptation, struggle, and final capitulation.

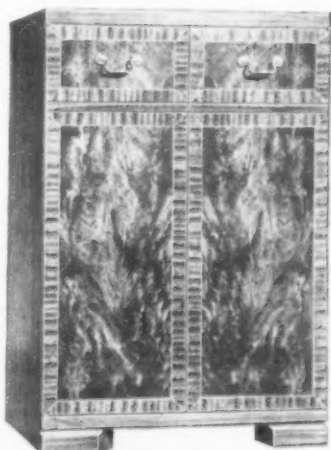
"But it was all because of Honoré Lebrun," he snorted when his recital was finished. "An agent of the devil. He knew my weaknesses, and he can talk. He has winning ways. He can make an absurd proposition logical—long enough, at least, for it to be too

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late to put up an argument."

"And this happened today?" Sophie asked.

"Oh no. Three days I've carried it about with me. Tonight I had to tell you. Now I have. Judge me!"

Sophie didn't know what to say. From the way Caseus was looking at her she knew he expected her to say the right thing, but she had no idea what that would be, and instead of saying something, she giggled foolishly.

"Are you laughing at me?" Caseus demanded in a voice that throbbed with the promise of outrage.

"Oh, no, no," Sophie protested. "I was thinking only. It's a big thing—a serious thing."

Caseus relaxed. Nodding approvingly, he struck his chest again.

"You might win," Sophie ventured to observe, knowing she shouldn't; but it was the idea stronger than all others in her mind, and she couldn't help it.

"Who wins?" Caseus asked in a thunderous voice. "Thieves. Beggars. Cousins of the President. People like us don't win. It is impossible. It would not be allowed."

Sophie knew he was right, and hung her head resignedly. She listened while Caseus elaborated on his own folly and that of the Government, condemning himself and everyone else to perdition. After a while, however, she could stand it no longer, and raising her head, interrupted.

"It's not so bad, Caseus," she said. "It has happened when we all have shoes. If it had happened before, and we could not all go to the garden party, then . . ."

Caseus silenced her by raising his hand. He took her by the shoulders and looked into her eyes.

"You are a good woman," he said sadly. "But you lack pride totally. I would rather not have this deed on my conscience than to go to all the garden parties for the next one hundred years!"

Though she did not say so, Sophie did not agree with him. She would have been willing to bear the weight of a good many sins in order to go to the President's garden party, where there would be turkey and lobster and shrimp spread out on tables for all to eat freely. She and her children had never tasted such things and Sophie was determined that now they should, for it was to her not an unimportant part of the elegance she dreamed of that she be familiar—from one experience, at least, with the taste of fine food.

Sophie and Caseus, both lost in reverie, stood facing each other. Then Sophie was startled from hers by a sudden fear that Caseus might be going to suggest that, as a suitable atonement for his sin, they should not go to the garden party at all; and sure enough, his countenance suddenly lost its look of brooding and was enlivened by a smile. Sophie saw this and remarked to herself, as she often did when this happened, how his color seemed to darken and lighten in conjunction with his mood. When he smiled, pink lights glowed in his skin, instead of the usual blue, but Sophie had learned with the years to put herself on guard, rather than relax, as another person might, when Caseus smiled.

"It was the garden party fever. That's what it did to me," Caseus beamed as he proclaimed the fatal words. "That is very definitely the reason. It was the garden party talk that unbalanced me." He nodded his head vigorously and looked at Sophie, waiting for approval. But she could not reply; she could only bite her lip and look down at the bare floor she had scrubbed so often that was now dirty again.

"Don't you agree?" Caseus de-



MACLEAN'S

manded, and then, without waiting for an answer, went on. "Of course I am right. That is the reason for my folly. It's all because of the garden party. Very well, then, it is simple. We can put it all to rights. We won't go!"

Sophie sighed, knowing that all was lost. Closing her eyes, she prepared to accept the inevitable.

"Yes, dear wife," Caseus continued, his voice brighter with every word, "we shall not present ourselves to our President at the garden party. We shall be humble, and our sins will be forgiven." He paused, cleared his throat, poked at his wilted collar, and then, more casually, added: "Of course I shall have to go in my official capacity

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—alone. But unofficially, that is, socially, it is not required, so you and the children can remain at home."

Unable to restrain her indignation completely, Sophie cried out: "But we have shoes, Caseus!"

"They can be saved for other occasions."

"There are no other occasions."

Caseus smiled indulgently.

"Oh yes," he said. "There will be weddings—funerals."

"Who will be married? Who will die?" Sophie had to turn away and face the wall, for she was going to cry, a thing she never did when Caseus was in the house.

Caseus took out his watch and studied it for a long time, which is what he always did when he considered a subject exhausted but was at a loss for another. Time ticked itself out quietly. Caseus and Sophie did not speak again until the children came home for supper.

The day of the garden party their street was full of excitement. But Sophie would not go out of the house. All the neighbors were going to the President's mansion to watch the guests arrive, but Sophie could not be persuaded to go with them even though she knew the mansion was lighted by blue neon and pink flamingos were parading before it on the lawn. She sat long hours alone in the dark, listening to the distant sounds of festivity, until at last she noticed they were no longer so distant, that they were coming nearer and nearer, until they were right there in the street outside her house; and then there was a great pounding on the door. When she realized that the noise was all for her, that it was her door they were pounding on, her name they were calling, she rushed out into the street. There she met a wild confusion of

sounds: shouting, sobbing, screaming. For a long time she did not understand what so many people were trying to tell her. Then at last she did; and she saw what they had brought her back from the garden party.

Caseus had, miraculously, got close to the President. In fact, they all said the President had spoken to him. At any rate, someone just then had fired a shot that, though meant for His Excellency, had killed Caseus.

They wore their shoes to the funeral, which, because Caseus had become posthumously famous, was an impressive one. The President sent a cabinet minister to represent him, and ordered that the government pay all the expenses. The Bishop himself was in charge of the service. A small army of bureaucrats, who had been given two hours off just to attend, filled all the pews in the rear half of the big church. Sophie, numb with shock, hardly noticed anyone, but it did occur to her later, when she was on the way to the cemetery with the children, that these men from the bureaus and ministries had each looked like the other, and all like her Caseus.

AFTER Caseus had been lowered into the grave and the earth had covered him and the prayers were all said, they went home. But they were not to be alone. The house was overflowing with people, most of them men and women Sophie could not remember having known before. Excited, but solemn, they all wanted to comfort Sophie and her children. There were a great many dogs, cats, and children there, too, and everyone had brought some offering of food or drink.

Everyone fussed over Sophie and her children, admiring their clothes, and particularly, their shoes. Sophie tried to smile and thank them, but she could hardly speak. No one minded. She wept, now and then, which pleased everyone, and after a while she fell asleep in a chair.

She was awakened by sounds she knew too well; the beating of a drum and the shuffling of many naked feet. Sitting up with a jerk, she stared at all the people dancing before her there in her house. Then she rose.

"No, no. Not in my house!" she shouted furiously.

At first no one paid attention, but she shouted again and again until the crowd was aware of her and stopped what they were doing, to listen.

"What are you doing in my house?" She was shouting; and her sons were holding her by the arms. Cesarine and Fernande were weeping.

"Don't allow it," Sophie screamed at them. "Don't you see what they are doing? Don't let them disgrace us. This is a respectable Christian home!"

Several people in the crowd laughed rudely; others became angry and shouted insults at Sophie. Tension rose as

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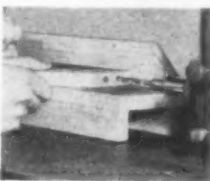
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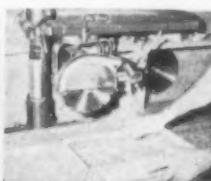
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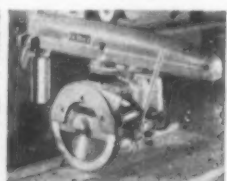
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the drum went on despite Sophie's demands that it be stopped. Then, just as resentment was getting the better of the crowd's natural good nature, a man ran into the room, beat his way through the crowd, and threw himself on Sophie. He called her name and shouted incoherently.

"What is it? Who are you?" she asked, frightened.

"Lebrun. Lebrun. Honoré Lebrun!"

The name meant nothing. Sophie pulled away. "What is it? What do you want?"

"I tell you. Only listen. The lottery, see? Caseus has won it!" He shouted the news so loudly that everyone heard. There was a great gasp, then silence.

"What?" Sophie looked at Lebrun for the first time. "You say Caseus has won? But what does that matter? Don't you know? Caseus is dead."

Honoré Lebrun jumped up and down.

"Listen, listen," he cried. "The money goes to you. You are rich! One of the richest women in Haiti! Now you will have hundreds of opportunities to marry again."

The crowd murmured in protest. Sophie, shocked by Lebrun's crudeness, turned away and hid her head on Cesarine's shoulder. But soon the great news took effect: the mourning mood was swept away by joy, for everyone was glad of Sophie's good fortune, and no one seemed less happy because it was not his own. They all rushed forward to congratulate Sophie and soon she was rejoicing with them, laughing and sobbing, hugging her sons and daughters, kissing the cheeks and shaking the hands of friends and strangers both.

There was now a big crowd outside the house, too. The officials were coming to make the presentation. More food and drink appeared and were quickly dispensed. Torches were

brought and there was singing and dancing in the street. Inside, because of Sophie's bereavement and her known disapproval of certain celebrations, restraint prevailed. Sophie sat apart, smiling but decorous, still an object of pity in spite of the awe superimposed by her sudden new status.

THE street was full when the officials arrived. People surged, cheered, wept. There was an impromptu but still impressive procession down the street and into the house. When it arrived and Sophie rose to make them all welcome, everyone threw flowers at her and called out her name as if she were Queen. The officials bowed and gestured. One official made a speech, then another official, and another. The language was exalted. But then the most impressive official stepped forward and held out his hand. He asked for the ticket.

"The ticket?" Sophie echoed.

"The ticket," Lebrun whispered.

"The ticket?"

"The ticket."

Quiet spread through the room and out into the street, as if everyone knew in advance what Sophie was going to say.

"I have no ticket," she said. "Caseus had the ticket."

Everyone wanted to help. Each person wanted to be the one to find the ticket for Sophie.

There was a frenzy of searching, but since Sophie had such few possessions, it did not take very long. There was no ticket anywhere. Finally the officials shook their heads and prepared to depart. A great groan shook the house, the street, the whole city, as the impressive men in their brilliant uniforms marched out of the house and away.

Without the ticket, of course, no one

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could win. It was the law. Sophie had two days in which to produce the ticket and then, if she did not, there would be another drawing.

Very soon the house was empty again. Only Honoré Lebrun stayed with Sophie.

"It must be somewhere," he insisted. "Think!"

But Sophie could not think. "I never saw the ticket," she said. "Caseus had it. It was all his doing." Then, overwhelmed by grief, anger, and despair, she broke down.

Fernande, Cesarine, Christophe, and Anastase crowded around their mother. Her hysteria was contagious and they wailed and sobbed with her.

Afterwards, Cesarine, the first to collect herself, came over to Lebrun.

"What did he have on when he bought the ticket?" she asked quietly. "Do you remember?"

Lebrun considered.

"Yes, I do," he answered. "It was a grey suit with a stripe. I remember because it made him look so important—much more important than he was."

Cesarine screamed. Sophie, startled out of her misery, rose and ran to her. "What is it?" Sophie asked.

"I know where it is," Cesarine whispered. "In his grey suit."

Lebrun clapped his hands. "Good. Good. Where is the grey suit?"

Sophie raised her hand and pointed, far beyond them, into the distance.

"He's wearing the suit," she moaned. "We buried him in it."

There was a long silence. They all stared at one another. Then Sophie sank down in her chair.

"It is the Mambo's curse," she said.

Honoré Lebrun whistled, and shook his head. He was about to go away, certain that good and bad fortune were both too vagrant in this house for it to be safe to stay. But just as he was

about to accept this fatalistic idea, it was dispersed by another. He looked closely at Sophie, then at her children. He hesitated, then went to Cesarine and whispered in her ear. She stiffened and looked at Sophie. They all seemed to understand at the same moment. Sophie got up and went to Lebrun. She took him by the arm.

"Who would do it?" she asked. "I will do it," Lebrun replied. "For your sake, and for a share of the money."

"Ten percent," said Cesarine. "Done," said Lebrun. "But first we must ask. It will be difficult. There will have to be permits."

They went to the government. It was a long time before they were sent to the right bureau. Finally they were told there would be no objection provided there was none from the Church. Sophie and Lebrun were advised to go to the Bishop himself.

Since Caseus had been famous so recently, the Bishop granted them audience after they had waited only two hours. He was a plump man and would have been jolly had he not had to be dignified so much of the time. Entering the audience chamber in his palace, he clucked sympathetically. He knew who Sophie was and was wondering why she had come. It seemed strange to him that a woman who had just won the lottery should come at once to call on him. He was convinced that the government had arranged for Caseus' number to win, as compensation for his involuntary martyrdom. It was, he thought, a nice gesture, but more sentimental than practical. It would be wasted on people of their kind.

"What can I do for you, daughter?" he asked aloud.

Sophie found herself unable to answer. She looked piteously at Honoré Lebrun who, looking fearfully at the



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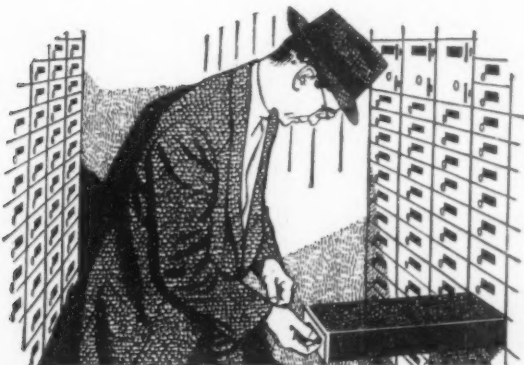


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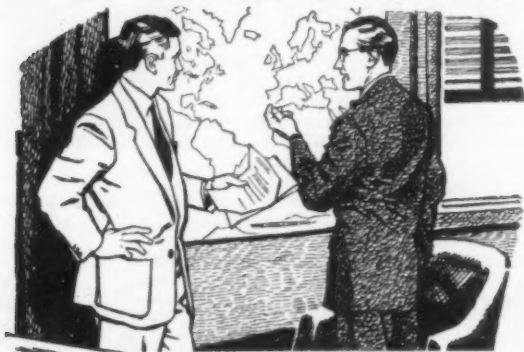
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Bishop, fumbled with his tie, cleared his throat, and blurted out their request.

The Bishop had to sit down.

"What are you asking?" he gasped. "Such a thing is impossible—unthinkable."

Both Sophie and Lebrun fell to their knees before the Bishop and began to plead as fervently as any two people he had ever heard.

"It would be an outrage . . . sacrilege," he said. "It is not even to be considered. Not for a moment. You are forbidden even to think of it."

These people were shocking the Bishop. Greed had turned them callous; and this was not to be encouraged. The Bishop wanted them to go.

"Nothing more to say," he shouted in his most severe tone, and waddled to the door.

Sophie, suddenly nimble, got there before him. She held out a hand to stop him.

"All things are possible with God," she proclaimed. "I have heard you say so. There will be half for the Church."

"Half?" The Bishop stopped. He thought quickly, desperately. It was an outrageous demand by all standards. The Church could use the money, but not on these terms. Money could corrupt, and here was proof of it. He had disapproved of the lottery, not on principle, but because he knew his people and feared for them. He had been right. This woman had been almost imperious with him. He would not bargain with her, not for twenty times the money. These people had to revere him and the Church above everything else, or they would become utterly unrestrainable.

"You could promise *all* to the Church," he said, "and it would make no difference." He indicated to Sophie with a quick, authoritative jerk of the head, that he wished to pass, and she

stepped aside. The door opened and closed, and the Bishop was gone.

Sophie stared at Lebrun.

"No," he said. "It can't be done. Without permission, all is lost. No one in the world would do it now."

Caseus had said that Honoré Lebrun was an agent of the devil. Now Sophie realized that all that had happened to her was in a way Lebrun's fault. He had sold the lottery ticket to Caseus. If it had not been for the lottery ticket, she would not now be a widow, since it was only because of it she had not gone to the garden party, and if she had been there Caseus would not have gone so close to the President.

There in the Bishop's palace, Sophie saw that her misery was to be endless, and the vision of it was more than she could bear. She began to howl and beat Lebrun with her fists. He had to drag her past scandalized attendants out of the palace into the city square, where the spectacle of Sophie's rage drew such a large crowd in such a short time, he was forced to take a taxi, which he could ill afford.

In Sophie's street the neighbors who knew of Sophie's mission and were waiting for her triumphant return, saw at once when the taxi drove up, that this extravagance meant not victory, but defeat. Women rushed forward to help Lebrun with Sophie, for she was still violent. These women, since they were women and used to trouble, knew what to do. Before long, Sophie was asleep in her own bed and a woman skilled in the art of inducing sleep was sleeping in a chair beside her.

After many hours, just before dawn, Sophie awoke. She sat up and tried to peer into the darkness. She recognized the woman in the chair but knew it had not been her snoring that had awakened her. It had been something else, the feeling of some extraordinary

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presence that had come and gone so quickly that she could not be certain it had been there. Sophie felt so excited, so inexplicably happy, that she thought she must have had some wonderful dream that was now forgotten. Remembering again all her sorrows, she sighed profoundly, lay back on her hard bed, and was soon asleep.

IN THE morning she felt calm. She got up, dressed herself, picked up her prayer book from the table, and went into the next room, where the children were waiting for her. They were, she knew, expecting her to be different, but hoping she would be the same. Fernande, the older daughter, had made breakfast, and Cesarine, who was so clever, stood where she always did, waiting for Sophie to come with her prayer book.

Sophie, when she saw them, feared she would weep again, but she knew she could not allow herself to do it. She had her duty. There would be no professional careers now for the boys, and no cabinet ministers for the girls, but whatever was to become of them she could keep them clean and decent.

"No use my trying to read," she said, handing the prayer book to Cesarine. "I'll never learn. You read us the verse."

Cesarine opened the book and rifled the pages, looking for a special verse that was her favorite. She did not notice the small square of white paper that dropped out and fluttered to the floor.

Fernande saw it and reached down to pick it up. She examined it closely, and then with a gurgle that turned into a scream, handed it to Sophie.

It was the lottery ticket. They were babbling and crying, hugging each other and dancing crazily.

Fernande rushed out to tell the neighbors; Christophe went for the officials, and Anastase for Lebrun. Sophie was alone with Cesarine.

"Is it a miracle, Mother?" Cesarine asked.

"No," Sophie replied. "But it *must* be, Mother. The ticket wasn't there the other night. I looked all through the prayer book when everyone was searching."

"It was stuck between the pages." "Oh, no, Mother. If it was stuck then, why wasn't it stuck now? It would have stayed stuck . . ."

But Sophie was not listening to Cesarine. She stood motionless in the middle of the room, listening to something else, something very far away that was, however, coming nearer and nearer. She went to the window and stood there, peering out between the slats of the shutters. Then, after a while, she turned.

"Open the door, Cesarine," she cried. "The Mambo is coming. Go and make her welcome."

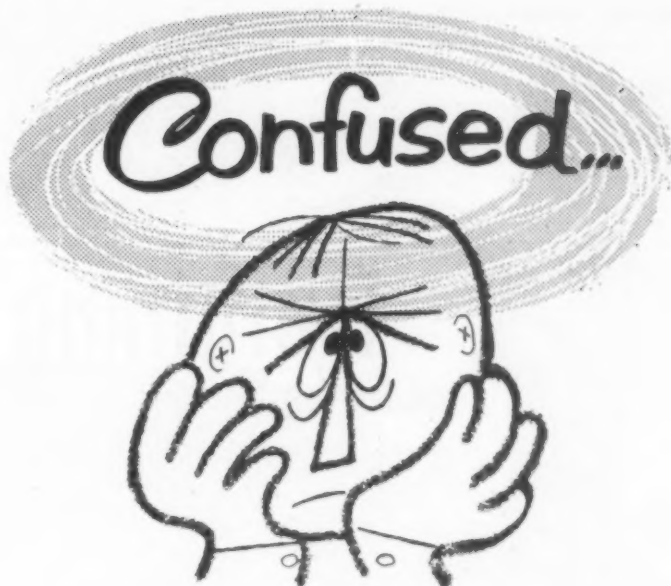
Cesarine did not go. She laughed and tossed her head.

"We don't want *her* here now," she said.

Sophie was surprised that Cesarine did not seem to hear the drum that she could hear so clearly. Something about the smile on Cesarine's lips and the confident tilt of her head angered Sophie, and she raised her voice to command. "Go and do what I say, and do it quickly!"

Her voice was so strange, so terrible, that Cesarine obeyed.

The Mambo came in and stood silent before her. The old eyes were deep and there was much to see in them. Sophie looked deeply, and understood. Then, with a long sigh, she knelt down before the Mambo and kissed her naked feet. ★



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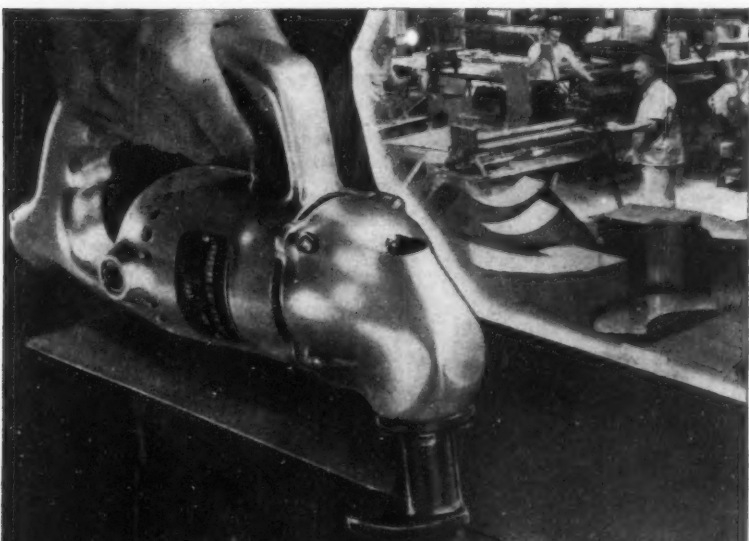
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High-Flying Braves of Caughnawaga

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33

There are mysterious roots too. Shaking them in a bottle he informs the members of his wide-eyed audience that they must concentrate on a wish. Only if they concentrate will two of the roots cross each other in the bottle as he shakes it. The uppermost twig forming the cross may then be purchased for a dollar. It must be sewn in a black cloth and carried at all times. It will ward off the evil spirit.

But Poking Fire's tourist village has little to do with the rest of Caughnawaga, although other residents occasionally come up to look curiously at the milling tourists and to talk to relatives manning the booths. Boasting an automobile for every five inhabitants, Caughnawaga's average is exceeded only by the wealthiest communities in Canada. Most of the cars bear U. S. license plates, but Indians and their personal possessions are permitted to pass the border unmolested by custom charges.

About 3,500 Indians are listed in the Agency office as members of the clan, and more than two thirds of the adult male population works in high steel. Pursuing their dangerous calling they travel in all directions from Caughnawaga to help erect the steel framework of skyscrapers, bridges, grain elevators, dams and skyways. These are the men who worked on the Quebec Bridge, the Thousand Islands Bridge, the Empire State Building, Rockefeller Center, New York's George Washington Bridge, San Francisco's Golden Gate Bridge, Boulder Dam and Kitchikmat and the grain elevators at Church-

ill—wherever the steel is high, the work is dangerous and the pay good.

The challenge of high steel has also led them to South America, the Middle and Far East. But their instinct and a fierce loyalty always bring them back to their village beside the St. Lawrence, with its twisted narrow streets, swarming shadflies and outdoor plumbing.

They take a pride in their calling, these Caughnawaga Mohawks, and it shows as much in their confident bearing as in the expensive cars they keep gleaming at all times. It shows in their keen interest in village affairs and in their eagerness to lock horns with government authority over any issue that threatens their inherited rights. It shows in Poking Fire's gracious condescension with tourists and in Frank MacDonald Jacobs' quiet assertion that the State of New York owes the Mohawks of Caughnawaga exactly \$1,341,587.90.

They Didn't Like Farming

This dignity and assurance that set the Mohawks of Caughnawaga apart from others of their tribe and in fact from most Indians and palefaces on the continent comes in part from the fact they are able to earn a respectable living (anywhere from \$5,000 to \$10,000 a year) in one of the most spectacular fields of the white man's endeavor, and in part from their unique origin. For the Caughnawaga Mohawks, known three hundred years ago as the "French Praying Mohawks" (they had been converted by French Jesuits at a mission later called Caughnawaga), warred against the English while their pagan brothers of the Mohawk valley were enlisted by the English to scalp the French.

The Caughnawagas adopted most of their English captives instead of roast-

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ing them at the stake, and such names as Rice, Tarbell, Stacey, Hill, McGregor, Jacobs, Williams and Macomber attest to the large proportion of white men's blood in their veins. From their earliest history they were supremely independent in their relations with the white men and white men's wars, although their harassing tactics helped the British defeat the Americans at Beaver Dam in the War of 1812.

Warlike and restless, the Caughnawagas never had much liking for farming and found an outlet for their adventurous spirits in the 17th and 18th centuries by accompanying fur-seeking expeditions into the west. As these operations waned they turned to piloting boats and rafts down the Ottawa and St. Lawrence Rivers.

In 1870 sixty Caughnawaga braves accompanied Lord Garnet Wolseley's Red River expedition. So well did he remember their skill running rapids in their canoes that when he was faced with the task in 1884 of relieving the siege of Khartoum by penetrating the Upper Nile he appealed to the Caughnawaga Mohawks for aid. Transported to Egypt, fifty canoeists from the village proceeded to prove to the British army that the Upper Nile could be traversed in both directions. Following their example, the soldiers took to the water and the Upper Nile was conquered. Reminded of this proud fact today, Caughnawaga Mohawks sourly point out that two Indians were drowned making the Nile safe for British soldiers.

But it was in 1886 when the CPR cantilever bridge was started across the St. Lawrence River from Lachine to the south bank at Caughnawaga that footloose Caughnawaga Mohawks finally found a vocation that met their need for activity and danger. The intention was to employ them as laborers in return for the right to run a railway line over reservation land, but riveting gangs on girders a hundred feet above the St. Lawrence were constantly finding Indians peering over their shoulders and wandering over the structure with all the unconcern of flies on a ceiling.

The sight inspired the construction superintendent to try them out as riveters; after a brief apprenticeship three gangs of four men—heater, riveter, buckler-up and sticker-in—were formed. The Mohawks took to the new game with all the zeal their ancestors had displayed in taking a batch of English scalps. The superintendent was delighted and when a new job opened at Sault Ste. Marie he took them along. They trained more of their tribe and by 1907 there were ninety-six Caughnawaga Mohawks working on the new Quebec Bridge. When, on Aug. 29 that year, a span of the bridge suddenly collapsed thirty-five Mohawk steelworkers met a sudden death in the water below.

The calamity wiped out more than a third of the steel-working manpower of the village. The population turned out in full force to escort the broken bodies to the village graveyard, and over each grave a cross made of two pieces of structural steel was raised. The effect on the younger boys of the village was the exact opposite of what might have been expected. They clamored to take up the hazardous calling, and they looked upon the Quebec Bridge victims as heroes who had died in battle. The elders of the village nodded their heads in solemn approval of this typical Mohawk spirit. But the wives insisted that in future the riveting teams must scatter on different jobs so that the village would never again be confronted with such a disaster.

In 1916 one Caughnawaga Indian

died in the construction of Hell's Gate Bridge in New York, and his body was brought back to Caughnawaga to join his fellows, and since then the number of crossed steel beams has grown slowly in the cemetery. The building boom of the Twenties attracted Caughnawaga steelworkers to New York and the list of buildings whose frameworks have borne their catlike tread since that time reads like a tourist guide to Manhattan and greater New York.

Apart from the Empire State Building, Rockefeller Center and the George Washington Bridge, they have played

their vital part in the construction of the Fred H. French Building, the Daily News, Chanin, Bank of Manhattan, City Bank Farmers Trust, the Waldorf Astoria, London Terrace, Knickerbocker Village, the Bayonne Bridge, Passaic River Bridge, Triborough Bridge, Henry Hudson Bridge, Little Hell's Gate Bridge, Bronx-Whitestone Bridge. Shades of their ancestors who portaged the Richelieu, fought their way across Lake Champlain and down the Hudson must have grunted their surprise to see their descendants carving out the Marine Parkway, the

Pulaski Skyway and the West Side Highway as modern Iroquois trails.

In Brooklyn, Buffalo and Detroit they have formed colonies of which the Brooklyn settlement of four hundred is the largest. They travel from job to job in their own cars while their wives remain at home and work on Indiancraft which they peddle at fairs, amusement parks and in Caughnawaga booths when they return home. The braves earn top pay for they select jobs that offer overtime with double pay. They spend lavishly too, on fine clothes and new cars. When the urge moves

The advertisement features a large, dark, textured background. In the center, a pool table is shown from an elevated perspective, with several pool balls arranged on it. Above the pool table, the text "It's a pure case of pleasure!" is written in a large, white, cursive font. Below the pool table, the brand name "CARLING'S" is written in a bold, white, sans-serif font, with a small circular logo containing a pool ball. To the right of the logo, the words "Red Cap Ale" are written in a large, white, cursive font.

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While the great majority of the Caughnawagas are Catholics, 500 of them are Protestant. Fewer than a hundred are listed in the census as pagans. This latter figure is hotly disputed by the pagan or "Long House" Indians, who claim much more of the population.

If the Mohawks have minor religious differences among themselves they pre-

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Last year the Caughnawaga Indians launched another assault, this time against the State of Vermont, claiming they are entitled to overdue annuities on land rented from them around Montpelier. They set the figure of their claim at \$1,200,000 and though the basis of it is clouded in obscurity, a deadpan Vermont Committee to Give Vermont Back to the Indians promptly leaped to their defense. Lee by Poking Fire a delegation was given a hearing by the Vermont legislature with completely negative results. However, they took part in a local celebration at Rockingham, Vt., and the townsfolk decided them a strip of land in appreciation. This gesture, together with a five-dollar payment by a conscience-stricken landowner has confirmed Poking Fire in the belief that he and his brothers have a valid claim. Now the Caughnawagas are busy with

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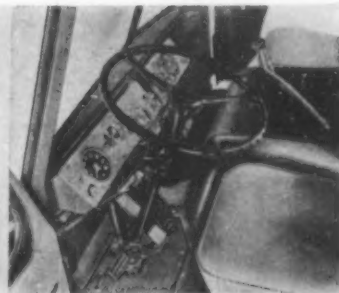
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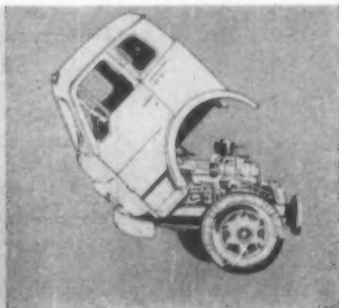


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lawyer Roland Stevens, of White River Junction, Vt., drawing up a legal ambush for the State of Vermont.

The Caughnawagas have not fared too well in brushes with the Province of Quebec and Premier Maurice Duplessis. Although provincial law forbids the operation of drive-in theatres, the village council, reasoning that their land did not come under provincial jurisdiction, decided to grant permission to local tribesmen Joe Horne and Harry Beauvais for the construction of drive-in theatres on their properties. Duplessis promptly announced that the

Indians would not be permitted to break Quebec laws. The council pointed out that its decisions were subject only to the veto of the Department of Indian Affairs in Ottawa. The department promptly withheld its permission and the Shawinigan Power Company advised that it would not be able to supply electricity. "Ottawa is afraid of Duplessis," observed one disgusted brave. "Besides, we wouldn't have been able to get any films anyway. Duplessis controls that."

A minor victory was registered for the village council when Quebec pro-

posed to cut a new road through the village in an attempt to avoid traffic congestion between the village and Mercier Bridge. The council rejected the plan on the ground the new road would merely duplicate the congestion. They wanted the village bypassed. Ottawa supported this view and the Quebec Department of Highways indicated that it would propose a new route. Poking Fire is not worried about the bypass. He figures he has a better mousetrap.

The Caughnawagas have enjoyed a long and lively feud with the Mounties,

marked by frequent clashes over the Mohawks drinking forbidden firewater. The Indians refuse to be treated like minors in this respect. Then during World War II it was ruled that the Indians were subject to selective service and the Mounties went into the village looking for delinquent draftees. The Caughnawagas resented what they considered a betrayal of the government's pledge of World War I, and they obstructed the search at every turn. Meanwhile nearly two hundred braves enlisted voluntarily in the Canadian and U. S. armies.

A few years ago two members of the RCMP were severely beaten trying to arrest two allegedly drunken Indians. When police reinforcements arrived to rescue them their attackers had vanished. One of the Mounties was treated in hospital and when he got out, it is said, he looked up his attackers individually and beat them up, much to the delighted admiration of the rest of the tribe. Although he has since been transferred to another district that Mountie is remembered with the peculiar affection and regard that the Iroquois bestow on a brave foe. Had it been possible they might have adopted him into the tribe.

However, since 1951 forays against the RCMP have come to an end. A change in the Indian Act now provides the band council with the power to furnish its own police, and to that end big Tom Lahache of Caughnawaga was appointed special constable attached to the RCMP for the Reserve. Mohawks never attack their own. Even in the French-English wars when the Christian Mohawks fought for the French and the pagan Mohawks for the English, legend has it that the Christian Indians wore masks so their pagan brethren could distinguish them from the Hurons and Algonquins who were considered fair game.

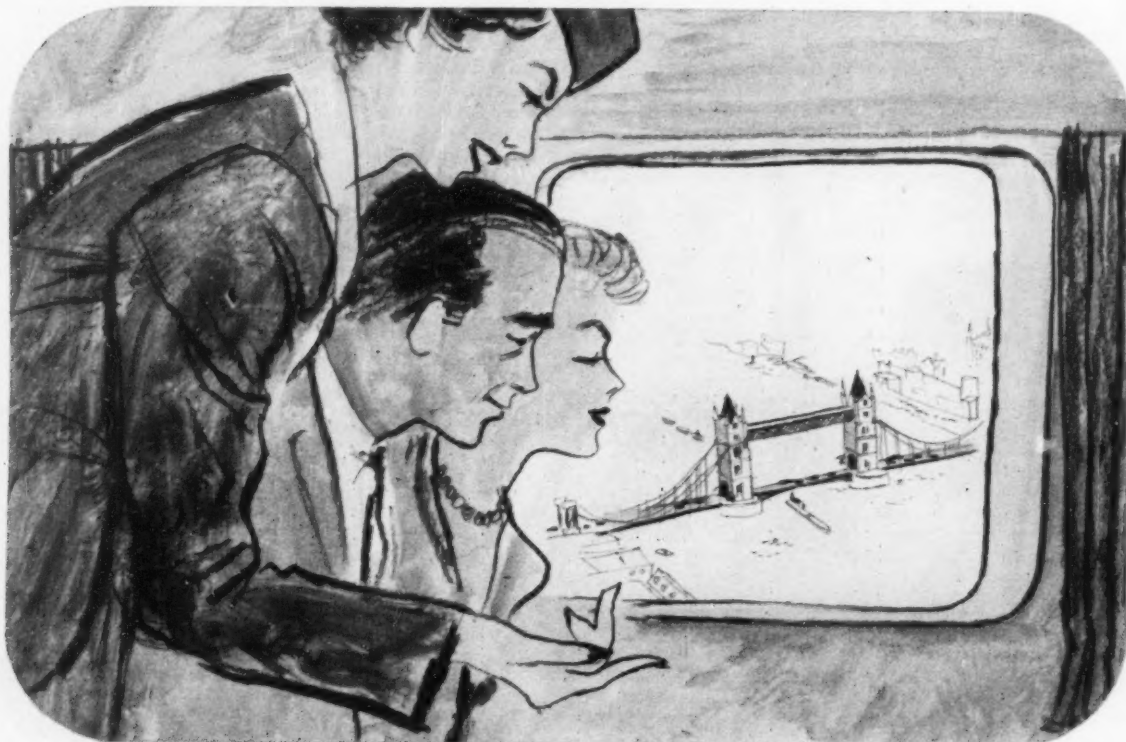
Some Wanted Home Rule

The Indian Agency on the reserve, which covers 12,000 acres of scrub land, is headed by acting superintendent J. A. Laplante, who has two members of the reserve, A. T. Snow and F. Pinnseault, on his staff. The agency acts for the Indian Affairs branch of the Department of Citizenship and Immigration and for the Indian Health Services of the Department of Health and National Welfare. The former department pays for teachers, books and upkeep of the three schools as well as repairing roads. It also doles out a certain small amount of relief. The Caughnawagas receive no treaty money. The latter department looks after the hospital, provides free hospitalization and medical care and, in the case of serious operations, sends the patients to larger Montreal hospitals. The Indian Agency also implements decisions of the local council after they have been approved by the Indian Affairs branch in Ottawa. It supervises the annual elections.

The council promises under the 1951 Indian Act to solve a long-standing grievance with the Caughnawagas and other Indians. As far back as Dec. 27, 1922, the Caughnawagas went on record for home rule. At that time some 2,147 of 2,500 Mohawks signed a petition condemning the Indian Act and demanding freedom from the white man's interference. It declared that the Indian Act of that time created "injustice and bribery. The elective form of government is injurious to our nationality in that it creates division among us. It has so far caused riots and hatred against brothers and sisters."

The petition continued: "The Indian Act law is an instrument used by the Canadian government to acquire all the

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lands from the Indians for nothing, as it puts us to sleep and forgetful of our property." It added the thinly veiled threat: "We hope that very soon our troubles will be smoothed off without bloodshed."

Again, on Feb. 28, 1938, at a Grand National Powwow held at Caughnawaga, the government got another going-over. Chief Chency Garlow said that the palefaces had "made a mess of this country and their ways led only to trouble." He warned: "If you become Canadian citizens you must shoulder the white man's debt. Before the white man came to this country there was not a dollar of debt. The white man's civilization has ruined Canada, burying it deep under a mound of public debt."

Mayor J. K. Delisle, chairman of the Pow Wow, declared that the Indian treaties and concessions were ignored by the government, that the Indians were being victimized by the few and unspecified non-Indians on the Reserve, and that the Indians were not receiving their fair share of government relief. He stressed the fact, however, that it was not a war council, but a powwow of peace, and he demanded a royal commission.

Whether in answer to such representations or whether it was in the cards anyway, a royal commission did sit on Indian Affairs following World War II, and its recommendations were in most part adopted in the Indian Act of 1951. Subject to the approval of the Indian Affairs branch, the local council was given much greater control over activities in the reserve.

The increasing number of whites in the village is a sore spot with the Indians, although many Indian landlords make money out of them. They are permitted to rent to the whites but they cannot sell their houses or land to them. In 1938, when there were only eight white families in the village, the Indians decided to evict them and carted them across Mercier Bridge into Ville La Salle, where they dumped them on the street and left them. Then, a week later, feeling ashamed of their un-Christian conduct, they went over and brought the evicted families back. They don't quite know what to do about the present situation, where more than a thousand whites are taking advantage of the low-rental housing. They say that white tenants are creating a class division by building up a landlord class in the village. They claim the whites tend to lower the village's social status, and they claim also that the whites are taking advantage of the village's immunity from certain sales taxes. But nobody has come up with a solution yet.

A further problem lies before the village council in the shape of the St. Lawrence Seaway. They have been advised that new locks surmounting the Lachine rapids will be cut through on their side of the river, wiping out one twelfth of the village and destroying sixty homes. The Caughnawagas want to make sure that the home owners affected will not be hurt by the change. Past experience convinces them that if it is left to the white man to dole out justice the Indian will likely be short-changed.

But these issues are not likely to send the Caughnawaga Mohawk digging for his hatchet or beating his war drums in earnest. He knows quite well that the growth of the white man's civilization has provided him with a chance in high steel to make a better living than most of his race in a way that appeals to his daring and to his pride. He may occasionally lose his temper with the paleface and address stern words to him, but he doesn't really want the paleface to go back home. ★

17 Hours in an Emergency Ward

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

hysterically. Croydon spoke to her again.

"She thinks," he reported to Dr. Moffat, "that you're going to cut her thumb off. I've assured her there isn't a knife in the room."

The young doctor paused, shocked. "Good lord," he said. He bent over

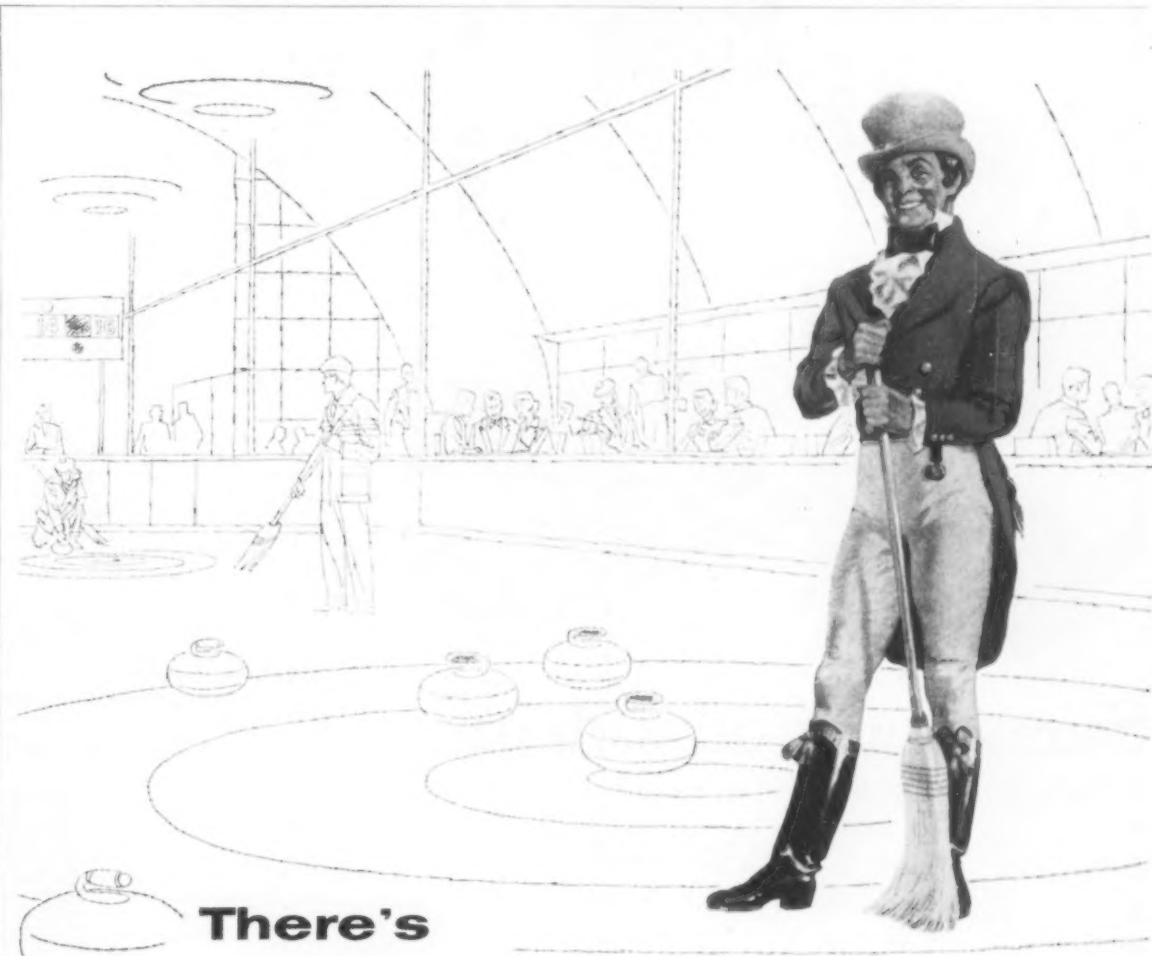
the girl's hand again and Croydon continued to explain, over and over, that the doctor was not amputating.

The afternoon wore on. A man came in with steam press burns on his hands and forearms. An old man, whom police found unconscious in the gutter, was brought in and quickly diagnosed as the victim of a stroke. His eyes were glazed and frightened in his unshaven face as he was wheeled away on a stretcher table to a ward upstairs. A young man in overalls entered shyly; his hand had been crushed in a vise. A student nurse whisked him toward

the elevator to have it X-rayed upstairs. Three people had cut their fingers, another had broken his glasses and cut his eye and another had fallen off a ladder and twisted his leg. A striking blonde, accompanied by a dapper young man, strolled in sensuously and explained that her sunburned face had become infected. Dr. Campbell treated her with penicillin.

"I believe," he announced deadpan as he watched her swaying out of the emergency on her high heels, "that I was able to cure her completely."

An ambulance backed up to the



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ramp across the hall and the driver wheeled in a lovely tanned woman whose face was contorted with pain. Her husband, a big distracted man, explained to the nurse that she was three months pregnant and seemed to be "losing the baby."

"The pain, the pain," the woman kept moaning. "Oh, oh. It hurts." The nurse and interne wheeled her into the resuscitation room, gave her an injection of morphine and phoned upstairs to locate a bed. The girl was wheeled out of the emergency a few minutes later, her husband anxiously hunched over her sleep-glazed face.

One of the doctors paused to examine a notice recently taped under the counter of the receiving desk. "If a man comes into Emergency with the following description," he read, "please notify detective office at headquarters immediately at EM 3-2121. He is believed to have been involved in a holdup and may have been shot . . ." There followed a description. The interne showed no surprise; criminals are no novelty at St. Michael's. The hospital, located between the downtown section and the Jarvis Street breeding ground of criminals and alcoholics, is used by the police of two precincts for arrested men and women. Three days previously a thief had been caught robbing a jewelry store and had been brought in to have a police bullet removed from his leg.

It was nearly four o'clock in the Emergency, the hour when minor operations such as the removal of cysts are scheduled in the small operating rooms. This relieves the big operating rooms upstairs of trivial surgery. Dr. Paul McGoey, a handsome, white-haired orthopaedic surgeon who is one of St. Michael's staff of teaching doctors, had arranged to perform small operations at four. He arrived, as always, with a flourish and a swirl of internes and nurses.

The first operation was to remove a mole on the chin of a student nurse. McGoey made the operation a lecture on the technique of skin grafts while a half-dozen doctors and nurses watched with fascination. He cut a piece of skin smaller than the end of a pencil eraser from behind the girl's ear, scraped the tissue from it until it was so thin it curled and then set it in the profusely bleeding hole from which the mole had been cut.

As McGoey began to stitch, John Moffat, the interne on duty in Emer-

gency, had to tear himself away. On his way to the receiving desk he passed Campbell, the senior interne. "You oughta see McGoey," he told him, with an admiring shake of his head. "He's got a skin graft in there about five millimeters wide and he's putting ten stitches in it."

The receiving desk, when Moffat reached it, was a scene of babbling confusion. All of the principals in a three-car collision, flanked by ambulance drivers and shepherded by the blue bulk of a motorcycle policeman, were trying to explain their injuries to Sister Regina Marie. Deftly, she sorted them out.

Two teen-aged girls who appeared to be no more than shaken up were asked to wait in the waiting room, an old lady who was trembling on the arm of her bent husband was taken to an examining cubicle and a middle-aged woman bleeding from a forehead cut was wheeled to the operating room that McGoey and the girl with the mole had just vacated. Moffat went with her and while the nurse cleaned the woman's forehead he began, systematically and thoroughly, to scrub his hands again. He looked up at the nurse, blond Dorothy Wylie, who had just come on duty. "You know how much money internes make?" he asked casually. "Four cents an hour." He had already earned sixteen cents.

Pretty Stitches for a Face

Miss Wylie laughed and indicated with a nod the woman on the operating table. "I got some glass out of the cut when I washed her," she told Moffat. "She says she hit the windshield." The doctor nodded.

After he had slipped his hands into rubber gloves, Moffat injected anaesthetic into the wound and began to probe for glass. The woman lay quietly but her breathing trembled.

"How many stitches will it take?" she asked in a Lancashire accent.

"About seven or eight," said the doctor.

"Oh dear," the woman said with a weak smile. "I've got enough wrinkles now."

"I'll put some pretty stitches in," replied Moffat, threading a curved needle with black silk thread. He began to sew, pushing the needle in one side of the cut, down and up the other side. He pulled the thread almost through, tied a double knot with a pair



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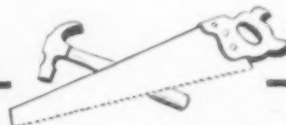
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of clamps and snipped off the ends with short scissors. The room was quiet and the Englishwoman closed her eyes and seemed to sleep.

The old woman who had been in the same accident was still lying half asleep in one of the cubicles, undressed and covered with a blanket. Her husband, who had been driving, was hunched in the waiting room, his hands over his face. The motorcycle policeman was patiently questioning him. The teen-agers, stolidly chewing gum, watched without expression.

"How about his wife?" nurse Audrey Hughes asked an interne softly.

"She's got a fractured skull," the doctor answered under his breath. "You can feel it."

An attractive woman hurried up to the receiving desk, looked around her furtively and leaned over to whisper to the nurse, Mrs. Hughes. The nurse calmly escorted the woman to an examining cubicle and returned grinning. "That one," she announced, "was bitten by a monkey." This was an unusual incident, even for St. Michael's where human bites are so common that they arouse no comment. An interne hurried down the hall to examine the monkey bite.

Another policeman marched in, supporting an unsavory-looking old man. "This is Michael King," the policeman said matter-of-factly. "He's about sixty and he has no home. He says he's got a tube in him and it's come out."

Just a Pony But He Kicked

Audrey Hughes examined him and decided his immediate requirement was a bath. She turned him over to the orderly. Mrs. Hughes turned back to find a disheveled woman leaning weakly against the desk with a dirty towel over her ear. "My horse kicked me," she said in a shaking voice. "I'm not hurt, just scared." The nurse removed the towel and discovered the woman's ear lobe had been torn in half, from the wide flaring edge down to the canal.

As they walked to the operating room, the woman explained the accident. "She's a gentle little thing, this pony, really. Tonight she got out of the gate and I was standing in front of her trying to stop her. I don't know just how it happened. She's a high-stepping little thing."

Mrs. Hughes left the woman on the operating table, still explaining, and hurried to adjust an oxygen mask over the face of an 85-year-old woman rushed to hospital by ambulance when she suffered a stroke. The other nurse, Dorothy Wylie, began gently to wash the torn ear.

"Oh, that hurts!" the woman shrieked. "Can't you just pat it, do you have to rub so hard?"

"I'm sorry," said Miss Wylie, "you've got some stable dirt around your ear and we have to get it off."

"Just hang on," said Dr. Pat Farrell, a senior interne. "This is the worst of it." The woman continued to cry.

Farrell decided there was some danger the mastoid had been injured and instructed Miss Wylie to send the patient upstairs for X-rays. In the hall the stretcher table passed the old woman and her husband who had been in the car accident. Smiling wet-eyed at one another and walking with small, careful steps, they were just preparing to leave. X-rays had shown that she didn't have a fractured skull after all.

The next visitors were an interesting trio, a tall embarrassed young man who turned out to be a house detective at the Royal York Hotel, a slim bleached blonde in a tight black dress and a weaving, expansive man wearing a

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blazer with a yacht club crest.
 "I fell down," the man announced.
 "Name?" asked Audrey Hughes.
 "John Smith."
 "Address?"
 "Just say Royal York Hotel," answered the man, with a grand gesture. The detective said nothing, and looked away.

Mrs. Hughes noted the adhesive tape on the man's forehead and led him to one of the operating rooms. She left him with Miss Wylie, who removed the tape and discovered a long deep cut.
 "What happened here?" she asked.
 "To tell the truth," the man returned guiltily, "I got hit with a bottle. Can you imagine anyone hitting me with a bottle?"

"I can imagine it," commented Miss Wylie coldly, and went out to get Dr. Moffat.

While Moffat stitched the yachtman's torn head, the blonde strode stormily up and down the hospital corridor, smoking furiously and glaring at the nurses who watched her impassively. The hotel detective stood quietly against the wall and also watched the blonde.

Moffat came out of the surgery ahead of his patient.

"Do you know who that guy really is?" he asked Mrs. Hughes. "He's a big industrialist named —, president of his company."

"He is, is he?" retorted Mrs. Hughes grimly.

The industrialist sauntered up to the desk and was joined by the blonde and the detective.

"Do you have any Blue Cross or other insurance to cover this?" Mrs. Hughes asked sweetly.

"I have," he replied, "but I'm not going to report this. Just send me the bill."

The woman whose ear had been kicked by a horse was being brought back from the X-ray room, on a stretcher table, followed by McGoey and Farrell. The X-ray plates had shown no damage to the mastoid; all that remained was the tricky chore of sewing the ear. McGoey examined the ear and outlined to Farrell how it could best be done. A few minutes later McGoey reappeared in his street clothes and said goodnight. It was then 10:30 and he was operating again the next morning at eight.

"We're on the line at eight tomorrow," he called to Farrell from the operating-room door.

"Right, sir," answered Farrell, carefully pumping novocain into the woman's ear lobe. He patiently began the first of more than twenty stitches, while the woman moaned and writhed and protested. Mrs. Hughes scrubbed her hands, slipped on sterile gloves and held the ear to help him.

"Remember the New Year's Eve," Farrell asked her, "when we started at six and I was suturing until morning? One fat lip after another. One fellow said to me 'I'll put in a good word

for you with Dr. —' and I said 'Sure, you do that.' But it turned out he really did know Dr. — and he did put in a good word for me. You just never know."

"Did you see the man who came in two nights ago walking on his ankle bone?" said Mrs. Hughes. "He was drunk and he'd fallen and broken it and the stump of the bone came right through his foot, stuck right out the end of it. He said he didn't feel a thing."

Dr. Farrell shook his head and put in another stitch.

"He died, didn't he?" he asked softly.

"Yeah," said Mrs. Hughes. "Poor fellow had some other things wrong with him too."

After that they worked in silence, except for the moaning of the woman the horse kicked.

In the other operating room John Moffat had just finished sewing a gash in the head of a happy inebriate who had arrived in a blood-soaked shirt with a towel around his head.

"I really enjoyed sewing him up," he said as he returned to the receiving

desk. "He kept saying 'God bless you, my boy.'"

Miss Wylie's voice could be heard down the hall, talking to the patient. "You didn't have a hat with you. You were wearing a turban."

The man arrived at the desk, giggling. "I was sneaking out of the house and I fell down the stairs," he explained. "God bless you all." Miss Wylie put him in a taxi and paid the driver the fare to take him home.

Moffat checked the clock behind the receiving desk and discovered it was a minute after midnight and he was

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free to go to his bedroom in the hospital. Just at that moment a young man came in and displayed to Mrs. Hughes a hand that had been punctured with an ice pick. Moffat turned to Dr. John Harbinson, a small meticulous interne who was on duty until eight the next morning.

"I'll flip you for him, John," he said in a low voice.

"No, no," protested Harbinson, "you go to bed."

"Look," said Moffat, "I'll stay if you'd like another hour's rest."

"No thanks, I'm fine. You go along."

A siren screamed outside and both men stiffened, but the sound died away in another direction.

Moffat left and Harbinson began to examine the punctured hand. Mrs. Hughes and Miss Wylie appeared, looking chic and pretty in summer dresses, and said goodnight to Mrs. Margaret Harkens, an attractive nurse who would be on duty until eight. They were interrupted by the ringing of the phone. Mrs. Harkens talked briefly with a doctor who said he was bringing in a young man who had just suffered a heart attack.

"Excuse me, please." A swarthy man in a corduroy jacket appeared suddenly at the desk. "I drive a cab," he said tersely, "and I had a fight with someone and he hit me in the nose. I think it's broken. Can they fix it tonight?"

"It all depends," said Mrs. Harkens. "Well, I gotta be at work tomorrow," the man said as Dr. Harbinson led him to an examining cubicle.

Two hefty women in soiled print dresses came in and looked around unhappily. One had a handkerchief wrapped around her bleeding hand.

"My sister," the other said, "she cut her hand on a pop bottle." Mrs. Harkens took the woman into the operating room just vacated by the woman with the torn ear.

The cab driver returned and made a phone call. "Hey," he said in a husky whisper, "the damn thing is broken in two places . . . Yeah! . . . All he did was look at it and he says it's broken in two places . . . I could hardly breathe . . . I'm about dead . . . My head's aching."

A wispy man in a blue wind-breaker came in and explained confidentially to Dr. Harbinson, "My arm is sore. Someone twisted it. It hurts a bit and when I move it I can hear a scraping noise."

"When did it happen?" asked Harbinson.

"About five o'clock," said the man casually. It was then 12:55 in the morning. Harbinson decided to have the arm X-rayed.

A police wagon drew up outside the ambulance entrance and two tattered and bleeding men were helped out by two policemen. As they walked toward the emergency entrance one of the policemen muttered "They're going to look after you in here but you be on your best behavior, hear me!"

Too Drunk to Lie Still

The two prisoners were assigned to the operating rooms, one on each table. One, a black-haired, blank-eyed young man in a filthy cotton jersey, was shaking convulsively and unable to talk. The other, an older, blond man, had both eyes closed and one was swollen the size of a golf ball.

"They were fighting in the cells," the driver of the paddy wagon explained. He went out, leaving a constable to guard the two men. As he was leaving he waved to two other policemen who were leading in an old woman who was gripping her left side in agony.

"Some guy broke into her home and assaulted the old lady," one of the policemen told the nurse. Mrs. Harkens, on Dr. Harbinson's request, phoned the internes' quarters for help. Dr. Farrell, who had been in bed a little more than an hour, arrived a few minutes later and decided both arrested men in the operating rooms had broken facial bones.

"We can't X-ray them tonight," he told the policeman, "because they're too drunk to lie still."

The man with the swollen eye began to thrash his arms and legs, in support of the statement. Mrs. Harkens strapped him to the table to prevent him falling off. She noticed on his right arm the tattoo "In loving memory of my dear mother."

Two plain-clothes detectives brought in a young girl. "She's going to act as interpreter," one explained to Mrs. Harkens. "The old lady who was assaulted only speaks Ukrainian. Has the doctor finished examining her yet?"

Mrs. Harkens went in search of Dr. Harbinson and left the detectives scowling at the little man who was waiting for his arm X-rays. The interpreter, a pale girl of about 18 who had knotted a scarf around the curls in her hair, tried to avoid meeting anyone's eye. Mrs. Harkens was back in a moment.

"The old lady's getting dressed," she reported. "She won't let the doctor look at her."

"What the . . . !" exploded one of the detectives.

The orderly wheeled the two prisoners, one at a time, out of the Emergency and into an elevator that would take them to the wards. The man with the injured eyeball still had his eyes closed but the other had recovered



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sufficiently to give the nurse his name. They were followed by the two sisters, walking slowly with their arms linked and staring at the huge white bandage the injured one wore. Farrell returned from the X-ray room, still sleepy-eyed, and told the little man that he could go home, his arm wasn't broken. Farrell watched him go and announced he was going back to bed. A moment later the detectives and the old woman left with the interpreter, who was talking earnestly in Ukrainian.

"What do you know," remarked Mrs. Harkens. "The place is empty!" It was 2:20 a.m.

The Emergency held an eerie silence, the cubicles and operating rooms dark, the halls bare of hurrying white-clad figures, the furniture in the waiting room lifeless as a store window. Dr. Harbinson went into the internes' room to nap. A three-legged cat walked sedately down the hospital corridor, glanced incuriously into the Emergency and continued his stroll. Outside the summer night was flecked with the off-on gleam of neon signs. Eighteen minutes passed.

Brakes squealed in the courtyard around the ambulance entrance and two men walked quickly to the desk.

"So you're on duty tonight, are you?" they said to Mrs. Harkens and she grinned back at them. The younger, a big heavy-set man, fished a notebook out of his pocket and thumbed through until he found an empty page. The older man, smaller and grey-haired, leaned against the counter. Both were detectives from No. 1 Precinct.

"How about those two we sent you who were fighting in the cells, eh?" asked the big man, and Mrs. Harkens handed him the hospital reports. He began to copy down the names.

"Hey, look at this," he said suddenly to the other detective. "This name here. Isn't that guy a drug addict?"

"What did he look like?" the older man asked Mrs. Harkens and she described the prisoner who had been unable to talk. "That's him all right," the man nodded. "Just spelled his name different, that's all."

The big man went on writing. "When I was a motorcycle cop out of No. 2," he said idly, "I used to alternate accident victims, one to Emergency at St. Mike's and the next to the General. One night I took six of them in, three to each hospital."

"Nice of you to split them up," commented Mrs. Harkens.

"I'll never forget the time I brought a prostitute into St. Mike's," continued the detective. "She was in bad shape. Well anyway, Sister was in the room and this prostitute used the worst language I've ever heard anyone use and I've heard some awful language. The Sister just looked at her and didn't say a word. After a minute the prostitute stopped and if it was possible for her to feel cheap, she did. The Sister just looked, and didn't say a word."

"They never do," added the other detective, looking at the records again. "Say, nurse, do you think either one of these guys is gonna die?"

When the detectives had left, their place at the counter was filled by an arrogant young man who announced he was the bouncer in a night club and he was in a hurry. Mrs. Harkens examined his bleeding knuckles and took him to the soak room to wash his hand.

"Look," he told her insolently, "I'm the manager of this night club and I haven't got all night to stay here. I've got to close the place up. How long are you going to be?"

"I'm sure they won't close the place without the manager," answered Mrs. Harkens smoothly, giving him an injection

tion of penicillin. She stared at him.

"I'm going to tell Hush about the way this place is run," the man announced. Mrs. Harkens said nothing.

St. Michael's has been involved, through its emergency department, in almost every Toronto disaster. Victims of streetcar accidents, rooming-house fires, and car accidents are brought to St. Mike's, as well as would-be suicides at the rate of one a week and victims of heart attack and stroke.

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Noronic burned and a hundred of the victims were rushed to St. Mike's Emergency.

"There were people everywhere," recalls Dr. Pat Farrell who was a first-year interne at the time. "Ambulances arriving all the time, reporters and photographers trying not to get in the way, nurses and doctors coming in to help without being asked—you never saw anything like it."

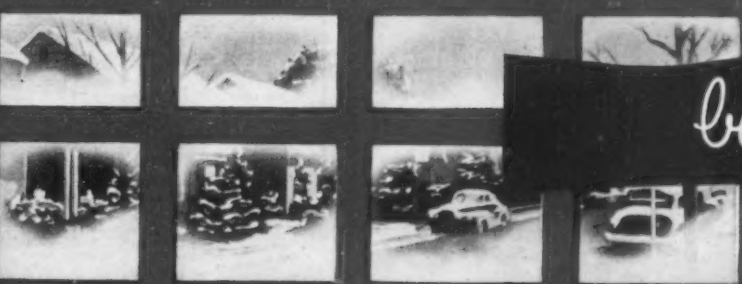

Farrell worked for hours on the roasted flesh of victims, saw a dozen die and heard the screams of those who were alive. Finally the Emergency

was cleared and he was preparing to leave, aching with strain and weariness, when he saw a small huddled figure at the end of the waiting-room bench. He touched the man gently. "Can I help you?" he asked.

The man looked up and Farrell recognized one of the Emergency's regulars from Jarvis Street who sometimes sneaked into the waiting room to sleep in warmth.

"Yes, you can help, doc," said the man peevishly. "You can tell everyone to be quiet. I've never known it to be so damned noisy in here." ★

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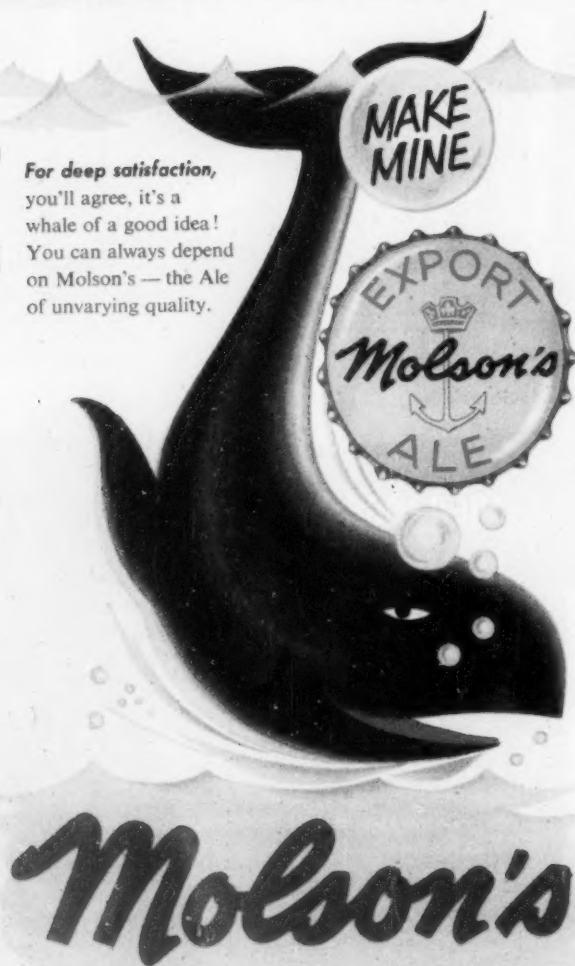
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The Day a Generation Went Broke

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37

market had been small. The market was already an old institution, but a clerk who speculated on it was in danger of losing his job if the boss found out. This didn't bother the clerk, for if he thought about the stock market at all it was probably as a vague and shapeless monster, manipulated by brokers and professional gamblers, with a jargon and temples of its own that a wise and cautious young man avoided as he would avoid crap games and loose women.

This attitude broke down after the First World War, and in the Twenties something happened in Canada and the United States which took the lid off the market and opened its doors to hundreds of thousands who saw in it an easy path to riches. There were many causes. During the war people who had never before invested money had answered the call of governments and bought war savings bonds, thus learning that there were other ways to have money earn money than by leaving it in a bank account. Rising wages and prices and industrial expansion in 1926, 1927 and 1928 bred confidence in the future. There were financial advisers, like Professor Irving Fisher, of Yale University, whose rosy oracles promised a prosperity that would go on forever. Even as late as Oct. 17, 1929, when the market had been declining for six weeks, Fisher said he thought stock prices had reached "what looks like a permanently high plateau." It was only gradually that the stock brokers and financiers realized that their customers had grown into an army of eager, almost slap-happy speculators. When they did realize it, they expanded their facilities to tap what turned out to be a huge virgin market of innocent, if slightly greedy, people seeking something for nothing.

The boom had its ups and downs. There were clear warnings that the crash would come, if anyone had cared to pay any attention to them. In November 1928, for example, a reporter from The Financial Post interviewed Sir Joseph Flavelle, chairman of the board and president of the Canadian Marconi Co. Canadian Marconi shares had risen from four dollars to twenty-eight dollars. Sir Joseph told The Post reporter that, in his opinion, the shares were too high. At twenty-eight dollars Canadian Marconi had been selling at about twenty-eight hundred times its 1927 earnings of slightly above a cent a share—an over-evaluation no amount of optimism could justify. The Post published the interview on Nov. 30, and within two days the Marconi price fell from twenty-eight dollars to about seven dollars a share. This touched off a break on the New York Exchange, but prices soon recovered. It was indicative of the spirit of the times that Sir Joseph and The Financial Post were bitterly condemned, both for having caused the break, and for a lack of faith in the New Era.

There was another aspect of the stock market in the Twenties that made it attractive to the small investor. It was not necessary to have a lot of money to play the market since most brokerage houses allowed their clients to buy on margin as low as ten percent. That meant that to buy a thousand dollars' worth of stock only a hundred dollars cash was needed. If a stock were valued at ten dollars a share, an investor could buy one hundred shares with one hundred dollars, wait until the price doubled,

sell, pay his broker's commission and the interest on the nine hundred dollars he had borrowed and still reap almost a thousand percent profit on his original investment. There was a certain risk in this procedure, for if the price of the stock dropped, the investor had to dig up more money to cover the loss. A drop on a hundred shares of stock from ten dollars to nine dollars a share meant that a hundred dollars cash was needed to cover the margined account.

The bull market in 1928 and 1929 was not always healthy and several times prices dipped, wiping out some of the accounts where clients could not cover their margin, but each time prices recovered and pushed on to new highs. The public firmly believed that the fantastic advances would go on. As long as that attitude was firm in the buyers' minds prices continued to rise in spite of the warning signs that appeared in early 1929.

The farmers, who had not shared the general prosperity of the Twenties, were suffering from a bad crop year and falling prices—factors that were just adding to their troubles, their debts and their mortgages. Unemployment was on the increase; automobile production was down; freight-car loadings fell.

Nobody noticed. Everybody went on buying. So great and so unreasonable was the public's desire to buy common stocks that many large corporations took the opportunity to convert their bonds, on which they had to pay a regular set interest, to common stocks, on which they had to pay dividends only if they showed profits. The public ate up the new stock issues.

Everyone Should Be Rich

On Sept. 3 the buying wave arched as close to heaven as it was to go, though no one knew it at the time. On that day the Dow-Jones average, an index of the market prices for a selected group of industrial stocks, all sound and respectable, reached 381.17, a high that has never been equalled.

Many people in early September trusted implicitly in the kind of enthusiastic assurance given by such highly publicized financial advisers as John J. Raskob, vice-president and chairman of the finance committee of the General Motors Corporation, vice-president of the General Motors Acceptance Corporation, vice-president and member of the finance committee of the E. I. du Pont de Nemours Company, director of the Bankers Trust Co., the American Surety Co., and the County Trust Co. of New York. Raskob listed his occupation in Who's Who as "capitalist." In August he had written an article for the Ladies' Home Journal entitled, Everybody Ought To Be Rich. His formula seemed simple enough: you saved fifteen dollars a month, invested it in good common stocks, allowed the dividends and rights to accumulate, and at the end of twenty years you would have about eighty thousand dollars and an income from investments of about four hundred dollars a month. There was nothing to it.

But the great bull market broke early in September and prices started going down at an alarming rate. Still there was no panic. Though General Electric dropped fifty points, from \$396 to \$346, in a month; though U. S. Steel slid from a high of \$261.75 to \$204 and Consolidated Smelters from \$450 to \$380, confidence continued unabated. Speculators remembered the breaks that had occurred in June and December of 1928 and in March and May of 1929, and the lesson those drops had taught: when prices came

down there were bargains to be picked up; the market always recovered, because prosperity went on forever.

This time the market did not recover. It seemed on the point of doing so on Oct. 22 but gains made that day were wiped out in the last hour of trading. On Oct. 23 more shares were traded on the New York Stock Exchange than had ever been traded before, six million shares that caused the ticker to run one hundred and four minutes late. On the Toronto Stock Exchange eighty-five thousand shares were traded, a big jump from an average day's twenty-five thousand. The stock market was front-page news across the continent.

On Oct. 24 the public held its breath. For a short time after the opening the market was firm but in an hour or so prices began to go down, and soon they were plunging. Speculators were close to panic as they saw profits draining away and more and more selling orders piled up. And then, shortly before noon, a group of New York bankers pulled an ace from the hole.

A crowd had gathered outside the New York Stock Exchange, which was on the opposite corner from the office of J. P. Morgan and Co., the giants of American finance. The crowd saw Charles E. Mitchell, a popular prophet of good times and chairman of the National City Bank of New York, go into the Morgan offices. They transferred their attention from the Exchange to Morgan's. Mitchell was followed soon after by Albert H. Wiggan, head of the Chase National Bank, William Potter, of the Guaranty Trust Co., and Steward Prosser, of the Bankers Trust Co. Inside, with Thomas V. Lamont, of J. P. Morgan and Co., and George F. Baker Jr., of the First National Bank, the men conferred. They agreed to put up forty million dollars each to try to patch up the worst holes in the stock market and, as Lamont explained later, to keep trading on an orderly basis. Lamont met reporters in the Morgan offices soon after the group broke up and said, "There has been a little distress selling on the Stock Exchange." The rest of his message was reassuring.

Word that the bankers had met spread like wildfire and prices immediately began to steady, and then to rally. Shortly after 1.30, Richard Whitney, for the Morgan interests, walked to the crowded floor of the New York Exchange and went to the spot at which U. S. Steel was being traded. U. S. Steel was one of the bluest of blue chips, a stock that led market trends. Whitney bid \$205 for ten thousand shares of U. S. Steel. Steel had sold earlier that day for \$195 and the twisted story that found its way to the newspapers was that Whitney had, in a magnificent gesture, paid one hundred thousand dollars more for Steel than he needed to, just to show what confidence the bankers had in it. According to Frederick Lewis Allen in his book about the Twenties, *Only Yesterday*, Whitney bid the price of the last sale, and bought only two hundred shares, leaving the rest of his order with a specialist who handled Steel exclusively. He then walked around the floor, trailing a growing wake of confidence behind him, and repeated the offer—ten thousand shares at the last selling price—for about fifteen of the leading stocks. In each case the order was left with a specialist. In effect, Whitney offered to buy—though it was never clear how much he actually purchased—about \$25 millions worth of securities in the space of fifteen minutes. It was a magnificent bluff. Because of it the market held fairly steady and closed only slightly lower than it had the day before.

Though the dykes held, Oct. 24 was a bad day. A new high in trading volume had again been set in New York where frightened speculators unloaded more than twelve million shares, well above the two or three million on an ordinary day. That night lights burned late in brokers' offices across the continent as harassed and weary clerks tried to straighten out the accounts and catch up with the market. Because the ticker had been so late the radio was used until far into the night to get quotations out to the small traders. As the full extent of the losses began to emerge the margin calls started going out, with their simple and terrifying demand that certain sum of money be paid to the broker the next morning before the market opened or the account would be sold out for what it would bring. The comics were well behind the swiftly moving events, and it was ironic for a weary speculator who had been losing money all day to read in *Gasoline Alley* the remark that "a man with a mere million isn't particularly wealthy any more."

Friday and Saturday were not too bad. Trading continued at high levels, but prices held fairly firm. During the week end, however, following the margin calls, the growing clutch of panic moved across the land, and by the time the market opened on Monday, Oct. 28, the selling orders were piled high. The losses on Monday were fantastic: in New York General Electric lost \$47.50, U. S. Steel dropped \$17.50, Westinghouse \$34.50; in Toronto International Nickel went down \$7.75, to \$38.75 a share, while Brazilian Traction dropped \$11.75 to \$51. And Monday was just a rehearsal for Tuesday.

A Flying Cowboy Was Lost

C. W. Stollery, a young floor trader on the Toronto Stock Exchange, met Jack Meggeson, of Hickey, Meggeson and Co., on his way to the office late Monday afternoon and by way of conversation said: "It was bad today." "Yes," Meggeson said wearily, "and it'll be worse tomorrow." Bay Street, Toronto's financial centre, worked late Monday night, sending out the margin calls. In Montreal there was a genteel, if bewildered, summing up in the *Star*: "The weakness in New York," a report said, "was somewhat more severe than was generally looked for and the effect locally was more or less of a shock." On Montreal's St. James Street, ordinarily as deserted as a graveyard after five o'clock, drivers had trouble finding a place to park; newsboys did a brisk trade; restaurants stayed open; popcorn and peanut vendors did a rushing business; and far into the night taxis hurried along the streets bringing investors who disappeared into brokers' offices to try to see whether they could salvage their accounts.

Tuesday, Oct. 29 was a nippy day in Canada. The sun shone in Montreal; it was cloudy in Toronto; in both cities the temperature hovered around forty degrees. In the west heavy wet snow was falling.

Things were happening outside the market, of course. In France Edouard Daladier had failed to form a government. Ontario was in the throes of a provincial election. A storm on Lake Michigan had swamped several boats and at least eleven lives were known to have been lost. It was feared that Urban Diteman, the Flying Cowboy from Montana, was lost trying to cross the Atlantic in a small plane. He was never found. Reporter R. E. Knowles said in a dispatch to the *Toronto Star* that "It was on last night's CPR train en route to Galt that I fell in with a premier expectant. To wit, the

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On the trading floor there was no more sympathy than at an abattoir. A great gambling binge had become a giant wake

Hon. R. B. Bennett, New Brunswickian, Calgarian, Ottawan, lawyer, journalist, millionaire in triplicate, and leader of His Majesty's Opposition in the Canadian Parliament... In London, England, the India Central Committee recommended Dominion status for India. In Vancouver the city council decided against allowing skyscrapers over ten stories high. In Montreal the Princess Theatre advertised The Careless Age, with Douglas Fairbanks Jr. and Loretta Young in the leading roles.

A copy writer for Morgan's in Montreal was toiling over an advertisement announcing The New Silhouette:

The demands of fashion are inexorable. From the "straight up and down" of yesterday we must, forsooth, develop curves... and even waists... waists just where nature meant waists to be... Far, very far, from being wasp waists... but slim, and young, and graceful. And this is just what our new foundation garments achieve... molding the figure to the new lines demanded by fashion.

The Tuesday morning newspapers carried a statement from A. B. MacKenzie, general manager of the Bank of Montreal, to the effect that the "general conditions in the country are fundamentally sound." Morris W. Wilson, general manager of the Royal Bank of Canada, had much the same to say: "Fundamentally, business conditions are sound and there is no reason for pessimism... It is well that in times like these we should not overlook the general soundness of the Canadian situation."

When the gongs sounded at 10 o'clock to start trading on the stock exchanges nothing seemed sound. It was immediately worse than even the most pessimistic had expected. Huge blocks of stock were thrown on the market for whatever they would bring. Prices plunged. It was no longer the small traders who were panicking but the big traders too, the millionaires and soundly margined men who until now had escaped the full effects of the declining market.

In the exchanges themselves it seemed as though a riot had broken out. Men trampled on each other's feet, and shoved and pushed, in their rush to sell. At the opening in Montreal one trader almost had his clothes torn off. Within minutes the tickers had fallen behind. In Montreal the din from the trading floor, enclosed in its stout stone walls, could be heard half a block away. In New York the block-long trading floor of the exchange set up a roar that carried two blocks. In the Montreal Exchange boys in red and blue blazers flitted through the milling, shouting group of men with the slips of paper that carried the fortunes of households—the terse orders to sell, sell, sell. A broker would take a message from a boy, rush out to the floor and raise his voice, almost like an animal in pain, trying to sell something that nobody wanted to buy, at any price.

The excitement was intense, even terrifying. But on the trading floor it was impersonal. Floor traders did not know whose stock they were handling. There was no sympathy,

no compassion. "There's no more sympathy on that floor than at an abattoir," one trader said. "It's the coldest, cruelest thing in the world. Nothing matters but the dollar."

Outside the exchanges the dreams of millions became nightmares. Around the brokers' quotation boards the crowds formed, groups of frightened men and women with pale faces and trembling hands. Inside the customers' rooms they waited, watching hopelessly as clerks frantically chalked quotations on the huge blackboards, figures that were already so old they were meaningless. The greatest gambling binge had become a gigantic wake. Women cried. In one Toronto office a man fainted. He was gently laid out at the back of the room and everyone went back to the board, faces tense and white. There were men who laughed, men on the verge of hysteria. Newspapers were deluged with telephone calls, many of them from sobbing women. In offices little knots of employees formed, fanning among themselves the stories of the break, stories that could hardly be exaggerated.

A telegraph clerk in the Toronto brokerage firm of Solloway and Mills had no rest that day. He handled the direct wire to western Canada, and people were lining up at the branch offices in Vancouver, Calgary and Winnipeg. The order was to sell. All day long the telegraph key clicked out the ominous little dash which meant "sell at the market." By the end of the day the operator had calluses on his fingers from feverishly wielding his pencil, marking down on the prepared SELL order slips, the account number and the name and number of shares. The orders came so quickly there was no time to use a typewriter.

Rumors Sprouting in Misery

In Montreal the big traders were out in force, and in front of every broker's office along St. James Street and the warrens that angle off it were the big limousines, casually tended by chauffeurs in uniform. The brokers themselves, deluged with a flood of business they could neither control nor record, did their best. Some refused to take any buying orders that were not accompanied by full payment; the days of low margin accounts were over.

Toward the end of trading on Oct. 29 the big financial interests in New York poured millions into the New York Exchange, so much in fact that they managed to stop the reckless plunge. The market rallied. When the gong finally rang at three o'clock on the Toronto Exchange the traders, pushed to the limits of their endurance, cheered. It was the biggest day the exchanges had ever known: sixteen million shares in New York, half a million in Montreal, three hundred and thirty thousand in Toronto. The average number of shares traded in New York before the crash was between two million and three million shares, in Toronto about twenty-five thousand. New lows had been hit all through the list of Canadian stocks, sixty-two having dropped to their lowest value for the year. International Nickel, one of the most frequently traded Canadian stocks, had opened with an overnight loss of nine

points, went as low as \$29 during the day, and closed at \$32½, for a loss from the day before of \$13¾. On Sept. 3 Nickel had sold for \$55. On the Toronto Curb market Goodyear Tire had gone from \$190 to \$160, National Steel Car from \$60 to \$39. In Montreal, Consolidated Mining and Smelting, which had hit a high of \$525 earlier in the year, dropped from \$300 to \$235 on Tuesday.

Rumors sprouted from the misery, rumors of the failure of brokerage houses and banks, rumors of suicide, the kind of rumors no one could verify. By the time the 3 o'clock gong went, hundreds of thousands of investors had been wiped out, others had taken serious losses.

It was not only rumor that sprang from the debacle. There was also a wry smile. The story quickly went around that a man had walked into a New York hotel and enquired about a room on the thirteenth floor, only to be asked by the clerk: "For sleeping or jumping, sir?" It was said to be dangerous to walk along Bay Street (or St. James Street or Wall Street) for fear of being hit on the head by falling stockbrokers. The United Press reported that men carrying sandwich boards had appeared on Wall Street announcing loans on jewels, diamonds, watches and pawn tickets. A man who walked down Wall Street with a five-dollar bill reported sardonically that the lowest offer he received for it was a yacht, a Rolls-Royce and a country estate.

One thing was sure. The great bull market was dead. The great bear market was on. One man came storming into his broker's office in Toronto with the afternoon paper in his hand that contained one of the "fundamentally sound" statements, this time from Herbert Hoover. "Fundamentally sound," he said, "fundamentally sound. Look: Tunney and Dempsey are in the ring, and Tunney knocks Dempsey out. There he is, lying on the canvas. Fundamentally sound? Sure he's fundamentally sound. But he's out."

The first reaction to the crash was shock. Later anger welled up and people demanded blood. The Financial Post pointed out in a series of articles which began in November the shady practices being engaged in by some of the larger Toronto brokers, principally those dealing in mining stocks. What these brokers were doing was "bucketing," which was essentially a process whereby they bet against their customers. In some cases they took orders for stock but did not purchase it, so that it was possible to sell more shares of some stocks than actually existed. In other cases they bought when the customer sold, and sold when the customer bought.

The Financial Post exposé brought action. Early in 1930, almost a score of partners in several Toronto brokerage houses were rounded up by provincial police and brought to trial. Included were men who had been penniless three years before, who had become millionaires almost overnight from operating "bucket shops," and who were now of varying degrees of affluence. Several were already broke. Later there were arrests in Montreal. Most of the accused paid heavy fines or were sentenced to terms of two or three years in the penitentiary.

Out of the market crash and the brokerage evils came the Securities Exchange Commission in the United States, the various financial securities commissions in Canada, the merger of the Toronto Stock Exchange and the Standard Stock and Mining Exchange of Toronto, strict audits of security houses, higher margin requirements,

new companies legislation and many similar reforms.

Though stock prices reached a low for 1929 in November, the lows of 1931 and 1932 were yet to come. The Abitibi Power and Paper Co., for example, which sold for a low of \$35 in 1929, eventually went to twenty-five cents in 1932, and then to thirteen cents in 1933. International Nickel, which ranged from a high of \$73 to a low of \$25 in 1929, hit the bottom at \$4 in 1932. Brazilian Traction ranged between \$82 and \$30 in 1929, and between \$14.75 and \$7.75 in 1932.

Economists today say the 1929 crash did not, as many people believe, cause the depression. It marked a dramatic and painful end to the New Era, whose philosophy was onward and upward forever, and served notice that tough times were on their way. Almost everybody had been wrong. Prime Minister Mackenzie King made a statement on Oct. 30, 1929: "While no doubt a number of people have suffered owing to the sharp decline in stocks, the soundness of Canadian securities generally is not affected. Business was never better, nor faith in Canada's

future more justified." It was a political version of the popular song, *Happy Days Are Here Again*. King was wrong, a factor that would contribute to his defeat at the next election.

Around the world drastic changes would occur, coming to a head in the Second World War. But on Oct. 29, 1929, no one was concerned with these things. Most people were nursing their wounds and wondering why they hadn't had the sense to sell out last week, or the week before. There are some, twenty-five years later, who are still wondering. ★



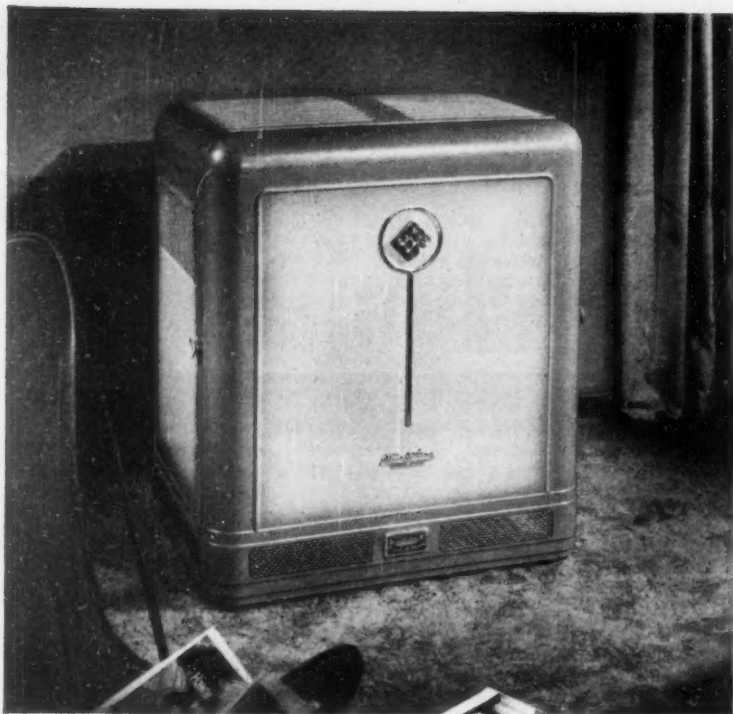
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SEXTON

Disaster on the Northern

BY ROBERT RUSSEL

The following items appeared in the Toronto Daily Leader soon after the opening of the Northern Railroad from Toronto to Bradford, during the summer of 1853.

ACCIDENT ON THE NORTHERN

An accident of serious character occurred on the Northern Railroad on Sunday evening. An engine with baggage and passenger cars left Toronto that evening for Bradford to form the early train thence the following morning. In the neighborhood of Thornhill, while running on one of the heaviest embankments, the engine struck

a cow and stunned it. Failing to throw it off, the animal fell before the wheels of the cars; and the passenger carriage, being nearly empty, was precipitated down the embankment and shattered into a thousand pieces. We are informed that at least one person has been seriously injured.

LEADER, TUESDAY JULY 19, 1853

THE ACCIDENT ON THE NORTHERN

Mr. Brunel, superintendent of the Northern Railroad, informs us that there were no passengers in the train which left the City on Sunday evening for Bradford. The

individual in the carriage at the time of the accident had crept in unobserved, without paying any fare, and he was able to walk after the accident.

LEADER, THURSDAY JULY 21, 1853

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LEADER

SIR:—Allow me a word in respect to Mr. Brunel's explanation of the Railway accident on Sunday.

The individual sufferer alluded to is a most respectable member of the typographical craft, perfectly incapable of the meanness implied by the expression that "he got in unobserved." He had good, legitimate, moral, and if you please religious cause to travel on Sunday by any conveyance he could find, as he was proceeding to visit a sick wife, from whom and from his family in Newmarket he was temporarily separated by business in this City. He had learned that the train would probably go, and as there was nobody visible to ask questions of, he naturally got in just as the train was starting. The fee was tendered, of course, to the conductor, who declined to receive it "as it was Sunday." He however

duly accepted it for the company on Monday morning, after the accident!

There has been a good deal of remark on the "Sabbath" part of the question which is calculated to lead the public mind away from the disaster. It is very manifest that the accident would equally have occurred on another day from a similar cause; and it is in vain to say that upon another day no cow would have been on the track, as there was actually one there on Tuesday evening, as I was returning from a visit to my afflicted friend. It is very evident that the "Cow-catcher" does not act efficiently, and, in the case last alluded to, the train had to stop till the animal could be got off the track by other means.

I am, Sir, respectfully,

J. M. M.

In connection with the above it may be as well to state that, in the opinion of Mr. Brunel, the cars would not have been thrown off the track if they had contained a load of passengers, or if the running had been at a greater velocity. They have often encountered cows

on other days without any further resulting damage than the killing of the animal. The cars, Mr. Brunel states, were going too slow to drive the cow off the track; the reason of the slow rate being a desire to make as little noise as possible on the Sunday.

LEADER, FRIDAY JULY 22, 1853

For little-known humorous or dramatic incidents out of Canada's colorful past, Maclean's will pay \$50. Indicate source material and mail to Canadianecdotes, Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto. No contributions can be returned.

The Ritz-Carlton

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

Enclosed within the arms of the L-shaped building is a garden where meals are served in the summertime. A girl who is staying in the hotel appears on the terrace in a cotton skirt and bolero, makes her way down to the grass, spreads a towel and proceeds to strip her outer garments to sunbathe in her swimsuit. The busboy, scandalized, calls the waiter, the waiter calls the captain and the captain calls the *maitre d'hôtel*. The *maitre d'hôtel* approaches and addresses her. "Madame," he says, "you can't do that." "Why not?" she responds with composure. "I'm a guest here."

But this is not regarded as sufficient justification and the girl is bundled back to her room.

It is this squeamishness that marks the Ritz as old-fashioned, since modern hotel economics dictate an attitude generally as permissive as a nursery school's.

The Ritz' design is also old-fashioned. It is too small—the fifth in size of Montreal's hotels—and has too little public space—only one ballroom, one banquet room and a handful of suites suitable for small gatherings. It is also too high-ceilinged and lavish of space to meet the specifications of industrial designers. A new wing with extra bedrooms is projected but not yet begun.

Other inns, schooled in time-motion thinking, offer a new kind of service, antiseptic, instantaneous and impersonal. At the Ritz service is a leisurely, loving, hand-crafted thing, extravagant of steps and time.

The solid mahogany furniture, never profaned by varnish, is carefully

French polished in the hotel's workshops. Rooms are tidied unobtrusively three times a day. The touch of a buzzer will summon a maid, a valet or a waiter from a service pantry on each floor. Allergy-proof pillows, hot-water bottles and Friar's Balsam inhalers are produced on request. The house detective will baby sit and a woman employee will carry out personal shopping commissions or sew on buttons. There is a bartender in the Maritime Bar who once lent a customer \$50, and every summer the kitchen help peel and serve home-grown tomatoes to a local banker who brings them from his garden. The staff is trained to memorize the names of regular guests.

Elisabeth Bergner, the Viennese actress, checks into the hotel and is whisked up to her room. When the elevator returns to the ground floor its operator reels under a savage onslaught. It is the boy from the second elevator hissing, "Why did you not greet her by name? She has been here before."

Contat, the custodian of these amenities, is known around his hotel as a charming tyrant. He is a graduate of the best training school in the world for a hotelman: a succession of Ritz hotels in London, Paris and New York. Cesar Ritz, the Swiss swineherd who became the world's most famous innkeeper, died in 1918 but his principles endured in a number of hotels, financed by various private companies, to which he had lent his name, his advice and his sponsorship. By 1947 Contat had risen from the post of waiter in the London Ritz to that of manager of the New York Ritz-Carlton. That was the year the Montreal hotel changed hands and he was invited to become its general manager.

Contat's wife, Yvonne, is a chic

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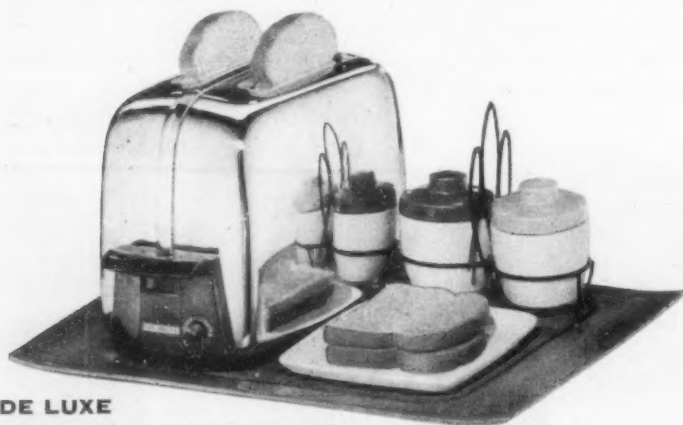
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Parisienne with a throaty voice, a flair for interior decoration and a taste for a certain flat, angry red known as Pompeian red. Chairs in almost every room are Pompeian red, as are the walls of the gleaming narrow lobby.

Besides her efforts in the field of decor, Mme Contat hires the acts for the Ritz Café, a night-club in the basement. The Contats work as a team.

"We never eat together," says Contat. "I lunch, perhaps, in the Maritime Bar and my wife eats in the dining room. That way we know better what is going on. But everyone tries to fool us. Even my assistants try to fool us. They try to keep things from me. If things go wrong I am the last to know; but at least in a small hotel like this you can keep track of things easier. Fifty times a day I lose my temper."

Contat sits at his big mahogany desk in his little grey office on the second floor, in his shirt sleeves. He has given up smoking, but he chews an unlit cigarette. The curtains are chartreuse and there are Martha Wild prints on the wall, and a set of old engravings of Montreal. A red chair is pushed against a shelf of cookbooks. On a table near the door stands an empty tomato-juice glass afloat in a bowl of melting ice cubes. A secretary sticks her head around the door.

"The captain is outside, Mr. Contat."

"Look at that!" Contat says to her, pointing to the glass. "Where is the ice, shaved very fine?" He pushes past the secretary, opens the door and glares at the captain of waiters, standing unhappily by the entrance to the outer office. The captain says, "I think it was because the waiter wanted to bring you the tomato juice very fast, Mr. Contat. There was no shaved ice and he did not want to keep you waiting."

Ducks Too Big to be Cute

Contat stares at him for a moment and turns on his heel. His face is Pompeian red. He picks up the bowl and the glass and thrusts them at the secretary: "Take them. Tell him how we do it at the Ritz."

Contat can be pardoned for feeling occasionally that he is accident-prone.

He cites, in proof, the series of crises with ducks. The Ritz garden, just outside the dining-room windows, was opened for summer meal service not long after Contat's arrival. A small pool had been created in its centre and it was decided to stock it with ducklings by way of conversation pieces. Contat ordered two dozen of the best Brome Lake ducklings. As a Ritzman he appreciates good breeding—but he had something to learn from the geneticist about overbreeding. The ducks, which had been developed for the table, were indifferent swimmers and drowned.

Contat next had to convince a purveyor of common farmyard ducks that the Ritz was willing to pay for the privilege of boarding two dozen ducklings. The farmer thought the hotel planned a profit-making sideline of fattening fowl on its leftovers. Then Contat had to explain that he wished the ducks replaced every two weeks, before they grew too big to be cute.

Actually he found he needed more than two dozen every fortnight. The ducks were so beguiling that they were fed constantly by well-meaning guests and employees and, stuffed like Strasbourg geese, died of indigestion.

The last straw came the day after a cold snap.

When the weather changed suddenly one Saturday night a thoughtful waiter decided to bring the ducklings inside to the warmth. He forgot to mention this to anyone else. The next day service of Sunday dinner had barely begun in



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the Oval Room when a *commis*—a bus-boy—bustled over to the big plate-warmer. He opened the door—and out tumbled twenty-four lively little birds. Waiters, captains, *maitre d'hôtel* and guests joined in the chase before they were rounded up.

The episode of the imposter was more serious. In 1949 a debonair young Englishman registered at the hotel as Lord Harrington. He had an impeccable accent, marred only by a slight stammer, good luggage, an arrogant manner and a fund of authentic data about England's first families. In case his registration proved insufficient to ensure good service, he also tipped recklessly, and clerks and bellmen outdid each other in tugging forelocks and calling him "my lord." He immediately set about refurbishing his wardrobe with \$600 worth of haberdashery charged at department stores and shortly allowed himself to be taken up by several socially prominent families. The son of one of these accommodated the Briton by buying his 1948 Pontiac sedan for \$1,300. Harrington said he was having trouble getting funds out from England. After three weeks at the Ritz he wrote a cheque that bounced. Simultaneously the police began making enquiries about a 1948 Pontiac sedan stolen in Vancouver.

The young man's luggage was found in his room, but the young man was not. He was eventually jailed in Georgia for a similar fraud and was unmasked as a former stableman on the estate of Lord Milford Haven.

A Flying Wedge of Managers

Strictly speaking, Contat is not alone with his responsibility and its occasional headaches. Besides his wife he has a manager, James Connolly, a bland Canadian who faces all *contre-temps* in the banquet department. One of these occurred this year when the Ritz captured the Montreal Hunt Ball, formerly held in various private homes. The arrangements included life-sized *papier mâché* horses polka-dotted in Hunt colors and festooned with ropes of flowers, a foxhead sculpted in ice for the centre of the buffet, and the winding of hunting horns to announce supper. In addition, a passageway between the Grand Ballroom and the dining room was hung with draperies and lined with paintings of hunting scenes. To the consternation of all concerned, the attached brass plates identified several of these as portraits of Vernon Cardy, a well-known horseman who was equally well-known as a rival hotelkeeper. Though no one will admit responsibility, the breach of tact was remedied before the guests arrived by the removal of all tags bearing Cardy's name.

Contat is further attended by a flying wedge of three assistant managers (a Russian, a Frenchman and a Canadian), a combined social secretary and public relations officer named Helen Montreuil, an opaque and impeccable English *maitre d'hôtel* named Raymond, a cheery, chubby and talented Canadian executive chef named Pierre Demers and assorted other staff members totaling four hundred and twelve, or two for every room in the hotel. Most commercial hotels average one employee per room.

When a guest arrives in the hotel for a second time he can count on being recognized instantly. If the arrival is a distinguished or famous or wealthy woman, she will be met at the door by one of the assistant managers and will find flowers in her room. If the arrival is a distinguished or famous or wealthy man, he will be met at the door and will find an opened bottle of whisky in his room. If the arrival is an especially

distinguished or famous or wealthy person—or if he is François Dupré, the president of the Ritz-Carlton Hotel Company—he will be met at the door by the general manager himself, and paid special attentions too numerous to detail.

In the case of Dupré this can be an embarrassment. "Always," wails Contat, "always, no matter what I say, they serve M. Dupré the big double portions. Then he asks why they are so wasteful." Contat shrugs his shoulders in continental despair.

Dupré is a tall, urbane Parisian

financier in his middle sixties, whose favorite pork-pie hats advertise his sporting interests. He owns a top-notch racing stable in France.

Dupré usually holidays each year in Jamaica and stops off to check on the Ritz both going and coming. Sometimes the employees feel he doesn't give them a fair chance to show off. He has been known to order for lunch and consume in leisurely succession: one glass of tomato juice, one omelet and one order of carrots.

Nevertheless he imposes an exacting discipline. "Mr. Contat," he will say,

surveying coldly some small variations in the attire of the *chefs de réception*, "I thought I insisted the men were to wear only dark suits."

World War II brought boom times to North American hotels. Dupré already controlled two luxury hotels in Paris, the Georges Cinq and the Plaza Athénée, and had long-standing business associations in Montreal. He saw possibilities in the Ritz-Carlton and got together with Greenshields & Company, a firm of Montreal brokers, to buy out the various holders of the original stock. They succeeded in getting control of the

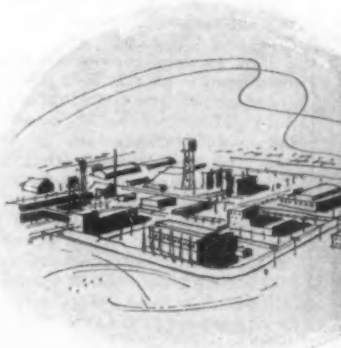
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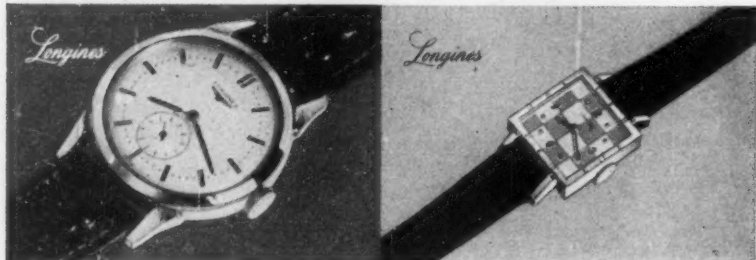
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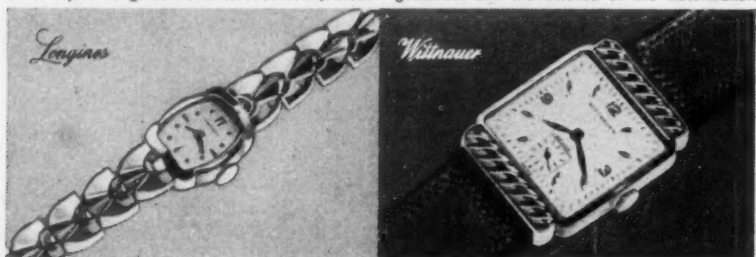


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company and Dupré was elected president. Three of the partners of Green-shields & Company are on the board of directors.

In a frenzy of night-and-day activity the building was refurbished and the service revitalized. Both had suffered from years of deficit operation, depression and wartime restrictions.

First the Contats were imported from New York. Then a basement dining room was turned into a cabaret. A barbershop became the Maritime Bar, the rooms were painted and re-decorated, the kitchen was modernized and, as a final touch, a French-Canadian suite was created. A two-room suite, this was devised to impress Continental visitors with having been exposed, at \$28 a day double, to the essence of *habitant* life. The rooms feature a dressing table made from an old washstand, a mirror made from an old window frame, a sofa made from an old bench bed, bed tables made from old chests, doors made from old linen closets, a lamp made from an old spinning wheel and another made from an old oil lamp. There is also a grandfather clock that has always been a grandfather clock. Mayor Camillien Houde attended the opening of the suite and convulsed the other guests by opening one door, peering in and exclaiming, "Ha! They didn't use to have those."

These wonders were sprung on the public with a rapid succession of galas. Then the Ritz settled down to business. It has trebled its receipts since 1946. This may in part be due to Dupré's vision, to Contat's temperament and to his wife's taste in decor and entertainment. But it must be attributed in large measure, as well, to the simple proposition that hotels do well in prosperous times and ill in a recession.

A Staircase to Pose On

The Ritz was opened during a boom. The date was New Year's Eve, 1912, chosen to avoid the unlucky number 13 of the imminent new year. Cesar Ritz, having established himself as the world's foremost hotelkeeper, was then peddling his techniques and his name through the Ritz Hotel Development Company to any financier who could underwrite the building of a hotel on the assurance that Ritz would be his guide and mentor. The Ritz name alone was considered a guarantee of success.

A group of St. James Street capitalists decided to get in on the Ritz offer. They included Sir Montagu Allan, Sir Charles Gordon and Charles Hosmer, whose communications and flour milling enterprises had made him one of Canada's richest men.

Ritz' principal convictions about layout—known as the Ritz Plan—were incorporated into the Montreal structure. These included the small lobby, Adam-style architecture—the attenuated neo-classicism that is considered the purest and most elegant in the world—floor service on every floor, and a flight of steps leading to the main dining room so that women could make dramatic entrances and exits.

Like other Ritz hotels, the Montreal Ritz-Carlton had a Palm Court, banked with greenery at the foot of the dining-room steps.

Ritz' principal convictions about service—known as the Ritz Idea—were also incorporated into the Ritz-Carlton climate. The Ritz Idea had been demonstrated even before the building was begun. A site had been purchased for the hotel at the southeast corner of the McGill campus. There was a howl of protest at the proposed desecration of scholastic sanctity. The hotel company did the decent thing and allowed



MACLEAN'S

AL. KAPLAN

Sir William Macdonald, the tobacco king, to buy back the property at cost for the university while the hotel company made do with its present site between Drummond and Mountain Streets.

The patrons could also be expected to appreciate the Georgian austerity of the ten-story structure, the gorgeous banana-republic uniforms of the elevator operators, the doormen's bearskin hats, the satin knee breeches of the flunkies in the cloakroom and the punctilio of the first manager, Rudolf Bishoff, a Prussian.

Unfortunately Bishoff and his excellent staff of Germans had to be hustled out of the country with the outbreak of World War I, and a new manager broken in. This was a rotund little Englishman, Frank Quick, called Humpty Dumpty by the patrons. He came to the Ritz from the Chateau Frontenac. He was not given an easy time of it. Once he was idling near the cashier's desk when Lord Shaughnessy, the president of the CPR, came past on his way to the telephone. Shaughnessy, who had strict ideas of protocol, barked at him, "Quick, do you realize your boy was paging me out loud in the dining room!"

Quick's health broke and in 1924 the acting manager took over. This was a fearsome and elongated Swiss named Emile Charles Des Baillets. He stood six-foot-three and sported a black spade-shaped beard. His nickname was Rasputin. Under Des Baillets the hotel flourished again.

It lost money, of course, but Charles Hosmer and Sir Charles Gordon quietly made up the deficit from their own pockets.

There was a sparkling influx of notables. Prince Takamatsu, a brother of the Emperor of Japan, arrived on his honeymoon and Morgan's store lent a set of oriental furnishings for his room. The Ritz entertained the Prince of Wales several times, and Queen Marie of Rumania and Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford.

The permanent residents were equal-

ly interesting. One was an English-woman who dropped in for two weeks at the start of World War I and stayed on and on. She departed only at her death in 1945. In 1924 Alphonse Jongers also came to stay. Jongers, a Basque painter who looked like a pug dog, took rooms 901-2 and stayed on till his death, also in 1945, in his bed at the Ritz.

It is debatable whether he is best known around the hotel for his imposing series of amours or for his superb portraits. A list of his commissions might almost be substituted for a list of Ritz habitués. Jongers' constant companion was Elwood Hosmer, son of the man who brought the Ritz to Montreal. Slightly built, with an air of delicate exhaustion, he was known as the Grey Ghost of the Ritz.

Hosmer could usually be found in the big armchair to the left of the fireplace in the Palm Court doing crossword puzzles and chewing on \$1.25 Corona-Coronas from the special humidor in the wine cellar belowstairs. He had inherited his father's Ritz directorate and it was sometimes felt he did his best to discourage anyone else's using the Ritz facilities. Saturday luncheon at the Ritz—a mass social observance that lasted all afternoon—was anathema to him. He would summon one of the waiters and snarl loudly, "How long are these wretched women going to stay?"

The depression hit the Ritz hard. Suites were swaddled in dust sheets, maintenance and replacement were curtailed and room prices were cut to \$4.50 a day. Only the Ritz Idea persisted, displaying itself most strongly, perhaps, in the conduct of one suicide (every hotel had its share) who threw himself from his eighth-floor bathroom window, but not until he'd presented a box of chocolates to each cashier.

Des Baillels frowns absently at a *chef de réception* who is lounging against the desk, hands in pockets. The lad straightens at once and busies himself distributing letters to the numbered pigeonholes at the rear. There aren't many letters. The only other person in the manicured little lobby is Elwood Hosmer, hunched in a chair at the entrance to the Palm Court. Jamieson, the doorman, enters from the front.

"Your car is here, Mr. Hosmer."

Des Baillels watches him leave and says gloomily, "Well, at least there's one man who still has his own chauffeur. The Murray Hill people must be very happy these days."

Murray Hill operates the cab concession outside the Ritz.

"I remember Harry McLean, the contractor, arrived here once with thirty-six pieces of luggage. Now the Americans come with one club bag. But of course they only stay two days, a week maybe. On business. Not like the old days."

Des Baillels looks forlorn. "And 603 is giving up her room tomorrow. Straight from the Ritz to Verdun! These things are tragedies."

Suddenly he stiffens. Three women have sauntered into view outside and their faces are garish with paint, their eyes bright and appraising. A Packard draws into the curb and they nudge each other and linger speculatively.

Des Baillels dives through the door. He drives the women ahead of him toward Mountain Street with agitated flicks of his long white hands. "Shoo," he hisses, "Shoo. Get away from here..."

Sir Charles Gordon, the hotel's president and the man who had been counted on to make up any of its deficits, died in 1939. A new regime, coinciding with World War II, began

with the election of a new president. This was F. T. Collins, a relatively young Montreal lawyer with no experience in hotelkeeping but plenty of ideas on economical hotel management.

Collins counted it a *coup* when he secured the regular meetings of the St. Lawrence Kiwanis Club for the Ritz public rooms. Once, when social secretary Helen Montreuil protested the booking of so many small wedding receptions, he pointed out that several of these were as profitable as one large society wedding. "After all, Miss Montreuil," he said coldly, "there are

three-figure sums as well as four."

Des Baillels bowed unhappily to his wishes. The popularization of the Ritz began with the abandonment of the old custom of dressing for dinner. On many occasions this tradition had inhibited dining-room custom to a scant two dozen patrons, the rest preferring after a hard day to go straight to their clubs or dine informally in their rooms.

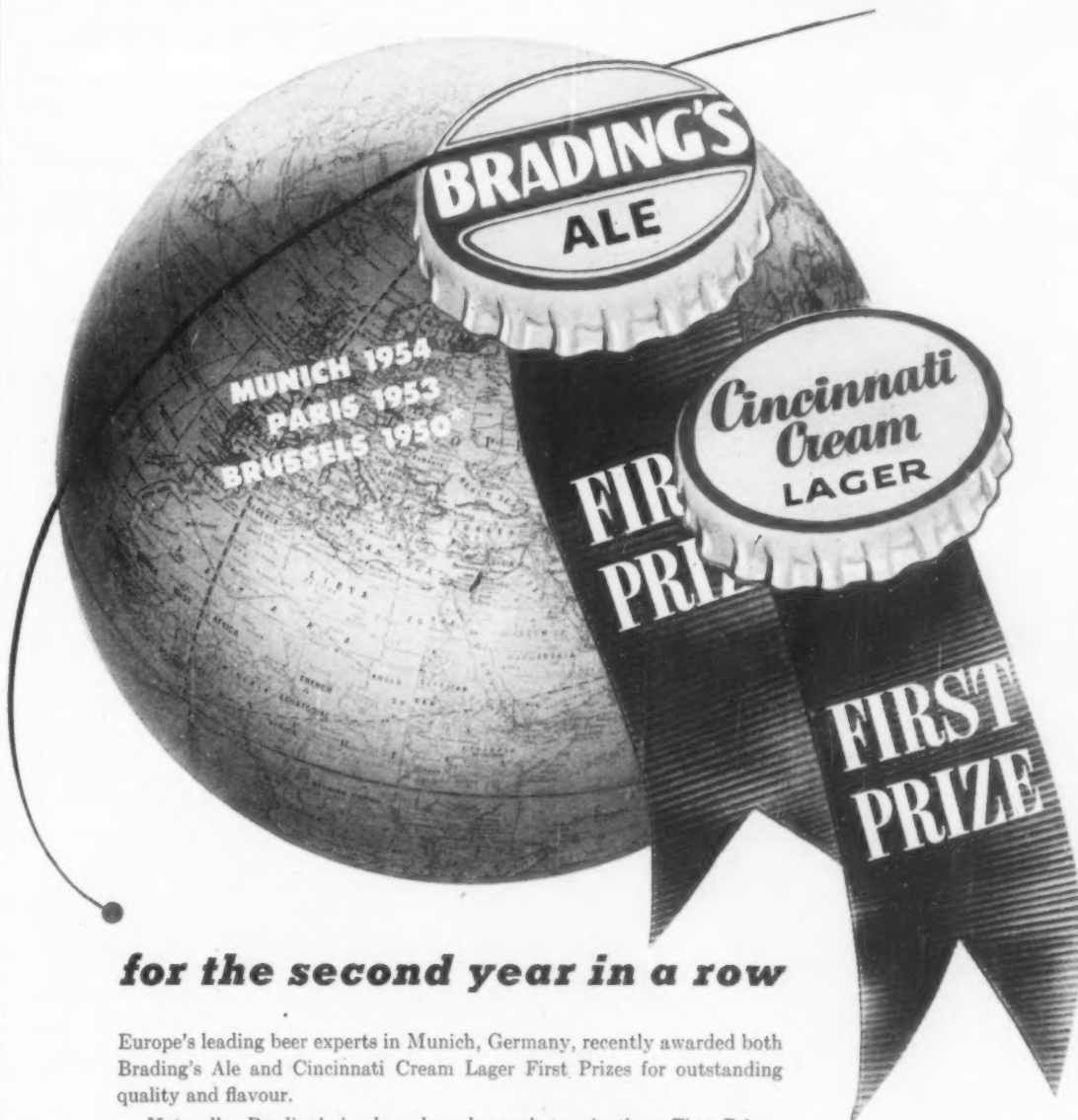
The hotel stopped ordering the swank Ritz flatware and crested china and replaced it with less costly place settings.

Des Baillels left the Ritz in 1940.

Meanwhile the war had frozen prices and affected service, staff and cuisine. The new manager, Albert Frossard, formerly the *maitre d'hôtel* in the main dining room, did his best to maintain the standards of elegance. So did the rankers, some of whom had been with the hotel for decades.

Sven Rasmussen was one of these. He served the hotel for more than twenty-four years and wound up as *maitre d'hôtel*. He felt his name was inappropriate to his position so he adopted a new one: Charles of the Ritz. The cosmetic house of the same

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name has no connection with the hotel. A high-strung, fastidious man, Charles would rip apart and rebuild a flower arrangement if it displeased him.

On one occasion when he was supervising the service of a banquet he spied an assistant housekeeper gobbling a tempting piece from a fresh tray of *hors d'oeuvre*. He sent the whole tray back to the kitchen. "The housekeeping department has interfered!" he explained, with terrible courtesy.

Another retainer in the Ritz tradition was Jamieson, the doorman, who had developed a superb technique for handling difficult situations. It worked like this: The daughter of a long-time patron had an unreliable sense of property when she had been drinking. During one party she spied a massive old-fashioned coat rack in the foyer of a suite, decided she would take it home, and manoeuvred it successfully into the elevator and halfway through the lobby.

Jamieson sprang to her side from his post at the door and, murmuring, "Oh madam, it is such a clumsy thing. Allow me..." relieved her of it. Then he gravely followed her out through the revolving door, but allowed the door—while it discharged her onto the curb—to sweep him back, with his heavy burden, into the lobby.

A Real Sweet Golf Club

These are the traditions of service that Contat and Dupré inherited in 1947 and that both are working to reinforce. They claim they are prepared to go to almost any lengths to fulfill their aim, and in support of this can be cited "Steak Charles"—a paper-thin filet with finely ground pepper fried for a moment in butter—created by Contat and Pierre Demers, the chef, to satisfy a customer who kept complaining that the proper savor of fresh meat was missing from Ritz steaks because they were too thick; the tracking down of an airforce pilot, undertaken by Helen Montreuil to please a visiting chanteuse who remembered meeting him in Paris but had forgotten everything else except his rank; the spun-sugar golf club that John Pellerino, the master pastry chef, produced on the spot when it was reported that Bobby Locke, the South African golfer, was dining in the Oval Room, and, finally, the suite that was redecorated in French Modern.

This conversion was executed at great cost by interior decorators hired by a permanent resident who fell for abstract art during the Grand Tour. There were Symbolist figures, a painted *trompe-l'oeil* ceiling and imported free-form furniture. The Ritz staff made no demur, and no comment. Nor did they that winter when, the radiators having been turned on, the European woods and paints began to crack and furrow. The art lover threw up his hands in horror. The Ritz reconverted the room with quiet, amiable dispatch.

Occasionally the less Ritz-minded members of the staff wonder whether all these pains are warranted.

But the disciplines of the Ritz Idea are by now so ingrained that no one knows it if they do.

A bowling-club dance is in progress in the Grand Ballroom and it is beginning to get out of hand. A group of celebrants are attempting some picturesque acrobatics from a balcony overhanging the floor. One of them slips and plunges downward.

But he is not hurt, for a waiter steps swiftly forward and breaks the fall.

Battered and winded, the waiter scrambles to his feet and manages a bow. "Excuse me, sir," he says stolidly, "are you expecting anyone to join you?" ★



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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

in the chair—except that by then it's getting on for luncheon. He loves broiled lobster."

Another speciality at The Pines is steamed clams and Parkinson has observed that these raise some rather fine points of etiquette. Even the Admiral, son of the fifth Baron of Digby, would have been impressed—and perhaps slightly bewildered—by the experience. On a table gleaming with silver and napery is placed a large dish, in shape like a soup plate. Ten or twelve clams are arranged in a circle about the rim, forming an enclosure for a cup filled with clam broth. Melted butter is in a separate dish.

The true sea-food lover plunges in without giving it a thought. He eats the whole clam. He drinks the broth. He upsets the melted butter. But others are more meticulous. They quail at opening the shells. Once opened, should the clam be dipped in the broth, or in the melted butter?

One guest, a pretty young school-teacher from Alberta, called the head waiter and asked for instructions. Point by point he showed her how to take the clam apart and how to prepare it until finally there was no more to tell. "And then?" she said, looking up for further instructions. "Then," said the head waiter, bending over politely, "then you make a wish."

Chickens from the Sea

Einar Nielsen, *chef de cuisine* at The Pines, provides a persuasive reason for hurrying back to the hotel at meal-times. Every summer for the past nine years he has been coming to The Pines from Toronto where he is in charge of banquets at the Royal York Hotel. And every summer he and his wife and family grow fonder of sea food—and of Digby itself.

Nielsen's favorite recipe is scallops *à la poulette*, prepared with dry white wine and sliced mushrooms. He is emphatic in his insistence that they be cooked a bare nine minutes, not a second more.

Guy E. Morehouse, the town's mayor since 1950, prefers a scallop chowder, made with potatoes and onions and perhaps a sprinkling of crackers. "It is," he affirms, "a most famous dish in these parts." And then he adds with a smile: "But then everyone doesn't make it as well as Mrs. Morehouse."

Mayor Morehouse points out that the town is famous for yet another dainty—Digby Chickens. These are small herring, salted and smoked, nibbled with a glass of beer. The name was acquired one winter many years ago when the fishing had been poor and prices no better. At Christmas the fishermen found themselves unable to afford even the barest celebration. And

so, with wry humor, they served the customary smoked herring and dubbed them Digby Chickens.

C. B. MacDonald, fisheries inspector for the district, maintains they're good without the beer, but he likes his cooked, and here's his recipe. If you burn wood, wait until there is a bed of live coals, then place some Digby Chickens right on the fire and listen until they sizzle. This, claims MacDonald, brings out their true salty tang.

The home of the Digby Chicken is not properly in the town itself. To see

how this is made one must drive down the Digby Shore—to such places as New Edinburgh, where Timothy Doucette will show you smokehouses fragrant with smoldering driftwood; to Church Point, where Floyd Frankland puts up a hard-cured bloater for shipment to the West Indies, and for the Canadian and U. S. market a de luxe boneless smoked herring, mildly salted.

Introduction of a new industry in 1939 indirectly furnished a challenge to sea food for the favor of the town's palate. Max M. Nafthal, an immigrant from Lithuania, began supplying pulp-

wood and pit props for the overseas market, shipping out of the government wharf at Digby.

Freighters from Sweden, Norway and Germany docked at the wharf and soon leading citizens were invited to join the visiting captains for amorgasbord. Temporarily seduced by the continental fare, townsmen extolled the caviar, Wiener Schnitzel and Swedish applecake.

But the old order triumphed when the women of the United Church held a huge lobster supper. Ships' officers attended and a Swedish captain returned

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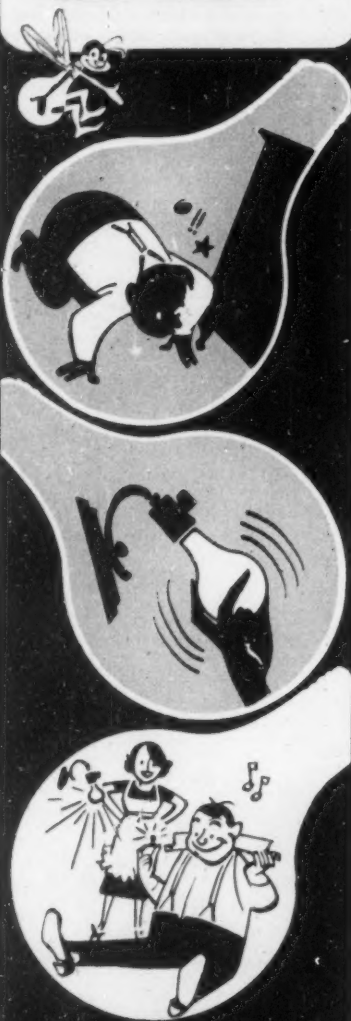
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to his ship starry-eyed after the feast, henceforth a captive of sea food.

Advent of the foreign ships posed a nice dilemma too for the girls of the Digby Rural High School. One horn was their geography teacher's suggestion that they seek out the foreign sailors to learn about the ships, their cargoes and their home ports; the other was the local taboo against girls being seen loitering about the docks. The solution was to find some way of speaking to sailors lured into the town on lobster-buying missions.

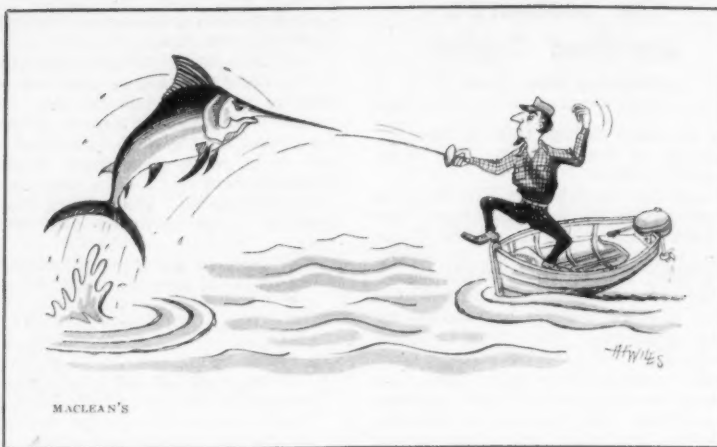
Digby residents credit the charms of sea food with bolstering the morale of Royal Canadian Navy personnel stationed at nearby Cornwallis during the Second World War and thus averting such unpleasantness as occurred in Halifax on VE Day. The menu that day at HMCS Cornwallis included such Digby delicacies as scallops *en brochette* and fried clams.

Like most towns located near an armed forces station Digby suffered during the war a surfeit of servicemen with time on their hands and a shortage of girls. There were ten thousand sailors at Cornwallis, midway between Digby with its population of 2,400 and Annapolis Royal with its 784 people. Though church halls did their best to provide entertainment, concert parties were held and the townsfolk opened their homes, streets remained packed with servicemen. Despite this situation with its potentialities for ill feeling, Victor Cardoza, MLA and staff member of the weekly Digby Courier, reports not a single serious incident during the war years. Digby still welcomes crowds of RCN sailors training at Cornwallis.

Many of the men at Cornwallis had never before tasted sea food and Digby considers this a graphic reminder of Canadians' strange indifference to the delicacies on their own doorstep. Vincent Snow, one of the town's leading dealers in scallops and shucked clams, finds this indifference inexplicable. "Why are Americans so much more sea-food conscious than Canadians? Don't ask me. I can't explain it. But it's a fact—just as it's a fact that Canadians prefer a big scallop, a deep-sea scallop, the kind they fish out of Halifax and New Bedford, while the Americans prize our smaller-sized Digby scallop as a tasty morsel."

Vincent Snow's brother, Clayton, known to most Digbyites as Buckie, is a successful lobster shipper. A solidly built man with clear unflinching blue eyes, he carries a black leather wallet embossed with the outline of a lobster. Last year he shipped two hundred and fifty tons of lobsters, did \$300,000 worth of business. If you'd like to know how to boil a lobster, listen to Buckie Snow: "That's my own favorite—boiled lobster, boiled with plenty of salt in the water. In fact, good clean sea water is best. But if you haven't any sea water, put five and a half ounces of table salt into a gallon of water and you'll have the nearest thing to it. And make sure the lobster is alive! If the lobster is dead and there's any doubt about its freshness, curl the tail under and cook it in that position. After the lobster is cooked, straighten the tail out and if it springs back under the way it was folded, then the meat is good."

Snow has shipped lobsters as far west as Calgary and as far south as Louisville, Ky. These are shipped out in the Princess Helene, an outside ferry that connects Digby with Saint John. This voyage across the treacherous Bay of Fundy represents a distance saving of almost four hundred miles over the land route via Windsor, Truro and Moncton to Saint John. The sea route is 47 miles; the land route 411.



If you should hear someone uptown in Digby saying, "Is the boat in?" or "Has the boat blown yet?" or "Suppose we go down and meet the boat," you can be sure which boat they mean. They are talking about the Digby Boat. The shipping registries may call her the Princess Helene, owned by the Canadian Pacific Railway; but the people of Digby look on her affectionately as "the boat."

As she steams in past Point Prim, where Mr. and Mrs. Frank Wilson are waving to her from their lighthouse, a crowd is already beginning to gather on the wharf. Tourists adjust their cameras. She's blowing now. The town's 29 taxis, who never fail to greet her, even in the stormiest weather, jostle for position. The sea gulls rise in a cloud of welcome. Gracefully the Digby boat's prow swings about. Passengers line the rails. Within five minutes, under the sure hand of Captain Roy Conley, she is fast to the dock and a gangplank is being lowered.

A Chef Who Poaches Fish

Conley, who has yet to be five minutes late, commands no ordinary ferry. It's a four-thousand-ton miniature Empress of France. Passengers have presented purser Lennox Atcheson with their tickets to Liverpool, England, and had to be directed to the real Empress, docked near her at Saint John. Inlanders traveling this way are always surprised, according to chief steward Walter Heard. "They expect a ferry and they find an ocean liner. It is probably the only place in Canada where you can enjoy a deep-sea voyage in three hours."

Down the gangplank steps a woman in a white uniform, a baby in her arms. At the dock she turns and smiles encouragement to the child's mother who follows leading an older child. The woman in white is Mrs. Janet Beckwith, the Princess Helene's only stewardess. Known to the crew as Jen, and to a grateful traveling public as a friend in need, Mrs. Beckwith has carried a good many babies down that gangplank since she joined the service in 1920.

Jen Beckwith is one of the reasons people keep coming back to the Princess Helene. Another reason is chef Hartley Ellis. For Ellis can poach a finnan haddie in cream that lingers in the memory.

On the dock, taxi doors are slamming; grips and brief cases are being assembled. A great host of people—500 of them—troop off the wharf, but few will stop in Digby. To most it is merely a railway junction: a halfway point on the Dominion Atlantic Railway, with Yarmouth at one end and Halifax at the other.

Some may drop in at May's Bookstore for a paper to read on the train. Strangers would not realize that May's

Bookstore is an institution—a centre of civic and political discussion. Here one may hear issues of the day weighed and discussed with the most careful deliberation. And all because of a vertical metal post. Known locally as the Lolling Post, this has been placed in the middle of the store where it provides support for anyone who chooses to review the last meeting of the town council. Or perhaps the merits of a soused mackerel are upheld against champions of fillet of sole. With one's back firmly against the Lolling Post, eloquence is fortified and argument takes on added effect.

The door opens. In steps Sydney Isnor carrying a Roy Rogers automatic pistol. He goes straight to the cash register and hands the pistol over to Fred J. May, the store's manager. Later in the afternoon he may bring in a cuff link, or a woman's wrist watch, or some bauble dropped by a heedless child. They are all exhibited in the window of May's Bookstore, along with notices of other items lost and found and a display of the latest volumes on sea-food cookery.

Everyone calls Isnor "Syd" because everyone knows him. He has full charge of Digby's streets which he maintains in spotless order. Whatever valuables are found in the course of his work are brought in to May's Bookstore. Money he hands in to the Town Clerk.

A Salvation Army member, Syd expresses his respect for the Sabbath in his own characteristic fashion. At three in the morning he rises, eats a breakfast of kippers, shoulders his bushel hamper and starts out on his rounds, along streets still frowzy from the Saturday night crowd. Cleanliness, in Sydney Isnor's heart, lies very close to godliness. He is making the town ready for Sunday.

He knows Water Street well, with its mellow old homes, hawthorn-hedged, built almost two centuries ago; and the signs on its stores bearing some of the names of those early settlers: Roop, Dakin, Tupper, Viet, Turnbull, Tobin, Mudge. He has seen it lying in the heat of a summer afternoon. He has seen it, too, during a nor'easter when whitecaps lash the cribwork under the five-and-ten, when half the stores on Water Street threaten to launch themselves into Annapolis Basin, and merchants uneasily consult their barometers and move their stock to higher shelving.

Then, the sea gulls soar about the clock on the post office tower in wild exultant glory. People clutch their hats and cross over to avoid the spray flung in showers across the sidewalk. And housewives watch ruefully through windows that will be frosted with salt for a week.

But who would wish it otherwise? Certainly not the Admiral. ★

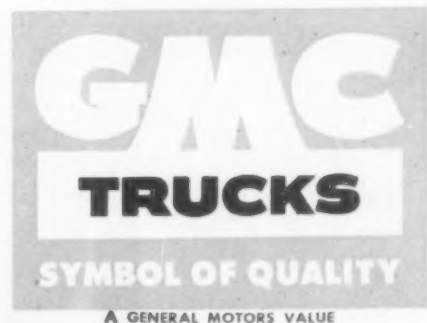
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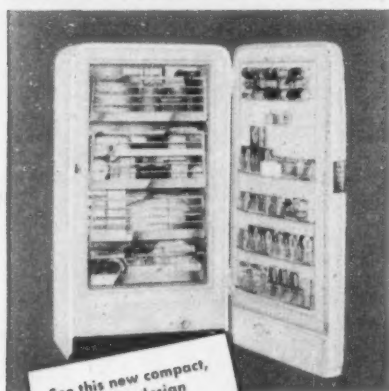
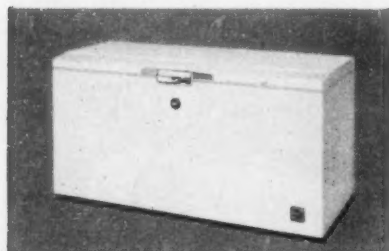
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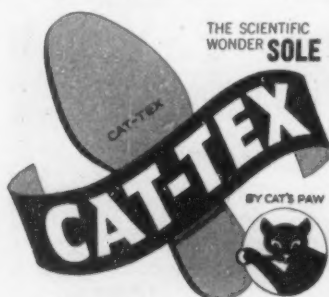
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My Slightly Shocking Life in High Fashion

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

find the material? And how should we pay for it?

I went to the Galeries Lafayette and chose some good and cheap material at the bargain counter.

The order was completed, shipped, and paid for within three weeks. Pouff! I became very daring.

The large bow was followed by gay handkerchiefs woven round the throat, by men's ties in gay colors, by handkerchiefs round the hips. Anita Loos, at the height of her career with Gentlemen Prefer Blondes, was my first private customer and I was boosted, with her help, to fame. Soon the restaurant of the Paris Ritz was filled with women from all over the world in black-and-white sweaters.

These sweaters were reinforced at the back with fine woolen stitching always in the same color as that of the contrasting figures. The stitches showed through discreetly, breaking the monotony of the background so that it gave an effect reminiscent of the impressionist school of painting. It was the time when abstract Dadaism and Futurism were the talk of the world, the time when chairs looked like tables, and tables like footstools, when it was not done to ask what a painting represented or what a poem meant, when trifles of fantasy were taboo and only the initiated knew about the Paris Flea Market, when women had no waists, wore paste jewelry and compressed their busts to look like boys.

Around this time I made a trip with an Italian friend to the island of Porquerolle that taught me for all time about the importance of clothes. Porquerolle was a nudist colony. We arrived in bathing suits and felt immediately very overdressed. Toward us came a very lovely young woman, completely naked, with a child riding on her shoulders. We asked her the way to the village but all she could do was to point to the house where the mayor of the island lived. There we went, and after much calling a little man came down the stairs, without a stitch of clothes on except for the tricolor ribbon symbol of his rank across his bulging tummy. He was undoubtedly the mayor. Fighting against laughter we asked the way, and gravely, without the slightest embarrassment, he told us. Up we went, up the steep hill. The first house was a hairdresser's which had large windows. We could see inside naked women, attended by naked coiffeurs and naked manicurists. The fact that they were mostly ugly and so incongruous made the whole sight quite a burlesque and quite horrible. But when, at the local restaurant, we were served by naked girls who were by no means Venuses, I fully realized the decided necessity of clothes . . .

★ ★ ★

IN PARIS I found a rat-infested garret at No. 4 Rue de la Paix and Schiaparelli was in business.

Decidedly, I knew nothing about dressmaking; my ignorance was supreme. Therefore my courage was blind and without limit. What did I risk? I had no capital to speak of; I had no superiors; I did not have to report to anybody. Then, probably aided by the surroundings of beauty I had had in my childhood, I developed a few principles about clothes. They had to be architectural: the body must never be forgotten and it must be used as a frame is used in a building. The

vagaries of lines and details or any asymmetric effect must always have a close connection with this frame. The more the body is respected the better the dress acquires vitality.

One can add pads and bows, one can lower or raise the lines, modify the curves, accentuate this or that point, but the harmony must remain. The Greeks, more than anybody else except the Chinese, understood this rule, and gave to their goddesses, even when definitely fat, the serenity of perfection and the fabulous appearance of freedom.

My garret on Rue de la Paix became increasingly crowded, the designs more and more daring.

Up with the shoulders!

Bring the bust back into its own, pad the shoulders and stop the ugly slouch!

Raise the waist to its forgotten original place!

Lengthen the skirt!

To the sweaters I added Negrolike designs of my own, and strange scrawls from the Congo. One was tattooed like a sailor's chest with pierced hearts and snakes. There was a skeleton sweater that shocked the bourgeois but hit the newspapers, which then took little notice of fashion. White lines on the sweater followed the design of the ribs so that women wearing it gave the appearance of being seen through an X-ray. I designed fish wriggling on the stomach for a bathing suit. People dazzled by Lindbergh's flight across the Atlantic started to fly themselves and I made flying suits, then sports suits, golf suits—and my first evening dress.

It was the first evening dress with a jacket and created a turmoil in the fashion world—a plain black sheath of crepe de Chine down to the ground, with a white crepe de Chine jacket with long sashes that crossed in the back but tied in front. Stark simplicity. That was what was needed. This proved the most successful dress of my career. It was reproduced all over the world. I made another of the same type, but this time the sash did not cross but merely tied and ended with a bunch of cock feathers.

And tweeds, tweeds, tweeds.

I made at that time a tiny knitted cap like a tube, that took on the head whatever shape one liked. Ina Claire adopted it immediately and created a furore. An American manufacturer bought one and started a most successful business of his own called "the Mad Cap" and made millions out of it.

I did not make millions—I just got so tired of seeing it reproduced that I wished I had never thought of it. From all the shop windows, including the five-and-ten-cent stores, at the corner of every street, from every bus, in town and in the country, the naughty hat obsessed me, until one day it winked at me from the bald head of a baby in a pram. That day I ordered my salesgirls to destroy every single one in stock, to refuse to sell it, and never to mention it again.

My garret soon became a meeting place of women of international repute, of society beauties and stage and film stars. It got so crowded that I moved downstairs and took over the first floor.

★ ★ ★

TWO WORDS have always been banned from my house—the word "creation," which strikes me as the height of pretentiousness, and the word "impossible." I kept in touch with the needs of women who had confidence in me and tried to help them find their type. This I believe to be the principal secret of being well dressed.

Types are vastly different. Women's looks should correspond to their way of life, to their occupation, to their

loves, and also to their pockets.

A thin girl who seemed ugly and dowdy once sat in the corner of my *salon*. I did not know her, but she interested me and I offered to help her choose her clothes. She allowed me to do as I thought best, now and again making a remark in a sharp, husky voice. She went out looking strikingly beautiful. Not long afterwards I read an interview she gave in America. She said that this transformation in my showroom had been the starting point of a wonderful job. Her name? Katharine Hepburn.

From behind a screen a fiery old lady with a powerful hooked nose once called me abruptly, and practically barked at me: "Do you know that you have genius? What on earth are you doing with all these geese? Come and have tea with me. It will do you much more good."

When dressed, she was the most dignified dowager and one of the most famous and witty women in England—Lady Oxford.

The great designer Paul Poiret wrote a book called *En habillant la grande époque* (On Dressing the Great Era). It might be better to write a book called *En déshabillant les femmes* (On Undressing Women). When you take off your clothes, your personality also undresses and you become quite a different person—more true to yourself and to your real character, more conscious, sometimes more cruel.

I remember, when I was so small I could hardly read, seeing a cartoon of two men bathing on a solitary beach. They started to talk, got along splendidly, and after sunning themselves for a long time went behind different rocks to dress. One came out all smartness with a dangle monocle and a silver stick; the other in rags. Stupefied, they looked at each other, and with a cold nod each turned and went his separate way. They had nothing more to say to each other.

Two oldish women, one very fat and one very thin, but both so prim and respectable that they could have been *concierges* in a convent, used to come regularly every season with a huge metal box full of paper money. They chose the most lavish dresses, mostly evening gowns, and gave no name or address, but paid in cash, counting the notes one by one. We were madly anxious to find out who they were. They came one day when a naughty old man was about.

"But, *ma chère enfant*," he said to me, "since when do you receive *tenancières*?"

They were "mesdames" of a provincial *Maison Tellier*. I did not ask to visit their establishment to see what my dresses looked like on the girls. The dear soul who believed himself so wicked might have been shocked.

I took a trip to London to buy tweeds and stormed the press with my trouser-skirts. They were made for every occasion—traveling, city suits, evening, and sport. They were graceful and feminine and to my mind much more modest than skirts. After all, in all the countries where women live a retired and restricted life, they wear trousers, while men wear mostly robes.

The controversy was violent. People wrote angry letters to the editors, asking that it should be made a penal offense for a woman to appear in male attire.

"I have never heard such monstrous impudence," wrote a woman to the *Daily Mail*, "in all my life, as for a foreign woman to come here and dictate to us what we are going to wear."

And to the *Daily Express*: "If any woman dares to appear at Wimbledon in that divided skirt she should be soundly beaten."

The tennis player Lily Alvarez wore this trouser-skirt at a match in Monte Carlo and was greatly admired and discussed. Later she arrived at Wimbledon.

"But where are your trousers?" acidly asked a rival.

"Oh," answered Lily with a mocking smile, "so much has been said about them that I did not dare . . ."

And she walked away to the court ready to play, when everyone suddenly realized that she *was* wearing them.

☆☆☆

ALTHOUGH I am very shy (nobody will believe it) I have never been shy of appearing in public in the most fantastic and personal getup. Antoine of Paris made me some fabulous wigs for evening and even *pour le sport*. I wore them in white, in silver, in red for the snow of St. Moritz, and would feel utterly unconscious of the stir they created. I wore these wigs with the plainest of dresses so that they became a part of the dress and not an oddity.

People were not afraid of being different then. Besides, there is nothing wrong with wigs. In the most sophisticated times most people wore them with the greatest dignity and would not have been seen in public without them. Can you imagine Voltaire or Catherine of Russia or Louis XIV without a wig?

On a gala evening you send it to your *coiffeur*. No loss of time, no heat, no pins, no torture. It comes home beautiful and glamorous, and you put it on your head and do not worry any more about how your hair looks; but on the other hand, how about swimming and playing golf and running for a bus in a wig . . . ?

Curiously enough, in spite of my apparent craziness and love of fun and gags, my greatest fans have always been the ultra-smart and conservative women, wives of diplomats and bankers, millionaires and artists, who like severe suits and plain black dresses. That these suits and dresses were widely copied did not matter because when copied they looked so completely different.

All the laws about protection from copyists are vain and useless. The moment people stop copying you, it means that you are no longer any good and that you have ceased to be news.

The first time I visited Hollywood, one special item of popularity had preceded me—that of the padded shoulders. I had started them to give women a slimmer waist. They proved the Mecca of the manufacturers. Joan Crawford had adopted them and molded her silhouette on them for years to come.

They became emphasized and monstrous. Adrian took them up with overwhelming enthusiasm. He very graciously received me in his house and as a surprise had all the big stars of the moment model his clothes for me. I wore that day a black coat with very wide shoulders, fringed with monkey fur, and I had left it in the cloakroom downstairs.

In the middle of the show an undulating blond starlet appeared dramatically with what looked like my coat, and made for me in a straight line.

"Don't you think it is divine? What a genius the dear boy is . . ."

☆☆☆

I NEVER quite know how to answer when people ask me how I get my ideas, but truly I get more out of an evening crawling around London pubs, or perhaps from roaming about the country in a car, than in the splendor of a ball. The simplicity and inventiveness of what used to be called in England the "lower working classes"



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was inspiring because it was dictated by comfort or necessity.

One evening when I was designing dresses for the film *The Ghost Goes West*, I took René Clair to my beloved Wapping, and he adored it. After we had spent many hours watching the river we went to a Chinese restaurant where we began to talk about Lillian Gish in that brilliant film *Broken Blossoms*. We thought it must have been inspired by just such a place. What a distressing and haunting picture it was! Where was Lillian now? And what had happened to her producer Griffith?

The door opened, and there stood Griffith in person like one of the characters in his film, grey against black. He seemed in search of his past. We did not know him personally but asked him to our table. He accepted and we spent a charmed evening talking of the past.

Back in Paris, my premises at 4 Rue de la Paix had become too small and we moved in 1935 to 21 Place Vendôme. The Place Vendôme has been for years the world's centre of elegance, and though the Rue de la Paix and the Rue de Castiglione are now unashamedly commercial, the Place Vendôme retains its proud dignity. A new Schiaparelli era came into being.

To start with there was the birth of the Boutique.

The Schiaparelli Boutique, the very first of its kind, has since been copied not only by all the great Paris *couturiers* but the idea has spread all over the world, especially in Italy. It became instantaneously famous because of the formula of "ready to be taken away immediately." There were useful and amusing gadgets afire with youth. There were evening sweaters, skirts, blouses, and accessories previously scorned by the *haute couture*.

Jean-Michel Franck made a gilded cage for my budding perfume business, and the Boutique took its rightful place as a Paris landmark after the Eiffel Tower, the Invalides, the Château of Versailles, and the Folies Bergères.

I was really in business now. The thing was no longer a game. STOP, LOOK, AND LISTEN was the theme of the year. Fantasy and ingenuity broke forth, with complete indifference not merely to what people would say but even to what was practical. This notable year therefore gave forth tweeds for the evening, padlocks for suits, evening raincoats, embroidered saris, glass dresses, and buttons of golden sovereigns and French louis to mock the next French devaluation. Mrs. Harrison Williams, then the fabulous leader of fashion, had a pink glass dress with pink camellias.

One day I sent for Colcombet, the most daring of the textile men.

"I want a material printed like a newspaper," I said.

"But it will never sell!" exclaimed the terrorized man.

"I think it will."

I clipped newspaper articles about Schiaparelli, both complimentary and otherwise, in every sort of language, stuck them together like a puzzle, and had them printed on silk and cotton. They came out in all kinds of colors and were turned into blouses, scarves, hats, and all kinds of bathing nonsense. The man sold thousands and thousands of yards. Today in a shop near London's Piccadilly you can still buy a tobacco pouch made of old newspaper clippings printed on oilskin. Thus I found a new way into men's pockets!

The problems of quick dressing and the lack of servants now became acute. I made aprons and kitchen clothes so that American women could do their own cooking and still look attractive. One of the things to be most im-

mediately affected by this simplification of life was—underwear. Disappearing fast were the pleatings, real lace, and pure silk. Slowly came an infiltration of much smaller items that women could wash themselves and wear with the minimum of ironing.

I am reminded of the sad prince who, to obtain happiness for himself, was told to wear the shirt of an entirely happy man. He went all round the world till he found a man who appeared to him completely happy. "Your shirt for my kingdom!" cried the prince in ecstasy. But the old man answered: "I have never possessed a shirt."

So the modern woman is perhaps happier for the lack of her underwear.

Those screens I had in my first garret followed me to the Place Vendôme. As in a confessional, the screens held their secrets. Many unknown things, subterfuges, and deceptions were revealed in their sanctuary, but these revelations never went beyond them. They alone heard the stories of wives and mistresses, saw the maimed bodies of women thought to be beautiful or the secret loveliness of women considered plain. And if Schiaparelli looks and listens with sympathy and pity, she forgets everything at six o'clock when she leaves the office—so all is safe.

THE YEAR 1937 seemed to me to strike the knell of individuality. The Seine was getting dressed up for the Paris Exhibition and the Syndicat de la Couture organized a pavilion to the glory of this great French industry. It also dictated a great many rules, not all of them very happy, as to what one could and could not do. I felt like Don Quixote and the windmills. The mannequins we were obliged to make use of were in some respects hideous. All one could do was to hide their absurdity under voluminous skirts.

After much discussion I went and made my own show myself. I laid the dreary plaster mannequin, naked as the factory had delivered it, on some turf and piled flowers over it to cheer it up. I then stretched a rope across an open space and, as after washing day, hung up all the clothes of a smart woman, even to panties, stockings, and shoes. Nothing could be said. I had carried out most strictly the decrees of the Syndicat de la Couture, but in such a way that on the first day a *gendarme* had to be sent for to keep back the crowds!

At the Place Vendôme the unexpected was always taking place. One never knew if it was high or low tide, or what one would find in the *salon* upstairs. Women pilots, air hostesses, women from art schools, the army, or the navy; pilgrim mothers of America, tourists with rhinestones in their hats, royalty past and present; past, present, and future presidents' wives, ambassadors, actresses, painters, architects, playwrights, admirals, generals, journalists, explorers, governors of all nations, decorators, duchesses and duchesses-to-be; and a prevalence of princesses who were to be seen every day.

A woman came in one day from the Middle West. She was timid and did not dress well, and was definitely plain. She had large brown eyes like a startled hare and uninteresting brown hair. She had a look of gentleness, and an innate restraint.

I liked her and began to mold her. She started to slim severely and irrevocably, cut her hair in a very strict

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gulf between afflicted children and the world about them.

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particular case, and how they should be used.

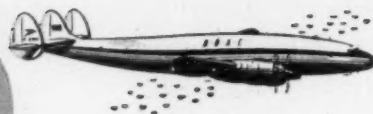
But the epileptic child must have more than medical treatment. In fact, the doctor may be seriously handicapped in his task without the sympathetic, understanding cooperation of the child's family, teachers, and friends. Given this cooperation . . . and continuing medical attention . . . many young victims of epilepsy can make a good adjustment and look forward to a future that holds a large measure of the things that make life most worthwhile.

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way that made her head look like a cask. She seemed to become taller, and her rather large bones, that were a drawback at the beginning, became strangely interesting and took on a certain special beauty. She chose very plain dresses that followed the skeleton of her body, jewels important enough to be in proportion to her height, colors that were deep and daring, and much black and white. She married a young man of subtle taste who helped her to build up this new personality. She wore lovely Chinese clothes at home that seemed to endow her with their shadowlike, everlasting influence.

She thus became a woman who stirred interest and curiosity everywhere she appeared. She was more than smart, more than beautiful. We became great friends, and I was uncommonly proud of her because I felt I had played a vital part in this extraordinary transformation. She died tragically, but we often talk of her with her husband or her friends as the woman who understood and wore my clothes better than anybody else.

The Marquise Casati used to stay at the Hôtel du Rhin across the road. Tall and gaunt, with heavily made-up eyes, she represented a past age of splendor when a few beautiful and wealthy women adopted an almost brutally individualistic way of living and presenting themselves to the public. The marquise appeared leading a panther on a diamond leash. All she had left now was a black velvet dress covered with dead-white face powder. A salesgirl was sent round with a small gift from the Boutique. She found the marquise in bed, fully made-up in the old vamp style, covered with a rug of black ostrich feathers, eating a breakfast of fried fish and drinking straight Pernod while trying on a newspaper scarf.

She said to the salesgirl: "When I am in France, I always take a typical French breakfast. Will you join me?" "Merci, madame, j'ai déjà déjeuné," answered the horrified but polite girl.

★ ★ ★

SHORTLY before the war I found myself, of all things, aboard the Trans-Siberian train bound for Moscow to design a costume for the average Soviet woman, something that every woman could wear whatever her condition of life, and that she could easily buy. It was a tall order, titillating with humor and irony but possible and vastly tempting. The famous photographer Cecil Beaton came along with me.

The newspapers made a big noise about it all. They said I had made a dress forty million women would wear. It was said that the wife of Stakhanov, the miner who had invented Stakhanovism, had been given a motor car, a bank account and the latest Schiaparelli dress.

One day, having forgotten something, I returned hurriedly to my hotel. As soon as I opened the door I heard screams of fear. My dresses had been laid out on the floor and four women were busily taking patterns. They all began to talk at the same time, not minding the fact that I did not understand a word. I sat on my bed laughing and laughing, and to their great surprise made gestures to explain to them how they could copy in an easier way.

Contrary to all expectation, I had designed a very plain black dress typically "Schiap," a dress that was high in the neck and could be worn both at the office and at the theatre, the sort of dress I wear all day myself. Over it was a loose red coat lined with black which fastened with large simple buttons. To go with this was a hat

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of knitted wool that every woman could easily copy. It was closed with a zip and had a concealed pocket. The Soviets eventually rejected this as being an invitation to pickpockets in streetcars.

☆ ☆ ☆

WHEN MAE WEST came to Paris she was stretched out on the operating table of my workroom, and measured and probed with care and curiosity. She had sent me all the most intimate details of her famous figure, and for greater accuracy a plaster statue of herself quite naked in the pose of the Venus de Milo. She was preparing a new film and cabled me to make her dresses.

Mae's hourglass silhouette captivated the minds of some of my girls, but not all of them had bosoms. Bosoms were at that time taboo, especially in America where women strapped them tight with Vello. One girl decided that she wanted to be a little more provocative, so secretly, with the fitter, while trying on a tight blue dress she decided to help Nature. She had for some time put stockings and handkerchiefs in her bust bodice but the result was not quite successful. This time she wanted it to be well thought out and of pleasing shape. She went out that night feeling wonderfully sexy and sure of being admired. But there was no reaction. At last she could not stand it any more, and asked her husband:

"What do you think of my figure tonight?"

"Most interesting," he answered rather sardonically. "You look like the wolf of Rome."

Something had slipped, and she discovered with terror that she had four breasts.

That is how the falsies began. The most modern are called Very Secret and

they are blown up with a straw, as if you were sipping crème de menthe.

From this silhouette also arose the bottle of perfume shaped like a woman, that famous Schiaparelli perfume bottle that practically became the signature of the house.

To find the name of a perfume is a very difficult problem because every word in the dictionary seems to be registered. The color flashed in front of my eyes. Bright, impossible, impudent, becoming, life-giving, like all the light and the birds and the fish in the world put together, a color of China and Peru but not of the West—a shocking color, pure and undiluted. So I called the perfume "Shocking." The presentation would be shocking, and most of the accessories and gowns would be shocking. It caused a mild panic among my friends and executives, but success was immense and immediate. The perfume, without advertising of any sort, took a leading place, and the color "shocking" established itself for ever as a classic.

Even Dali dyed an enormous stuffed bear in shocking pink and put drawers in its stomach. Bebe Bérard loved to put the scent on his beard till it trickled onto his torn shirt and the little dog in his arms. Marie-Louise Bousquet, the witty hostess of one of the last Paris drawing rooms, would pull her skirts up and drench her petticoat with it.

Dali was a constant caller. We devised together the coat with many drawers from one of his famous pictures. The black hat in the form of a shoe with a Shocking velvet heel standing up like a small column was another innovation. The Hon. Mrs. Reginald Fellowes, "Daisy" to her friends, the most talked-about well-dressed woman, the supreme word in elegance at that time, had the courage

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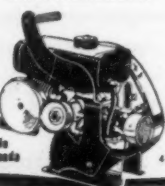
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to wear it. There was another hat resembling a lamb cutlet with a white frill on the bone, and this, more than anything else, contributed to my fame for eccentricity. Daisy wore it defiantly and certain newspaper columnists have never forgotten it. Jean Cocteau made some drawings of heads for me. I reproduced some of these on the back of an evening coat, and one, with long yellow hair reaching to the waist, on a grey linen suit.

The Schiaparelli collections followed one another with definite themes. There was the pagan collection when women looked as if they had come out of a Botticelli painting, with wreaths and leaves of delicate flowers embroidered on simple, clinging classical gowns. There was an astrological collection with horoscopes, the stars, the moon, and the sun glittering at every step. The most riotous and swaggering collection was that of the circus. Barnum, Bailey, Grock, and the Fratellis got loose in a mad dance in the dignified showrooms, up and down the imposing staircase, in and out of the windows. Clowns, elephants, horses, decorated the prints. Balloons for bags, spats for gloves, ice-cream cones for hats, and trained waltzing dogs and mischievous monkeys...

There was no criticism of "Who can wear it?" As an amazing fact, I did not lose a single one of my wealthy conservative old-fashioned clients but got a lot of new ones—and, of course, all the stars...

Marlene Dietrich trying on hats, her famous legs crossed, smoking a perennial cigarette as if she was posing for the movies, and like nobody else does. Claudette Colbert, mischievous and twinkling... Norma Shearer... Merle Oberon perfumed like the Queen of Sheba... Lauren Bogart with her aristocratic face and Brooklyn vocabulary saying a deep, long *bonjour* that sounded like a high note... Gary Cooper, shy, following with his navy-blue eyes his latest conquest... Michèle Morgan straight out of her mamma's *conciergerie* lodge... Anna-Bella playing the grown-up in a René Clair film and looking like a little boy... Simone Simon tearing her dress to pieces in the face of the fitter because she did not want to wear it in spite of Sacha Guitry's wish... and Constance Bennett turned into a fox, so many fox furs encircled her person... Gloria Swanson and Cécile Sorel.

★ ★ ★

IN DECEMBER 1945 I was for the second time back in a Paris trying with hollow gaiety to forget a world war. I tried to make women both slim and elegant, so that they could face the new way of life. I did not immediately realize that the sort of elegance we had known before the war was now dead.

The shock I had received at the first sight of the clothes in the Place Vendôme continued with the discovery of the new public: the newly rich wives of grocers, butchers, and provision merchants, and all kinds of slippery trades, who had discovered the *maison de couture*; the newly poor who had not yet got out of the habit—the subway public, coming out like moles for the sales.

The first reaction from the towering turbans in which one could have hidden three lovers, hats like storks' nests, and shoulders as wide as the streets, was to throw away all padding and bulkiness. We had to forget all this and start a new line with shoulders that practically drooped, long dresses, high bosoms.

With a reminiscence of great elegance and dignity, I turned to the Regency—there is not very much new in anything. I turned toward high col-

lars, bulky scarves, tiny waists. This proved a little rarefied... and a certain coarseness prevailed.

I was still a dreamer and I continued to have a vision of women dressed in a practical yet dignified and elegant way, and I thought of the ancient wisdom of the Chinese and the simplicity of their clothes. I made flat dresses with sloping lines, easily packed, easily carried, light in weight and becoming to the figure. I made an entire trousseau in a specially designed Constellation bag weighing less than ten pounds, including a reversible coat for day and night, six dresses, and three hats. I considered this the natural answer to the life that faced us, but I was wrong. That collection, which I still think was one of the most intelligent I have done, had a publicity success but no sale. Women insisted on looking like little girls, even if they were old, with a silhouette that with some wishful thinking could be called slim, and built-up faces that looked as if they had cried "Stop!" to death.

I found too that the emphasis on restriction, on secrecy, that I had first noted at the time of the Paris Exhibition of 1937 had grown. The Syndicat de la Couture had drawn up new laws, including one that the press was no longer allowed to take photographs during a show. I strongly and wholly disagree with my colleagues on these matters.

When at last photographs can be taken nowadays they cannot be published for nearly a month. Imagine how stale the news has become by then. Movies and television cameras are also banned at dress shows, thus not merely robbing us of the spontaneous publicity we used to enjoy, but leaving the stage clear for any financial or preconceived scheme that some unscrupulous set of people might devise.

When I see my first tentative ideas, my feelers, picked up not only by the usual copyists but also by people who organize well-publicized and successful collections, I feel magnificently alive. These people, of course, make much more money than I do. But what of it? What is more invigorating than to give without counting the cost? In short, I believe that these restrictions which started in 1947 now threaten the downfall of the real French elegance.

Now, when young people write to me from all over the world—and some of the letters are appealingly naïve, and some of the sketches they send me are pathetic—when they want to know how to start, and what school to attend, my answers must appear to them very disappointing.

How to start!

First, are you sure you have got IT? Or are you not sure?

The best and only school is a workshop, noisy, human, alive, and creative. To start in Paris as an *arpette*, the girl who picks the pins from the floor, is the best way. To work one's way up to become a *seconde main*, then a *première main*. You may become a *première* because of good work and talent. You may even in time become the head of a famous Paris house like Mme Vionnet who created an epoch of classic beauty, or Mme Lanvin, a monument of French *couture*. If these two women have been able to do it you may also succeed. The way is open to everybody who has the will, the ambition, the respect for work, and the IT.

But to attend a pretty school, cold and uninspiring, to stammer with pins and chalk in front of a dummy, is not a good thing. That sort of training is apt to kill talent and to turn out nonentities. It is merely useful for training people who want to go in for mass production. ★



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MAILBAG



Was Walter Harris Really a Diplomat?

I read—with no particular interest—
Blair Fraser's speculations (Will
Walter Harris Be Our Next Prime
Minister? Aug. 15) and the reasons
he gives for Walter Harris' eligibility.

I was intrigued with his reference to
Mr. Harris' diplomatic mission to New-
foundland, "to arrange the last details
of Union." Mr. Fraser continues, "the
political situation there was extremely
ticklish—personal jealousies and rival-
ries threatened to get the whole project
of confederation off on the wrong foot.
Harris did a job of quiet and unob-
trusive diplomacy which straightened
out the difficulties—and which his
senior colleagues still remember with
admiration."

Not being a Liberal I am naturally
unaware of Mr. Harris' quiet and unob-
trusive diplomacy which "straightened
out the difficulties," and presumably
the personal jealousies and rivalries.
Being a Newfoundlander I am aware
that the difficulties have never been
straightened out.

It is possible of course that Mr.
Fraser means that Mr. Harris straight-
ened out the difficulties, personal jeal-
ousies and rivalries of the "Confedera-
tion Engineers," who doubtless were
clamoring for their reward for their suc-
cessful roles in "The Great Intrigue."
If that is the meaning of Mr. Fraser's
words may I venture the opinion that
the arts of diplomacy were not nearly
as important as the wherewithal to pay.

May I say also that the whole
confederate deal was completely de-
void of finesse—much less diplomacy.
—A. M. Duffy, St. John's, Nfld.

● The next convention the Liberals
have to pick a leader will be one of
the world's most important meetings
... It is not just to pick a political
leader for the Liberal Party or for
Canada, but a diplomatic leader of
world affairs who is not a messenger
boy. Is the politician Walter Harris
that man? ... How about L. B. Pear-
son?—C. A. Magee, Toronto.

● I am impressed with the quality of
Walter Harris ... This man seems to
have a planned place for religion in his
life and will find favor with many citizens
who believe that "the fear of the Lord"
is still "the beginning of wisdom."
—John Sigsworth, Port Credit, Ont.

Farm-Style Kidnapping

I thoroughly enjoyed the story on the
harvest excursions (Remember Those
Harvest Excursions? Sept. 1) ... In
1915 my Dad told my sister and I to
go to our village of Briercrest in the
old Overland and bring back a couple
of men. We got there just as the train
was pulling into the station. The
platform was crowded with farmers
looking for help. As the men started
down the steps of the train the farmers
would reach out and grab them and
march them triumphantly toward wait-
ing cars.

Shy as a country girl could be at
that time, I couldn't bring myself to
accost one of them, until my sister
gave me a shove and said "Go on, Ed,
grab a couple." ... Two smallish
young men came down the steps. I

made a leap for them, grabbed one by
the arm and hissed "Will you come
and work for us?" He smiled and said
"sure." Getting into the car Madge
whispered anxiously "I don't know if
these will do, they are small and you
know Dad likes 'em big and ugly."

One of them stayed with us three
years and then wanted to marry my
young sister and take her back to
Nova Scotia. When she wouldn't go
he left in disgust.—Edna Jaques, To-
ronto.

Our Far-Off Friends

Our whole family enjoys your maga-
zine, even my youngest who is seven.
We were interested in the articles on
the Mounted Police, my eight-year-old



son having stated his life ambition to
join the Force. Nothing we have read
has destroyed the glamour of this Force.
Robbie of course was born in Regina
—"Home of the Mounted."—Con-
stance Fulton, Olympia, Wash.

● I am a Canadian immigrant back in
my own country for studies ... Most
of my non-immigrant friends are most
pleased to read Maclean's.—G. van den
Steenhoven, Eindhoven, The Nether-
lands.

● The White and the Gold is excellent.
My American friends really enjoy this
distinctively Canadian publication.—
G. K. MacLeod, Davis, Calif.

● My husband is English and is learn-
ing about Canada through Maclean's.
I enjoy keeping up with home through
it.—Mrs. G. M. Hopwood, Bihar, India.

● May the warrant officers and ser-
geants of the Second Regiment RCHA
convey their thanks ... Your maga-
zine is a constant source of home news
for service personnel in a foreign coun-
try.—D. H. MacKinnon, Montreal.

The March on Ottawa

Alan Phillips presents a distorted
picture of the Winnipeg strike and the
Regina riot in The Mounties—Part 5
(Sept. 1). His picture of 2,000 armed,
Communist-controlled unemployed
seeking trouble with the police in Re-
gina is not substantiated by eyewitness
accounts. Nor does it describe the
background of economic depression and
unemployment against which the
march on Ottawa occurred.

His paragraphs on the Winnipeg
strike leave many things unsaid. Un-
dercover RCMP Corporal Frank Za-
neth is said to have furnished testi-
mony which "helped convict seven

leaders of sedition." Who were these strike leaders? . . . Ten were arrested on charges of sedition; two were acquitted, the charges against one were dropped, and seven were found guilty. Of the seven found guilty, three were later elected to the Manitoba legislature. One of these men, John Queen, became Mayor of Winnipeg; A. A. Heaps, who was acquitted, was later elected MP from North Winnipeg; J. S. Woodsworth was never tried. These men were, in the words of J. S. Woodsworth, "tried by a larger jury" and vindicated.—Dorothy Johnston, Regina.

The Symbols of Suburbia

Your article, *Why Live in the Suburbs* (Sept. 1), gave a pretty clear picture of the problems and pleasures of modern suburbanites. We were glad to loan the "symbols of suburbia" for the article and think you displayed the various implements and furnishings "necessary for survival" to their best advantage.—R. D. Lister, Simpsons-Sears Ltd., Toronto.

The Lonely Life

Your article, *What It's Like to Live in a Lighthouse* (Aug. 1), makes me wonder why the Bay of Fundy lighthouses get all the luxuries. Electric light! TV! Holidays for assistants! Charter supply service twice a month!

I am the wife of a West Coast lightkeeper and our house at Race Rocks Light is fully wired for electricity but we have to depend on dangerous kerosene lamps for illumination, in spite of the fact there are two war-surplus power plants lying idle on the station. TV, of course, is dependent on power.

Lighthouse assistants on the West Coast are regarded as employees of the lightkeeper and receive no civil service status and no holidays . . . I know of no West Coast light that receives charter service and none that receives supplies more than once a month unless it makes its own arrangements. We are only twelve miles from Victoria but supply trips are made by the lighthouse tender at very irregular intervals—a week or maybe ten weeks between trips . . . —Jean M. Odum, Victoria, B.C.

Out For Lunch

Regarding Feyer's cartoon (see cut) in which the painter was consumed by his model the lion (Aug. 1), what a fool



your friend was—this would have been impossible had he been a member of the CIO painters' local. No good union man would have attempted to work through the lunch hour.—L. B. Coleman, Warren, Ohio.

How Munich Looks Today

I violently disagree with your editorial, *Indo-China Isn't Munich* (Aug. 15). Geneva is a second Munich. Chamberlain learned his lesson by rushing through an armaments program of \$14 billions for 1939-40, and establishing all-out conscription; Da-

ladier followed. However it appears that Eden and Mendes-France lack the common sense and courage to do the same, by taking a firm united stand against calculated aggression.—G. Perdicaris, Edmonton.

● You fail to mention that prior to Munich a neutral commission headed by an Englishman recommended that parts of Czechoslovakia, ethnically German, should be transferred to Germany. The Munich award substantially followed this recommendation. The U. K. had no obligations toward

Czechoslovakia and made this clear.

In Indo-China, the U. S. had for years been helping the French with munitions and equipment and was continually urging her to greater efforts. When the French appealed for direct intervention the Americans declined to act. Yes, there is a great difference between Munich and Indo-China.—J. P. Thornton, Victoria, B.C.

● Let's try to keep the record straight . . . Chamberlain and Daladier, at Munich, did not "agree to give a large slice of Czechoslovakia to Hitler." At

Munich they realized that a ruthless, psychopathic gangster had them, and all Europe, if not the whole world, by the throat . . . Chamberlain might have covered himself with glory had he opposed the gangster. To give his own and other democracies a chance, he sacrificed his career.

How anyone can now say that Britain and France were Czechoslovakia's powerful friends is beyond my comprehension. The records show there was no power nor any will to fight. —Jacob W. F. Uitvlugt, Newmarket, Ont. ★

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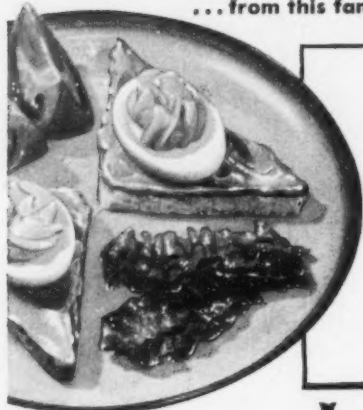
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What It's Like To Be In a Prison Riot

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

scrip is used there. It is red cardboard, about an inch and a half square, bearing only a photograph of the pen radio control room. Scrip is issued for money sent the prisoners from friends and relatives. The tickets are valued at fifteen to the dollar and you are not allowed to carry more than a dollar's worth at a time.

The carpenter shop employed thirty men while I was there. It contained about twenty individual workbenches and was well supplied with hand and power tools. All the prison shops are well lighted, well equipped and well ventilated.

There is a mid-morning break of fifteen minutes for a smoke. At noon you go to the sink and wash up, then get in line. You are frisked again, counted, and when the door has been unlocked you file out and over to the kitchen. After dinner you have a chance to stretch out for a half hour. Then the bell goes again, you hit the door, line up, are counted, go down to the kitchen to leave your dirty utensils, then on to the shop. Again the count, the search, and back to work. There is another fifteen-minute smoking period in the afternoon. Some time during the day you are let out in the yard for a forty-minute recreation period. At the end of the work day there is another search and count. Then to the cells for the night, carrying your supper tray.

There are earphones in each cell. The cons can listen to a two-channel radio service all evening. It is controlled from the radio room. The programs start at seven o'clock but before that a pen announcer, an inmate, gives the "joint news." We learn who are the newcomers that day, their sentences and crimes. There is gossip about the prison ball teams and any other topic of general interest. Those who don't listen to the radio, or who find the program boring, talk from cell to cell or play checkers or chess by calling their plays by numbers but the main theme for general conversation is sex. Many cons like to pretend they have a woman in the cell with them and graphically outline their progress to their fellow inmates. Perverts shout methods of procedure from cell to cell. Fouler than any barracks or forecastle, the cell block keeps reminding the prisoner of his isolation and sex hunger.

At eight o'clock a gong rings for silence. No talking is permitted from then until ten, when the cell lights go out. If your cell door happens to be opposite one of the corridor lights, there is nothing to stop you from reading all night. The envy of everyone is the man who goes to sleep right after supper and stays asleep until the 7.30 bell. There is an old prison saying: "You're not doing time when you're asleep."

Talking is not permitted when inmates are in line or singly under guard or after the eight-o'clock bell, or, according to the rules, when in the shops. I have never known a shop guard to go by the book as long as talking in the shop was subdued. Smoking is not permitted when walking or waiting in line under guard, or when singly under guard, or in the shops—except during the two quarter-hour breaks. Else-

where and at other times there is no curb either on talking or smoking.

There are quite a few privileges. Smoking and talking are privileges. So are the canteens, baseball and the other yard games. Hobbycraft is a highly prized privilege. A man may buy tools and materials and do woodwork, leatherwork or shell work in his cell between supper and lights out. His work can be sent out to relatives for sale; some cons who are rapid and skilful workers have made as much as \$2,000 a year from their hobby crafts. Two of the basic privileges are two letters a week to the outside; a letter may be to father, mother, wife, child, sister or brother and to no one else. You may receive one visitor, from the above categories, once a month.

Between the noon meal and supper on Saturday, and all day Sunday, except for one compulsory church attendance a month, you are as free as four stone walls allow. Week ends and the daily recreation period are the times you get into the yard to exercise, bask in the sun, spend your tickets at the welfare canteen, jaw with friends, or just meditate on your sins.

As many as eight or nine hundred men will be gathered in one quarter of the prison yard at one time. No more than a dozen guards will be with them and all the guards will be unarmed—not so much as a truncheon. At night, when every con is safely locked in his drum, the guards carry rifles or revolvers. It sounds like an anomaly but it isn't. Not more than ten percent of pen inmates are violent by nature. Most of them—the forgers, abortionists, embezzlers, burglars, counterfeiterers, confidence men—are as peaceful as so many undertakers or real-estate men.

You Can't Get Used To Pen

But they are not inside long before they are wise to the reason for unarmed guards by day and armed guards by night. They know that a guard would rather be unarmed than run the risk of having a weapon wrested from him and turned on him. At night he might encounter one or two cons who have broken out of their cells; being armed then is an advantage. So every con soon gets the idea that he is feared. Being searched four times a day either for escape tools or for weapons eventually adds to the inmate's new estimate of his fearsome nature. Having his group counted eight times a day is further proof that an escape attempt is expected of him at any time. It isn't long before most cons—including some highly peaceable ones—are firmly convinced that they are very dangerous indeed. That idea is an important condition of prison riots.

But the chief cause is simply that you are in prison. A convict understands why he is in a penitentiary. He might even admit that he deserves to be there. But he still isn't going to like it. Putting a man behind bars is more than removing him from one environment and placing him in another. It is an amputation.

You may think you can get used to prison life with all its constrictions and indignities but you never can. The prison clothes, the clanging of a steel door behind you, the animal-like patience with which you wait for a man to come and let you out, the tone with which some guards can place you in a subhuman category when giving the most commonplace order, the furtive

Every con knows he's feared and thinks he's dangerous. He's ready for a riot.



overtures of the homosexuals, the sudden realization that months of solitary eating have turned you into a pig—all these things stoke the boiler. Eventually the needle on the pressure gauge reads "danger" and one more straw in the kindling starts the explosion.

August 15, a Sunday, started as just another day for my fellow inmates. For me, it was something special—my last full day in the pen. Your last few days in the pen make you feel like a kid at Christmas time. Will the big day really come? Or will something happen so that Santa Claus doesn't make the trip?

My first moment of uneasiness came on the preceding Friday afternoon in the shops. I was sanding school desks when another convict stepped over to me and murmured, "Don't look now, but we may be losing our happy home." The sound of fire sirens approaching from Kingston swelled over the walls before I could reply. I stepped to the window and saw smoke rising from the roof of the main cell block. Everyone dropped tools and crowded to the windows. We were like schoolboys watching the school burn down, or hoping it would. There were a few dissenters—the men whose cells contained months of work on hobbycrafts. They watched the fire like mothers returning to a burning home in which children have been left. Within an hour it was apparent that the firemen had the upper hand. By suppertime some of the hose lines had been withdrawn. I think the fire was accidental, caused by a short circuit. But its consequences were far more serious than the destruction of part of the cell-block roof. It had eased the tension in lives keyed up to perform every major movement at the clang of a bell or the command of a guard. Even before our hack (after a brief conversation with one of the keepers at the door) announced that we would have supper in the shop instead of going to our cells, we sensed that things were going to be different. What kind of difference and how far-reaching? No one knew but ignorance didn't prevent wild and happy speculation. Whatever was to happen, it would be good for us and awkward for the pen authorities. That was how everyone felt, so everyone felt good.

We filed to the kitchen and loaded our supper trays. Back in the shops we chattered like picnickers as we spread out the food on tables and benches, reveling in the novelty of eating together instead of being separated by the stone walls of our individual cells. After returning our trays to the kitchen, we were wheeled around and did not go to our cells for the night. We went back to the shops.

Routine had gone by the boards. There was a relaxation which could not be checked. It was as heady as three or four swigs of goof (cheap wine). An impromptu quartet provided close harmony. Some card games were started. About a dozen men spent the evening walking around the shop, enjoying the almost-forgotten freedom of having more than forty square feet to pace in. The shop guard watched indulgently. Authority had been forced to loosen the reins, and perhaps was uncertain how much slack could safely be allowed.

Red, a man doing a long bit for manslaughter who had been my particular pal during the past year, came up to me and started kidding about my expected discharge: "They'll forget all about you Monday, Curly. They have other things to worry about now." "Yeah," Pappy, one of the old ones, chimed in gleefully, "didn't you know about them moving the records into the big dome only yesterday? Fact," he cheerfully lied, "they'll be burnt. Have to check everything now through Ottawa. Takes months." Even when you know you're being kidded, and by friends, little clouds of doubt can gather in the mind when the subject is life and death or freedom and imprisonment.

The Story New Shoes Tell

For breakfast on Saturday we had sandwiches of some kind of meat paste, and cheese. We had a hard-boiled egg each and biscuits and coffee. Not much work was done in the shops. In the afternoon we had the usual recreation period.

I had just handed in my dirty lunch tray at the kitchen when a guard told me to go over to the shoemaking shop. My spirits soared. That meant new shoes, always issued a day or two before a man is discharged. Everything else is done within the last hour behind the walls, but the shoe ceremony takes place well beforehand—why, I don't know. I picked out a pair of brown oxfords. From then on I came in for uninterrupted kidding and envious remarks from everyone. Until Saturday only my pals and the men in the carpenter shop had known of my discharge. But the new shoes are an advertisement to the whole population that you're about to leave. Guys you have never spoken to before come up to you with wisecracks or envious remarks.

After supper on Saturday (still in the shops) the guards told us that the cell block was fairly dry and those who wanted to return could do so. There was no compulsion about it. Another night of sleeping in the shops would

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The swing is definitely to Labatts!

A mob was growing, ready to storm the shops and capture the key to freedom.

be allowed for those who feared the dampness. Most of us went back to the main cell block. The hobbycrafters were anxious to see what had happened to their work and the others were curious about the smoke and water damage. But even the return to the cells did not clear away the relaxed air that had settled over the place.

Early Sunday afternoon Red and I started for the ball diamond. The Sunday afternoon ball game is the big attraction of the week. Our best team takes on teams from Kingston, Belleville and sometimes Ottawa. There was quite a crowd there as we approached. When we were less than twenty yards from the bleachers we heard several voices on the diamond raised in an angry shout. Red said, "Sounds like they're starting a bingo. Funny time for it—funny place." A bingo is a sudden chorus of shouting and yelling, usually indulged in when in the cells so that tables and utensils can be rattled as accompaniment, to let off steam and annoy the guards. We went on a few steps. An old con passed us, heading north. He was going slowly, like a sleepwalker, stiff-legged. There were two white spots on his cheeks and the skin around his mouth was drawn tightly in fear. As he came up to us he said: "Those guys are really hot. Scram, if you've got sense."

At the ball diamond enough could be gathered from the yelling and screaming to get the drift of things. A story was spreading that a full team couldn't be mustered because some of the players were locked in the mail bag. It was the first we had heard of it. A con standing in front of us turned and said, "Them jokers in the mail bag broke some windows in there Friday night. The hacks have kept them locked in there since. Some of the ball team is locked in there too. The boys want to get 'em out."

A knot of about thirty men stood on the edge of the diamond, about twenty-five yards from the south entrance to the shop building. I could see and hear them. It was now clear that our informant's explanation was correct. The cons around the diamond were pep talking themselves into getting into the mail bag and releasing the men who were supposed to be imprisoned there for breaking the windows—players and others alike. Other cons began gathering and I could see two guards walking toward the group slowly, one from the east cell block and the other from around the north end of the shop building. I think they believed they were about to break up a fight.

Abruptly the cons between the diamond and the shops parted. The men from the diamond had argued themselves into action. They disappeared from my view behind the south wing of the building, making for the door to the west wing, the mail bag. I had no desire to see what they would do next. Red and I moved toward the east cell block—in the opposite direction. We learned later that when the cons stormed the shops building they encountered a lone guard—Leslie McCallum—at the mail-bag door and demanded his keys. Apparently McCallum retreated with his keys behind the engineering-shop door.

I glanced over the entire scene again before turning to move away from the danger zone toward the north. The

guards who had been approaching were nowhere in sight. They, and all others in the south section of the yard had fled to safety farther north. Some cons were running toward the main shops from the masonry shop armed with crowbars, prisms, shovels, sledges.

Within minutes the steel doors to the mail bag, and to some of the other shops, were twisted metal. If there were men in the mail bag they certainly got out. But the fifty or sixty cons who were now tearing through the building didn't care about a ball game any more. Through the windows we could see them clicking their cigarette lighters on and off (cons may not carry matches), starting flames dancing in a hundred different places. The flames quickly spread, joined, and filled the east and north wings of the building. Shouting "burn the hell hole to the ground" and "come on you chickens (to the hundreds of us who were looking on) let's all make a job of it," they went on to other buildings south of the main cell block.

Some ran to the barn and fired it, but others rushed inside and brought the eight horses to safety. The west shop and dorms came next. There are cells for about a hundred men there, as well as the tailor shop and print shop. Then the lumber shed. Only a new fireproof roof saved the east cell block. The few guards who had been in the south yard sprinted northward to safety, and made it. McCallum was still locked in the engineering shop.

Wrecking Gangs at Work

The whole thing had been unpremeditated and unplanned. From a crazy scheme to release a few supposedly irreplaceable ball players, less than a hundred cons had worked up a first-class head of steam.

When the first wisps of smoke came through the windows there was a minor stampede—in which I joined—to buy out the welfare canteen before it might be destroyed. The canteen adjoins the east wing of the shops building. The three men behind the counter did a land-office business. Cons surged around the place, waving their scrip like women in a bargain basement. The shelves were emptied in less than ten minutes. I bought a cantaloupe and a brick of ice cream and shuffled around with the fruit in one hand and the rapidly melting brick in the other. At least the guards could see that my intentions were innocent.

By the time the shops building was well alight, the rioters had become half a dozen small aimless gangs firing and destroying everything they could reach. Huddled along the east path, were the rest of us. Those who had bought pop when the canteen was bought out swigged their drinks as they watched. A few at the southern end of the spectator group shouted encouragement. "Burn everything—do it right!" and "Get the main cell block, you dummies, there's nothing to stop you!" Others were just as vocal in their reproof: "Do you want to spend the rest of your lives here?" or "What are you trying to do—get somebody killed?"

We could hear commands being shouted by the guards on the walls: "Everyone stand still." "Stay where you are." And the occasional, less formal, "Stop being damned fools." They might as well have called to the

flames. Half a dozen men who had found a length of two-by-eight used it as a battering ram against the main door of the main cell block. They made several assaults on the oak-and-steel door without effect.

The guard McCallum startled everyone by suddenly appearing north of the main cell block and dashing for the north gate, yelling to the guards, "Don't shoot. Don't shoot." He had found a con's uniform in the engineering shop, put it on, and passed unnoticed through us all. I found out later that another guard had remained locked in the boiler room, which the fire didn't reach.

The warden, deputy warden and head keepers and guards were standing in front of the north gate. The walls were thick with guards. A heavy cloud of smoke was carried toward the City of Kingston by a southwest breeze.

The Only Shots All Day

After little more than an hour of rioting a few cons were ready to throw in the sponge. One group, still clinging to their crowbars and pick handles, walked toward the north gate yelling, "We want to talk; we want to talk with you." The deputy warden eyed them a moment and called back, "We are not talking with anyone. Stay where you are." He glanced over to where about thirty of us were sitting beside the onion bed in the northeast corner. "You fellows are sitting this one out, eh?" he called. "All right, stay put." Warden Walter Johnstone didn't do any talking except to his staff.

Soon after McCallum made his escape we heard explosions from the shops building in muffled sounds that probably were tins of paint bursting. The smoke hid the southeast section

of the yard so that the guards on the north walls couldn't be sure what was causing the explosions. They fired one volley of about twenty shots against the north wall of the cell block, over our heads. They were the only shots fired all day.

A little less than two hours after the first rush at the mail bag I noticed the guards on the north wall looking intently to the east, beyond the prison. A moment later there was a stir in the ranks of the pen brass—warden, deputy, chief keeper, assistant chief and others who had been ranged before the north gate. The warden left the group and spoke to the keeper on the gate, then came back and they all stood clear while the big doors swung open. Troops from the Kingston garrison entered the yard, steel helmeted, armed with rifles, Bren guns, tear-gas guns and other weapons. The troops had drawn up in line across the entire north end of the yard before anyone but those of us at the onion patch knew they were in the place. They were nearly all kids who appeared as uncertain about what would happen next as we were. When word passed the length of the yard that soldiers had arrived, no one felt fear of any kind. The cons at the southern end gave a mock cheer, but there was relief in it, and in the feelings of all of us who had not had a hand in the riot.

It was all over. The soldiers moved down the west end of the yard right to the south wall, leaving small detachments strung between buildings to stop any die-hards from playing hide-and-seek. All inmates, rioters and onlookers alike, retreated slowly before the bayonets. When everyone had been corralled on the ball diamond the fire trucks came in. They had been waiting for nearly two hours on the street outside the north gate. Hose lines were hauled



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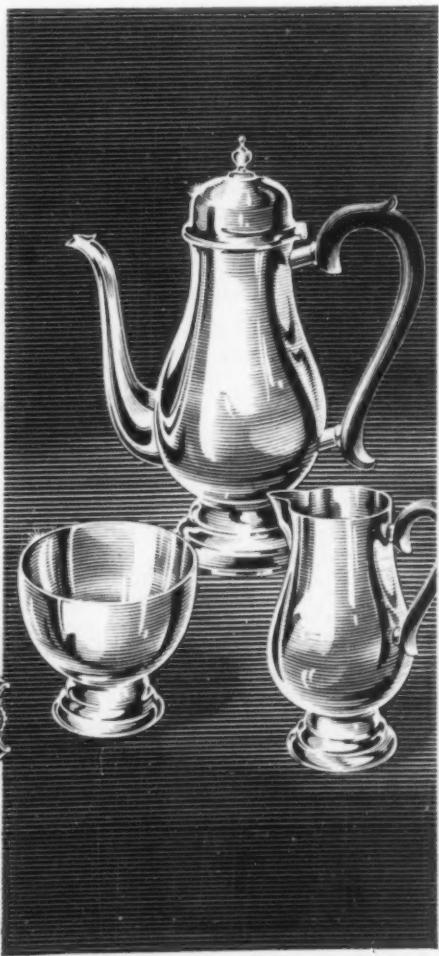
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COMING SOON TO YOUR LOCAL THEATRE

through the gates and over the walls. The fires were under control by five o'clock.

Guards swarmed into the yard and began their job of cutting us out of the herd two at a time, frisking us, and sending us at the double back to the main cell block for the night. It was eight o'clock before the last two men were under lock and key again. Back in the cells no one spoke. When the last cell door had clanged shut you felt that you had been entombed alive. Not a whisper. By midnight a few snores could be heard. They were the only human sounds to break the silence until morning.

I didn't sleep very well. I thought it certain that I would be kept in my cell for a long time to come. The warden had the power to keep me in for another nine months if he thought he had a reason. What about yesterday? I had been within speaking distance of the men who started the riot. Had some guard reported me as an instigator, or at least as one worth detaining for questioning? It seemed probable.

On Monday morning breakfast was brought to the cells by a handful of trusties. We were literally fed through the bars. Two pieces of toast, a dab of jam, a boiled egg and coffee. As I took mine I called to a guard, "Do I hand in these shoes after all?" He looked puzzled for a moment, then grinned and said, "Oh, you're worried, eh?" But the grin helped. Half an hour later a keeper came to the cell and unlocked it. I took the first step toward freedom.

From the cell block I was marched to the office adjoining the undamaged east cell block where the final rites in the discharge of a prisoner are observed. I was given a haircut and a shower; a suit of clothes and hat were next. They returned the club bag containing the clothing I had worn into the pen and they photographed me again. At the administration building I got back my ring and wrist watch and was given a railway ticket to Toronto.

When I reached Toronto I bought the evening papers and read all about the riot, and life in Kingston pen. I wished some of the others could have been with me. You feel kind of silly laughing by yourself.

The papers spoke of big-time gambling in the pen—of fifty and hundred dollar bills floating around the poker tables. There is gambling in the pen—bets made on card games (craps and poker are not permitted), on baseball games or on when it will stop raining. Prison scrip is used—valued at fifteen to the dollar. I have never seen more than forty of these chits change hands at a card game (bridge or gin rummy) and I'm sure no one else has either. Sometimes card players will be at a game from Saturday noon to Sunday evening. If the payoff amounts to more than three dollars in scrip it's the talk of the yard for weeks. Bank notes of any denomination are never seen.

Drinking orgies were also given a sensational play. The reports on that phase of prison life led the reader to believe that nine hundred inmates reeled about the place all day and all night, juiced up on prison-made moonshine. Actually, a few luses will sneak a cup or two of fruit juice from the kitchen once in a while, put it in as warm a place as they can find, and hope for the best.

Still another report said that a plot had been uncovered to spike the wall guards' coffee with potassium cyanide. The idea was that during the ball game the effects of the potassium cyanide would strike. The guards would drop dead and cons would march arm in arm

to freedom through the north gate. My knowledge of chemistry is not extensive but I'm quite sure that the action of potassium cyanide is not delayed more than a split second after reaching a person's lips.

A report which always follows a prison riot is the kind which speaks of a plan having been discovered for a mass breakout: "It has been known for some time that a group of the more hardened criminals have been planning . . . etc., etc."

Of course there is a plot to escape. It's going on all the time. Sometimes it is organized but, organized or not, it is there from when you go in until you come out. There is a plot to escape in Kingston right now, and in Stony Mountain, Dartmoor and Leavenworth—or any other place where men are locked up against their will. And everyone is in it. For the great majority it is a vague hope, often to

SUDDEN SHOWER

The doorways fill with passers-by
Who concentrate on keeping dry.
And while they block the way and wait
They thoroughly infuriate
The folks inside who want to get
Outside at once and soaking wet.

P. J. BLACKWELL

be rejected when the opportunity does arise. But it is there as part of every inmate's thinking.

People on the outside become exasperated when there is a major riot such as that of last August. Too much mollicoddling, they say. The taxpayer looks at the staggering bill, gets understandably angry.

Very often the reasons given for a prison riot—and by the rioters themselves—are not the true ones. Prisoners don't riot, knowing the painful consequences they may suffer, because the porridge is lumpy or because a guard has taken a swing at some con when no one was looking. The lowest IQ in the place knows there is no future in that sort of outbreak.

I think prisoners riot because they can't help it. For the hyperemotional ones especially it is a natural reaction to an unnatural existence. It is a kind of therapy for the suffering men undergo when kept in cages. They go to the hole. They have a large chunk of remission time taken from them, or they may have to face trial and hear their sentence being prolonged. But the act of rioting opens the safety valve.

Mollicoddling has nothing to do with it. Ice cream and baseball never make a man forget the freedom he has lost. They help him a little to bear the emptiness of prison life, but there is no substitute for freedom. Telling himself that he is there through no one's fault but his own doesn't alter anything for the con. The man who has been clowning in a canoe and suddenly finds himself in deep water with his craft floating away from him can tell himself the same thing but he can't be expected to accept his plight without a struggle.

A prison is an active volcano—churning and bubbling under the weight of stone and steel; under the pressure of routine and discipline are the uncontrollable urges for freedom and female companionship. So, there are eruptions. Even though the convict is a wilful wrongdoer, I don't think he can be blamed for them. Neither can the prison authorities. ★

Backstage at Ottawa

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6

carry the Conservative nominating convention in Trinity while his principal rival, the 1953 candidate, was in hospital. Morale of the local Conservative organization was somewhat damaged by the contest, and neutral observers think Woodside's chances of winning the seat are rather less than even.

Conservative chances of a gain from the Liberals look best in Mr. Justice Douglas Abbott's old seat, St. Antoine-Westmount in Montreal. For Doug Abbott it was a pretty safe riding, but even Abbott had his majority cut from ten thousand in 1949 to less than five thousand in 1953. The same man who ran against Abbott is running again—Egan Chambers, a young insurance man with a good war record and a fathomless capacity for ringing doorbells. Montreal gossips think that if Chambers were running against anyone but a cabinet minister he'd win, but they don't think he can beat Hon. George Marler, new Minister of Transport, former Opposition leader in the Quebec Legislature and former MLA for Westmount.

Chambers says he can win anyway. He knows St. Antoine-Westmount is a very different riding from the one-time Conservative stronghold held by the late R. S. White before the war. Redistribution has altered it mightily even since 1945, when Doug Abbott was re-elected by only sixty votes. The new voters in St. Antoine-Westmount mostly live below the tracks in semi-slum areas, and the Liberals have complacently counted them as offsets to the

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carriage trade of Westmount.

Chambers claims this distinction is no longer valid. He made a careful analysis of the 1953 results, and found that the places where the Conservatives gained most ground were those slum polls south of the CPR tracks. Liberal gains were registered up the hill, among the well-to-do. Since even in Westmount the poor outnumber the rich by a handsome margin Chambers thinks he has an excellent chance of ousting the Minister of Transport, whose provincial riding didn't extend so far into the working-class district. Not all Conservatives share Chambers' optimism about Westmount, though, and hardly any are optimistic about the other Montreal riding, Brooke Claxton's old seat St. Lawrence-St. George.

St. Lawrence-St. George was a Conservative seat for the fifteen years it elected the late C. H. Cahan, who was R. B. Bennett's Secretary of State and one of the grand old men of the Conservative Party until he died in his middle eighties. Claxton won it in 1940 when Cahan and R. S. White were both over eighty, and even Conservatives felt

matter of great astonishment to both parties if he wins.

THESE LOCAL considerations will have more weight in the by-elections than the national leadership of either party. It's unfortunate, not only for Drew but for the party and perhaps for the country, that other reasons may be assigned and other inferences drawn if five or more Conservative candidates are beaten.

Most serious of these would also be the most preposterous. There is a real danger that defeat in the two Montreal ridings might be cited as proof that George Drew's policy toward Quebec has been a failure.

Ever since he took the party leadership in 1948 Drew has been trying to win friends in French Canada. Partly, no doubt, his motives have been political—to break the Liberal monopoly of the "national unity" theme—but mainly they have been patriotic. Drew really believes Quebec support is and ought to be essential to the government of Canada, and that unless Conservatives can regain Quebec support the party system is doomed. But some of the bluer Tories still regard any truck with Catholic Quebec as an attempt to bargain with Satan.

In fact, of course, Drew's attitudes toward French Canada have nothing to do with the by-elections in Montreal—unless, perhaps, they would work slightly against him there. Westmount and St. Lawrence-St. George are not French-speaking ridings. Both voted for conscription in 1917, which is the best single indication of national sentiment. Both consistently send anti-Duplessis men to Quebec.

If Conservatives do win the two Montreal seats it will be as much in spite of as because of any overtures Drew has made to the *Canadiens*. It seems ironic, therefore, that defeat should be used to prove that his policy of friendship was a waste of time and a net vote-loser.

LIBERALS in Quebec tell a very different story. They admit quite openly that George Drew has made real progress and many friends in their province.

For one thing he has really worked at learning the language and the results are apparent. Five years ago he had to stumble laboriously through a prepared text; now he reads easily, can speak briefly off the cuff, and carries on a conversation without too much strain. *Canadiens* appreciate this.

Also, Drew's rather prolix sermons on provincial autonomy may have bored other voters, but they've made some Quebecers think him the only man in Ottawa who cares about this (to them) vital issue. What with one thing and another, the Liberals say, Drew has made himself better known and better liked in Quebec than any other Conservative leader could possibly become in a short time.

Against Louis St. Laurent, of course, neither Drew nor anyone else would stand a chance in Quebec. But if Prime Minister St. Laurent should retire before the next election, and if Drew should be facing C. D. Howe or Mike Pearson or Walter Harris, that would be a very different matter.

Liberals don't admit the possibility that Conservatives under any leadership or any circumstances could really sweep Quebec. When they say Drew would do well, they mean he might take a dozen or fifteen seats there. But when Quebec turned over in the past, it usually turned more decisively than that.

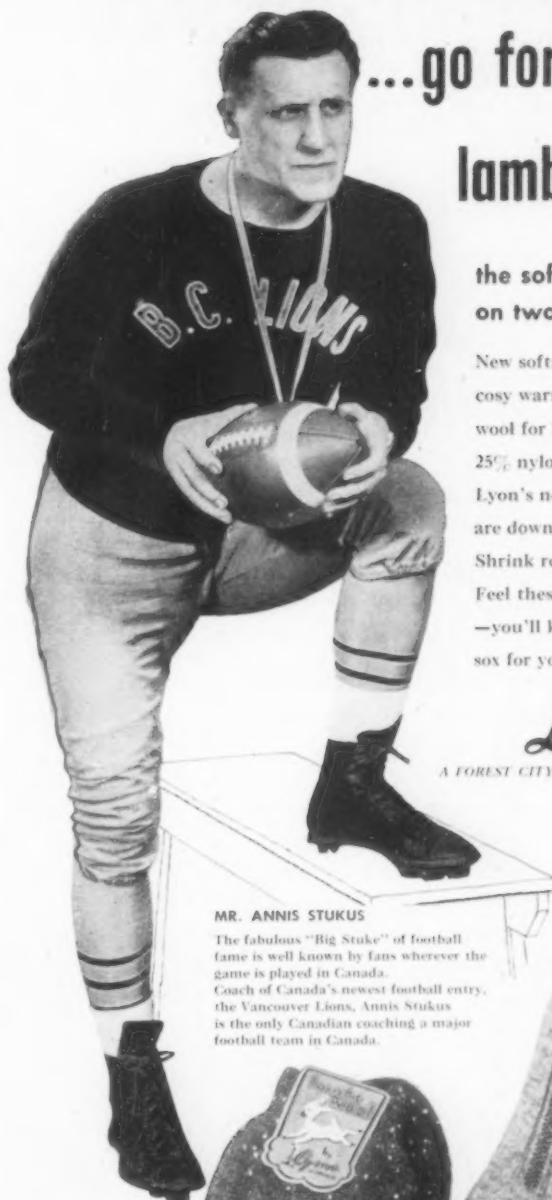
In any case, Liberals are both comforted and amused to hear that any Conservatives are clamoring for a new leader at this point. ★

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that younger men could do a more useful job in wartime.

Claxton proceeded to make it a safe seat for himself, and perhaps for his party. His majority never went far below the five thousand he received over Cahan in 1940, and in the landslide of 1949 it was more than nine thousand. In the last two elections he fought Claxton didn't have to worry about his own riding, and was free to help others and work on party strategy.

Meanwhile the Conservatives let their once-invincible organization go completely to pot. In one general election their candidate spent a fabulous amount of his own money; he didn't win the seat but he did win control of the local Conservative machinery. Then he moved away to another province. In 1953 the Conservative machine didn't even begin to roll until well on in the campaign, and their candidate was a man pressed into service at the last minute.

This year the local Conservatives intended to do better. They chose a candidate with care, a lifelong Conservative well known in the city and the riding. But David deVolpi, the last-minute conscript of 1953, had acquired a taste for politics. He put on a blitz campaign by telephone just before the nominating convention and carried it over the dead bodies of the party generals.

Maybe the generals are underestimating deVolpi's prowess in the by-election as they did at the nominating convention, but it will be a

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THE CANADIAN housewife has been hurling herself eagerly into the bargain-day scrimmages this fall—at least in Winnipeg, and particularly at the remnant counter. One opening-hour special drew such a crowd that a late arrival from Tuxedo had to swivel-hip and straight-arm her way to the goal, but she scored. She emerged waving a long chunk of white material which she presented triumphantly to a clerk for wrapping, but all she got from the clerk was a glance of harried exasperation. "This, madam," said the saleslady, "is the cloth we use to cover the counter at night."

...

There are two fruit stores side-by-side in Alliston, Ont., and both were displaying a glowing crop of early fall peaches on sidewalk stands when the town tomboy sauntered past, flanked by two male admirers. The proprietor of one store happened to glance out the window just in time to see the threesome helping themselves to the fruit. Hustling to the door she intercepted the culprits, calling "All right kids—put the fruit back."

Without even a shamefaced grin the youngsters each put back one peach where they'd taken it from the woman's stand. "Put the others back, too!" she called again.

"Oh no we won't," the girl spoke up for all three. "We got the other ones next door."

...

Potatoes are such an important cash crop in the Maritimes that growers even hold potato conferences to discuss ways and means of im-



proving the strain and pepping up sales. A recent conclave at Andover, N.B., got right down to fine points, with the CNR and CPR providing freight department experts to explain the railways' "educational program for train crews in the shunting and moving of potatoes between shipping point and destination." Potatoes understandably require a lot of gentle handling, but the effectiveness of this lecture was marred when the railway experts were called away to investigate a head-on collision between two freight trains in a nearby shunting yard.

Our only consolation in publishing this one is that we noticed it ourselves before any gleeful Parade scout among our readers turned it in . . . the placard advertising the featured article in our Aug. 15 issue, which bluntly warned Canadians



from coast to coast, "What Makes Your Head Ache? MACLEAN'S." Known in the trade as editors' migraine.

...

A Toronto woman drove her husband to work the other day so that she could have the car for the morning. She accompanied him inside the building to borrow an envelope or something and, as she got into the car again, she noted with the amusement of the self-righteous that a policeman had chalked her tire in her absence, the way they check how long a given car has parked at a given spot. Back she came to pick hubby up for lunch, found the same parking spot vacant, ducked into the nearby building to get her mate, and was outraged to emerge and find a cop in the act of writing her a ticket. At her grievous protests that she'd just that minute parked there the officer seemed only shocked. "Madam," he replied coldly, "this car has been here at least four hours—I chalked it myself . . ." and he pointed to the chalk mark on the tire, exactly jibing with the chalk mark on the curb. And the worst part is that not even her husband would believe her story—then or now.

...

We're gratified to report that mixed farming is spreading in Alberta, as witness this advertisement in the Stettler Independent:

WANTED—Horses for beef. Pay 2 to 2½ cents pound. Write George Willie, Box 571, Lacombe.

Parade pays \$5 to \$10 for true, humorous anecdotes reflecting the current Canadian scene. No contributions can be returned. Address Parade, c/o Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto.

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